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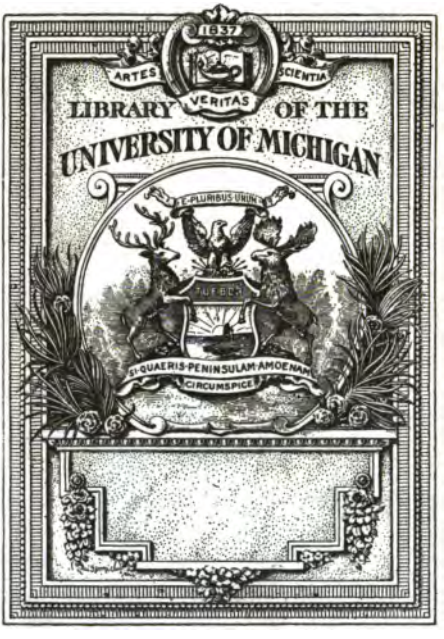
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THE

WORKS

OF THE LATE

AARON HILL, Esq;

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

CONSISTING OF

LETTERS on VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

AND OF

ORIGINAL POEMS, Moral and Facetious.

WITH AN

ESSAY on the ART of ACTING.

VOL III.

LONDON:

Printed for the BENEFIT of the FAMILY.

MDCCLIII.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

PROLOGUE, for Mr. GARRICK;

[*On the* Duke's *Return from* Scotland.]

REBELLION ſleeps in peace; --- and light-heel'd *France*
Wakes, from her *Highland-dream*, and *bagpipe dance*.
Blown from *Mount Grampus* into *Belgian Waſtes*,
Where moiſt *Dutch ditches* cool their *cap'ring* taſtes.
There let 'em *fiſh* their *forage-guard* waſh'd *paſſes*;
And *leer*, from chin-deep *march*, at dry-ſhod *laſſes*.
Warring, like *ducks*, eat frogs, inſtead of *pullet*,
And each ſtol'n cheeſe, they *ſwim for*, prove a *bullet*.

Oft may thoſe thieves, *moſt chriſtian*, ſhift *bad quarters*,
For *worſe*, --- and ſcour new climes, to catch *new Tartars*,
'Till ſenſe of ſhame, *invaſion's* cheek to *fluſh*,
Bids their pale *lilly*, ſteal *our roſe's* bluſh.

HAIL, to the *ſun-ſhine*, that ſucceeds diſtreſs!
The *dawn*, that *dimm'd* us, bids the *evening* bleſs!
Happy the *ſorrow*, that inſtructs, by *pain*;
The *rebel's* rage endears the *monarch's* reign!
'Till *home-felt menace* ſhook the land's *repoſe*,
Wealth's eaſy *eye* glanc'd ſcorn at *abſent* foes:
At length, by *danger* rous'd, *attention* came,
Then *war* grew *buſ'neſs*, and *revenge* grew *fame*.
Trade fann'd, with grateful help, the *ſoldier's* fire,
Felt the protective warmth, and hugg'd it *nigher*.
Then, the brave *red-coat*, meaſuring o'er the *iſle*,
March'd in claim'd *brotherhood*, from ſmile to ſmile.
Bleſs'd by *new* friends, ſaw *antient* ſpleens relent,
Cur'd *prejudice* --- and conquer'd, as he went.
Kind ſmil'd *occaſion*, thro' the *ſtorm* begun,
'Till from the *cloud*, out-flam'd our morning *ſun*,
Soul of the nations *hope*---the *ſoldier's* pride!
The *ſov'reign's ſafety*, and the *ſubject's guide!*

Born,

Born to love all, and be, by all, belov'd,
Mild, like his father's *throne*, and as *unmov'd!*
In *youth's* warm *prime*, from all *youth's paſſions* free,
Had *love*, and *fire*, and *pity*, not been *three*.
Brave, beyond every *curb*, but *judgment's* call,
Guardian of every *right* --- and *ſaves* 'em all.

SUCH, when he comes, the *muſes* breaſt ſhould burn,
And her *feats*, echoing, *hail* his bleſs'd return;
Here, when long wiſh'd, our happy eyes behold,
Th' acknowledg'd conqueror, need his NAME be *told!*

Sent to Lord CHESTERFIELD; *writ on a blank Leaf, of a* Poem, *called, The* Religion *of* Reaſon.

GO, reaſon's *off'ring*, reaſon's *guardian* find,
Bow to the *ſaint*, for *works*, not *faith*, enſhrin'd.
As near *heav'n's* height, as climbing *nature* can,
Comes *virtue's* god-giv'n *force*, effus'd on *man*,
Why, then, to *rights*, beyond ev'n virtue's claim,
Bore man's paid worſhip, *profanation's* name.

Worth, that tranſcends reſpect, new *ſenſe* will raiſe,
And ſkirts *idolatry*, or cripples *praiſe*:
When thanks, found faint, bid *ſacrifice* enſue,
The grateful error robb'd not *heav'n* its *due*:
The claim-full *image* ſanctify'd the ſin,
Since *God*'s ſure *likeneſs* takes the *godhead* in.
'Tis the *lie* makes the *idol*.---He, who knelt
To heav'n, *leaſt* diſtant, heav'n's *near* influence felt.

HERE, then --- could *rev'rence* cuſtom's *fog* diſperſe,
Had riſen an ALTAR ---now, receive a VERSE.
All, that the *muſe* (or muſe's *God*) makes mine,
All, *but ador'd*, O CHESTERFIELD! be *thine*.

How has this *venal* age deſerv'd thy *care!*
Thy hand, thy head, thy heart, thy heav'n-heard pray'r!
What *pangs* have three *deaf* kingdoms coſt *thy* ſoul,
'Till *we*, by wrongs oppreſs'd, engag'd it *whole*.
For realms ſo frail, ſo faultleſly to act!
The *ſun*, thro' *midnight*, ſcarce could *more* attract.
Joy weds amazement, *hope's* high *dawn* to ſee!
And every friend to *fame*, is ſworn to *thee*.

O! *pard'ning*,

O, *pard'ning*, view the private PEN's addreſs,
Where *will*'s warm impulſe *long'd* to fire a PRESS:
'Till *apter ſubject* dares thy *ſmile* invite,
Where *foeleſs truth* ſhall need no ſhadow'd light;
Screen'd, I, behind my *temple's pillar*, kneel,
And, like the *goſpel whiſp'rer*, *hint* my zeal.
Prudently patient, curb a ſtruggling flame,
To no *fool's comments*, truſt thy ſacred *name*.
Wait a theme's *call*, that aſks no *cov'ring cloud*;
Then, my pray'r claims thee --- and my *wiſh* grows proud.

To Lord BOLINGBROKE, *writ on a blank Leaf of a Poem, which was ſent him, by the Author.*

GO, THOUGHT's *loſt child*, born dark, beneath wit's *pole*,
Seek the *ray'd track*, to taſte's *departed* ſoul:
Awfully conſcious, dare the *depths* invade,
Where ſilent ST. JOHN ſuns his penſive ſhade:
There, if *he* ſmiles --- 'tis *whole mankind's* aſſent;
Scorn the ſhort world, thou leav'ſt, and die, *content*.

To C——O.

I.

SNAR'D, in entangling mazes of thy charms,
Teach me to ſhake theſe *ſilky chains* away;
Slow, thy *ſweet* force, my *ſtubborn* mind diſarms,
'Till ev'n *ambition* bends, beneath thy ſway,

II.

What ſhall I do, to free my ſtruggling ſoul,
Bow'd, to the ſoft'ning *biaſs* of thy ſong?
As circling *ſtraws*, in whirlwinds, driving roll,
So are my hurry'd *paſſions* ſwept along.

III.

Fool, as I was! --- I felt thy diſtant *fire*,
E're, from thoſe *eyes*, it flaſh'd undying flame;
Yet, ſure, ſaid I --- for once --- I may aſpire,
And view *that heav'n*, whence all this bright-
neſs came.

IV.

So, the light *cork*, that on the *Thame's* ſmooth ſide,
Embay'd, glides *buoyant*, and juſt *ſkims* the ſhore,
Edges, ambitious, to the rapid tide,
And, ruſhing down the ſtream, returns no
more.

Late,

V.

Late, my free *thoughts*, unbounded, as the *air*,
Could, with an eye-beam's ſwiftneſs, ſcale the ſky;
Wander, in *ſtarry* worlds, and buſy'd there,
From human *cares*, and human *paſſions*, fly.

VI.

Down to dark *earth's* deep *center*, could I roam,
And, thro' her *chaſmy lab'rinths*, wind my way;
See *Gold* unripen'd, in its duſky *home*,
And mark how *ſprings*, in *veiny bendings*, ſtray.

VII.

Oft as th' alarming *trumpet* ſtruck my *ear*,
Or the big *drum's* dead *beat* hoarſe-thund'ring roſe,
My ſummon'd *ſoul* ſprung out, to *war's* wiſh'd ſphere,
And plung'd me in the ranks of *fancy'd foes*.

VIII.

Wide, as unmeaſur'd *nature's* trackleſs ſpace,
Untir'd *imagination* reſtleſs flew;
Diſdain'd to fix on *object*, or on *place*,
And every moment, ſome *freſh* labour knew.

IX.

C--o was *then*, unſeen, unread, unknown;--
Now, lovely tyrant, ſhe uſurps my mind;
Devoted fancy vows itſelf her own:
And my *whole* thought is, to *one theme*, confin'd.

X.

Yet, *pow'rful* as ſhe is---ſhe *doubts* her *lays*;
Blind, like the *ſun*, to her own blazing flame;
Tranſports the lift'ning ſoul--engroſſes praiſe,
Yet humbly wiſhes --- an immortal name.

XI.

Oh! that I could but *live*, 'till that late day,
When *C*--'s unremember'd name ſhall die!
Then ſhould I hope, full leiſure to *diſplay*
Thoſe unborn *deeds*, which in my *boſom* lie.

XII.

But, as it is, our fleeting ſands ſo faſt
Ebb to their *end*, and lead us to *decay*;
That, e're we learn to *ſee*, our daylight's paſt,
And, like a melting *miſt*, life ſhrinks away.

To Mr. POPE.

THE *glow-worm* ſcribblers, of a feeble age,
Pale *twinklers* of an hour, provoke my rage;
In each dark hedge, we ſtart an inſect fire,
Which lives by *night*, and muſt at *dawn* expire.
Yet, ſuch their *number*, that their *ſpecks* combine,
And the unthinking *vulgar* ſwear they *ſhine*.

Poets are *prodigies*, ſo greatly *rare*,
They ſeem the taſks of *heav'n*, and *built* with care.
Like *ſuns* unquench'd, unrival'd, and ſublime,
They roll immortal, o'er the waſtes of time:
Ages, in vain, *cloſe round*, and *ſnatch in* fame,
High over all, ſtill ſhines the Poet's name!
Lords of a life, that ſcorns the bounds of *breath*,
They ſtretch *exiſtence* --- and awaken *death*.

PRIDE of their envy'd climes! they plant *renown*,
That ſhades the *monarch's*, by the *muſe's* crown:
To ſay, that *Virgil*, with *Auguſtus* ſhin'd,
Does honour to the lord of half mankind.

So

So, when three thouſand years have wan'd away,
And POPE is ſaid to've liv'd, when GEORGE bore ſway;
Millions ſhall lend the *king* the *poet's* fame,
And bleſs, implicit, the ſupported name.

Stung by a NETTLE,

REVENGE, you ſee, is *ſure*, though ſometimes *ſlow!*
Take this---'tis all the *pain* I'd have you know!
There's odds enough, yet left, betwixt our ſmart,
I ſting your *fingers*, and you ſting my *heart*.

The SNUFFERS.

DESPIS'D, and worthleſs, tho' I ſeem to be,
Yon new-top'd *flames* owe their beſt light to *me*.
Tho' ſcorn'd---you ſee, I can do *ſervice* ſtill!
Some *good* lies hid, in every ſeeming *ill*.
And *hence*, let *fortune's* fav'rites learn to *know*,
That virtue's *virtue*, tho' in *rags* it go.

On

On a BEE, *that was ſwallowed, by a* Lady, *in a* Glaſs of Wine.

I.

PRETTY! loſt! advent'rous Bee!
How pitiful thy caſe!
A world of *wealth* was offer'd thee,
But *av'rice* would not let thee ſee,
The charms in *Celia*'s face.

II.

Keenly ey'd with lover's care,
Thou had'ſt not loſt her *kiſs!*
But halting at her lips, for more,
Supply'd thyſelf with honied ſtore,
From magazines of bliſs.

The Lover's *Degree of Compariſon.*

HAPPY the man, who does *Celinda* view,
More happy he who ſees, and loves her too;
Moſt happy, ſure! of all mankind is *he*,
Who, *loving* her, belov'd *by* her ſhall be.

To

To a ſatirical *young Lady.*

FORBEAR, *loud* thing! to live in *laugh* and *jeſt*,
Wit is like love --- the ſofteſt is the beſt!
If thou, by this, wouldſt lively thought proclaim,
If empty *praiſe* is thy wild fancy's aim;
A while, this *ſalt* may ſeaſon ſingle life,
But no man's taſte approves a *picquant wife*.
Be *wiſe*, and match, and charm, by judgment's aid,
Or *witty*, and deſpis'd, and die --- a *maid*.
So, the thin *razors*, which young learners *pleaſe*,
Grow notch'd, and edgeleſs, by unmark'd degrees,
'Till worn, and blunted, by too frequent uſe,
Th' experienc'd hand detects the ſteel's abuſe:
Then cheaply thrown aſide, they gather duſt,
Like thee, neglected, 'till conſum'd by ruſt.

To CELINDA, *complaining that her* Harpſichord *was out of Tune.*

I.

WHILE, with well-acted anger, you *complain,*
Still you attempt your charming taſk again;
And ſtill, with lovely *petulance*, complain,
That ſtill you ſtrike the trembling *ſtrings*, in vain.
Still you complain! and ſtill my wond'ring ſoul
Is wildly beckon'd, by the wanton ſound:
Thro' my rais'd fancy circling *phantoms* roll,
My *thoughts*, in fairy mazes, dance around!
Still you complain, how ill your work is done,
While gazing and aſtoniſh'd, I,
Who feel myſelf already die,
E'en while your *ſtrings* you do but *try*,
Am wildly wond'ring, when you once go on,
Where I ſhall be---and how transform'd, anon!

II.

Ah! ſhe *begins!* guard, guard thee, flutt'ring *life*,
Diſſolve not, in the bliſsful ſtrife;
What,

What, tho' the thrilling pain wounds thro', and thro',
Sharp as it is, 'tis *pleaſing* too!
Now proud, imperial *reaſon*, boaſt thy pow'r!
Glorious, in high *defyance*, riſe,
And, while the *charmer* all her forces tries,
While all her *graces* mix, in one bright ſhow'r,
And, round my dazzled ſenſes, ſcatt'ring, fall;
E'en while her ſmile-dreſs'd *beauty* fills my eyes,
And *life* itſelf pierc'd by the muſick, *dies*,
To ſhew proud *joys*, that *reaſon* rules 'em all;
At one ſtrong *effort*, ſtruggle thro' the *charm*,
And, e'en amidſt the *tranſport*, wiſely warm,
In cool deſcription, gather force to tell,
What varying *paſſions* thy hot boſom *ſwell*.

III.

'Tis well! diſdainful *beauty!* --- ſmile again!
I'll do it, though with *pain*.
Each piercing *ſtroke*, your flying *fingers* give,
Softens, dilates, and undulates my *mind!*
I ſwell immenſe, beyond myſelf! and leave
All taſte of frail *mortality* behind.
My beating heart, of *heav'nly* force poſſeſt,
Knocks, with impatience, at my *earthy* breaſt.

Fain

Fain would it *go*, but knows not *where!*
'Tis gone, at once, and all diſſolv'd in *air!*
Again, 'tis here! -- what wou'd the wond'rer ſay!
It could not longer abſent ſtay,
But loſt the heav'nly ſound *above*, which ſummon'd it away!
See! all impatient of delay,
The raptur'd *fugitive* is downward *ſung*,
Clings to your dancing *wires*, tho' looſely ſtrung,
And hangs about the *muſick of your tongue*.

IV.

Still you complain, ſtill *Love* inſpire!
So, men, on *Zembla*'s wint'ry coaſt,
The pole's proud treaſury of *froſt*,
When they, to their cold caves retire,
Can ſit, and *freeze*, amidſt ſurrounding *fire!*
What ſhall I do? -- 'tis certain *death* -- to ſtay,
And *worſe than death*, to go away!
Like men, who live in an infected air,
I gape for *breath*, but every where,
Admit the plague *deſpair!*
Each tuneful *accent* arm'd with pointed *pain*,
Drives thro' my *blood*, ſtrong tides of *new* deſire;
My fev'riſh ſoul is all on fire!

And

And *nature* bends, like *reeds*, before each breezy
ſtrain!
Yet ſtill, tyrannic *ſporter*, you *complain!*

V.

Ah! cruel fair! too late, alas! I ſee
The needleſs *ſtratagem*, which pride of *charms*
Has taught your *beauty's*, too ſufficient arms!
Oh! ſince with open *force* you conquer'd *me*,
Why, (*worthleſs* ſince I ſeem to you to be)
Why uſe you *arts*, to vanquiſh me again;
You act, in this, as long-try'd *champions* do,
Who fight with ſome unpractis'd foe,
Whoſe weakneſs they deſpiſe, and know.
At firſt, a ſeeming *ignorance* they diſplay!
With aukward *geſtures*, wait each threaten'd *blow*,
And, with a feign'd *diſtruſt*, a while give way:
But when, at length, reſolv'd no more to toy,
Their *ſtrength*, and *ſkill*, they all at once employ!
Like *me*, th' aſtoniſh'd *enemy*, amaz'd,
And unprepar'd to meet ſuch new alarms;
When, in chill wonder, he a while has gaz'd,
Trembles, kneels down, and throws away his
arms.

To

To the Preacher of an excellent Charity Sermon

FORGIVE, great *pleader* of the *poor* man's cauſe!
Thou juſt *aſſerter* of thy *ſaviour's* laws!
Forgive the erring fondneſs of my lays,
What *muſe*, untir'd, can climb ſo *ſteep* a praiſe!
Verſe, for my *own* ſake, not for *thine*, I choſe,
For he, who, with his own, would praiſe *thy proſe*,
Has, when his too officious taſk is done,
But held a *taper* to the blazing *ſun*.

COULD failing *fancy* reach my riſing *will*,
Or word's weak *wind* the ſails of *meaning* fill;
I wou'd---but thy reward would bankrupt *man*,
And *heav'n* muſt pay it--for heav'n only *can*.

IF wealthy *miſers*, who, by ſtarts, *beſtow*
Some wind-rais'd drops, which, in their fortune's flow,
Their breezy charities about them blow;
If *theſe* ſtand bleſt, by *heav'n's* too kind decree,
What *nobler* bleſſings are reſerv'd for *thee!*

Thee! who not only doſt men's *wants* relieve,
But *teacheſt*, backward thouſands, *how to give!*

STAND firm, great *pillar* of the church, you bleſs!
May all your *labours* meet a like *ſucceſs!*
Though vulgar natures are to pity *blind*,
Well-guided *ſight* they, in your *doctrine*, find.
Groſs, as they are, and *chill'd*, by low deſires,
When warm they feel your heart-diſſolving *fires*,
Their ſouls, new-dipp'd, diſcharge the ſtains of *ſenſe*,
And take the creamy dye of *innocence*.

WITH rev'rend *joy*, my charm'd *attention* hung,
To catch the *muſick* of your truth-bleſt *tongue*.
Spread, and diſſolv'd, by *mercy's* moral heat,
My heart, in ſighs, exhal'd to ſeek your feet!
'Twas far too mean a bliſs, to look you thro',
I wou'd have turn'd to *air*, and enter'd too!
Still to have dwelt within you, --*pure*, like *you!*

BUT why, thus weakly, ſhould I praiſe your aim?
The crowds, you ſav'd from *want*, ſhall bleſs your *name!*

The

The ſoul-ſhook *widow's* cries, and ſcalding tears,
Whoſe ſpeaking *force* has reach'd our *ſov'reign's* ears,
Shall climb the heights of *heav'n's* high palace, too,
And, when they pray for *Anna*, plead for *you*:
The groans of *orphans*, and the *virgin's* pray'rs,
The *mother's* aided hopes, and *father's* cares,
With moving *rhet'rick* ſhall invade the *ſky*,
And, as you bleſs'd *them*, *here*, bleſs *you*, on *high*.

To the excellent Daughters of a deceas'd Lady.

WHY ſhould ye thus, to prove but vainly *kind*,
Add a weak *body* to a fickly *mind*?
Could but your pious *grief* recal her breath,
Or tears of *duty* win her back from *death*;
We would not blame the *paſſion* you expreſs,
But *ſhare* it with you, if 'twould make it *leſs*!

BUT oh! when certain *death's* uncertain *hour*
Exerts his known, his unreſiſted pow'r;
When we are ſummon'd from our *cares*, below,
To *joys*, which *living* merit muſt not know;

When ſouls, like your dear *mother's*, quit their clay,
And change *earth's* darkneſs for eternal *day:*
From their bliſs-circled ſeats, perhaps, they view
Theſe humbler *regions*, which themſelves once knew.
And ſwell'd with *thoughts*, which make the *angels* kind,
Pity the *pledges*, they have left behind.

TIS true, the *loſs* you mourn, is vaſtly *great*,
But. in that loſs, your country *ſhares* your fate;
The *public good*, her wiſhes would have done,
Made ev'ry *man*, in ev'ry land, her *ſon:*
Thence, lovely *mourners!* give us leave to prove,
We ought to ſhare *your* grief, who ſhar'd your *mother's* love.

YET, may all parties make their ſorrow leſs,
And *you*, and *we*, concern enough *expreſs*;
You may, with *comfort*, calm your ruffled *mind*,
To *think*, your mother left her *cares* behind;
And *we*, tho' loſers, ſhould be *thankful* too,
Since we are ſtill left *rich*, poſſeſſing *you*.

PROLOGUE, *for Mr.* CIBBER, *junior.*

Comes ſlowly, and reluctantly, forward; ſtands ſilent, and ſideling, twirling his Hat--and, now and then, looking up, with a half-ſuppreſſed Leer of Irreſolution.

'TIS I--THO' *ſhame-fac'd*,--MODEST THE, now, tries ye,
Don't let th' unlook'd-for *change*---too much ſurprize ye.
Your looſe deſerter, now brought up for ſentence,
Uncocks his contrite *phiz*--and *glouts* repentance:
Sinners ſhould all feel *ſhame*. So far, plain fact is:
Yet, *ſome* bluſh aukwardly---for want of practice.
Ah! what can move hard hearts---if yours *he* miſſes,
Whoſe *penitential tweer* ſtands *crimp'd*, as this is.*
[**Here he puts on* Drugger's *attitude*]
Not ABEL's three-tir'd *ſquint* more *queerly* ſhow'd him,
When the *crack'd urinal* had half-o'erflow'd him.
Hem--now I'll pluck up grace---and make *confeſſion*,
Then (like ſnug *papiſt*) --- tick, for *new tranſgreſſion*,

Some *few* wild oats I've *ſown*: ſome, late--been
mowing;
And--not to *lie*--I've left *young crops*, yet, growing.
Bear with ſlow penitence --- or, ſpoil a *convert*:
Much have I *ſuffer'd* --- and no little DONE for't!
I'm a poor ſinful cur -- heav'n un-bewhelp me!
Be-mus'd--be-creditor'd--*be-wiv'd*, God help me!
Plung'd, in a ſea of woes -- paſt all enduring;
Yet, not one woe, but was -- *my own procuring*.
There now! -- Let virtue ne'er expect man's pity,
If truth, ſo plainly told, wants force to hit ye.

WELL; after all --- I'm a wild chap --- that's
certain:
And many a fooliſh *farce*, I've plaid my part in.
Yet, ſearch life through, truth aſk'd will anſwer,
ſadly,
Men, that act many parts, *muſt* act *ſome madly*;
But, for my own--to whom *hard-fortune* gave one,
Oft, in my life to come, I'll act a *grave* one.

NAY, pray, don't *laugh* -- As I'm a hopeful
ſinner,
You ſhoudn't *blue* — ſo baſhful a beginner!
Sure,

Sure, I *may act grave* parts--who here can *borrow*,
Where tears by urn-fulls flow --- from *tragic* ſorrow.
Lab'ring from *dirge* to *catch*, to gain your pardon,
I'll dig, from bed to bed, the muſe's garden.
Teach ye to *cry*, to-day --- to-morrow *twitter*;
'Twixt two ſuch ſweet extremes --- farewel all *bitter*. --
Reſtor'd to favour, -- and no more a fibber,
Lord! what new dev'l (they'll cry) has *mottled* CIBBER?

BUT, we'll be *ſerious* --- 'Tis nor worſe, nor better,
I'm in my *country's* caſe --- a deep-dipt debtor! --
Is *that* a crime, too black to hope your pity?
Ah! tell me -- *camp*, *fleet*, *country*, *court*, and *city*.
-- Nay, there's a KING, God bleſs him! who, they ſay,
Owes -- more than any king, but *he*, can *pay*.
Owes, to his *maker* -- ev'ry lov'd *attraction*,
That awes *rebellion*, and diſgraces *faction*.
Owes to his *people* -- (what they *fly* to lend him)
Millions of hearts, and hands, that all befriend him. --

Owes, to *himſelf*---contempt of fears below him,--
Owes mercy, to his *foes*---becauſe they SHOW him.

Paraphraſe on the third Chapter of Habakuk.

GOD of my fathers! ſtretch thy oft-try'd hand,
And yet, once more, redeem thy choſen land:
Once more, by *wonders*, make thy *glories* known,
And, 'midſt thy *anger*, be thy *mercy* ſhown!
O! I have heard thy dreadful actions told,
And my ſoul burns thy terrors to unfold.

AT *Iſrael*'s call, the' almighty's thunder hurl'd,
From *Paran*'s ſummit, ſhook th'aſtoniſh'd world;
The flaming *heav'ns* blaze, dreadful, through the *ſky*,
And *earth's* dark regions gleam, beneath his *eye*.
High, in his undetermin'd hands, he bore
Judgment's heap'd horn, and mercy's ſtruggling ſtore;

Meagre,

Meagre, before him, *Death*, pale horror! trod,
And, grinning ſhadowy, watch'd the almighty nod:
Gath'ring, beneath his feet flaſh'd *lightnings* broke,
And the aw'd *mountain* ſhook, conceal'd in ſmoke.
He *ſtood*; and, while the meaſur'd *earth* he ey'd,
The ſtarting *nations* dropt their conſcious *pride*;
High-boaſting *Cuſhan* ſtruck her tents, in *ſhame*,
And *Midian* groan'd, beneath repented *fame*.
He *mov'd*; and, from their old foundations rent,
The everlaſting *hills*, before him, bent;
He *ſtept*; and all th' upriſing *mountains* ſtray,
And roll, in *earthquakes*, to eſcape his way:
From their enormous *chaſms*, with roaring tide,
Earth-cleaving *rivers* ſpout, and deluge wide:
The *ſea*, alarm'd, climb'd faſt, its *god* to ſpy,
And, in outragious *triumph*, ſwept the ſky.
Conſcious of wrath divine, the *ſun* grew pale,
And, o'er his *radiance*, drew a gloomy *veil*.

THUS did my *God* (to ſave th' endanger'd land)
March forth, indignant, with vindictive hand;
This, when I hear, chill blaſts my *ſoul* o'erſpread,
And my lips quiver, with the riſing *dread*:
Trembling

Trembling all o'er, my *limbs* I faintly draw,
And my bones *crumble*, with ideal *awe*.
Now, tho' the *fig-tree* ne'er ſhould *bloſſom* yield,
Tho' ſterile *coldneſs* curſe th'unrip'ning *field*;
Tho' *vines*, and *olives*, fail their loady *chear*,
Nor fainting *herds* out-live the pining *year*;
Yet, ſhall my ſoul, in *God*'s ſure aid, *rejoice*,
And *earth's high ſov'reign* claim my heav'n-tun'd *voice*.

The Muſe's Expoſtulation, *with a* Lady, *who denied herſelf the Freedom of* Friendſhip, *from too delicate an Apprehenſion of the* World's miſtaken Cenſure.

O Born to *pity* woes, yet, form'd to *give*,
Shut from whoſe *preſence*, 'twere a *pain*, to *live!*
Who make all *converſe* tedious, but your *own*;
And, *that* with-held, leave the forſaken none.
Urg'd by what motives, would you *wiſh* to ſhun
The *ſight*, and *voice*, of him, whoſe *ſoul* you won?

On

On what falſe fears does this cold *flight* depend?
What fancy'd *foe* does *prudence* apprehend?

WHEN *bodies* only are to *bodies* dear,
The danger there conſiſts in being *near*;
And, when the *fair*, the ſoft contagion ſpy,
Diſcretion calls 'em --- and 'tis wiſe, to *fly*.
But, where aſſociate *ſpirits* catch the *flame*,
Flight is a cruel, and a fruitleſs *aim*.
Souls have no *ſexes*; and if *minds* agree,
Parting is dying, to ſet fancy free.

NOR let miſtaken *virtue* wrong the breaſt,
That opens kindly to ſo ſweet a gueſt:
Not ſaints, in heav'n a purer warmth expreſs,
Than *reaſon* feels, when touch'd by *tenderneſs*.
Relenting *wiſdom* dignifies *deſire*,
And rais'd *ideas* fan the bright'ning fire;
'Till the white *flame*, aſcending to the ſky,
Spreads its low *ſmoak*, in *envy's* darken'd eye.

WHENCE grew ſociety, ſo wiſh'd an *art*,
If the *mind's* elegance betrays the *heart*?
Were it a *crime* in flaſhing ſouls, to riſe,
And ſtrike each other thro' the meeting eyes;

Thoſe

Thoſe op'ning *windows* had not let in light,
Nor ſtream'd ideas out, to *voice* the ſight.

WHY are you form'd ſo *pow'rful*, in your *charms*,
If *beauty* ought to *fly* the wiſh, it *warms* ?
Vainly did *heav'n* inſpire that tuneful *tongue*,
With *notes* more ſweet, than ever *ſeraph* ſung !
If, juſtly, all that *harmony* you hide,
Your *muſick* uſeleſs, and its pow'r un-try'd.
Have *wit* and *eloquence* in vain, conſpir'd,
And giv'n you *brightneſs*, but to *ſhine* retir'd ?
Muſt you be *lovelieſt*, yet be never *ſhown* ?
Than *all* be wiſer, yet be heard, by *none* ?
Oh ! 'tis too delicate ! -- 'tis falſely nice,
To bar the *heart* againſt the *mind's* advice.

BUT, you will ſay, that *honour's* call, you hear ;
That *fame* is tender --- *reputation*, dear :
That, from the *world's* malignant blaſt you fly,
Fear the *fool's tongue*, and the diſcerner's *eye*.
The ſpleen of diſappointed wiſhes *dread*,
Or envy's *whiſpers*, by detraction ſpread ?
Alas ! what *bounds* can limit your *retreat* ?
Where will ſought *ſafety* reſt your flying feet ?

Is

Is there a *corner*, in the globe, ſo *new*,
That *malice* will not find, as ſure as *you?*
The very flight, that ſhuns, attracts the *wrong*;
And ev'ry cenſure fear'd, you force along.
" There's *cauſe*, no doubt, for her *retreat*, they'll
" ſay,
" A fearleſs *innocence* had dar'd to *ſtay!*
Scandal has, either way, an edge, to ſtrike,
And wounds *diſtinction* every where *alike:*
Superior *excellence* is doom'd, to bear
The *ſtings* of ſland'rous *hate*, and raſh *deſpair:*
'Tis the due *tax*, your rated merit pays,
And ev'ry judging *ear* will call it *praiſe.*

THINK -- and be kind -- convert this fruitleſs
pain,
To a fix'd *firmneſs*, and a calm *diſdain.*
Since *cautious abſence* can no more be free,
From falſe *reproach*, than *preſent ſmiles* will be,
Diffuſe thoſe *gifts*, which heav'n deſign'd ſhould
bleſs,
Nor let their *greatneſs* make their *pity* leſs.
Indulging *freedom*, ev'ry *fear* diſarm,
And, with a conſcious ſcorn of ſlander, *charm.*

Bold,

Bold, in your guarded *ſtrength*, your *heart* unbind,
And, to be *ſafe* -- ſuppoſe yourſelf *all mind.*

YET, needleſs that! ſince ſuch reſpect you draw,
That ev'n your *tenderneſs* is arm'd with *awe:*
Permitted *love*, would ſilently admire;
And a ſoft *rev'rence* tremble, thro' *deſire.*
The warmeſt *wiſhes*, when inſpir'd by *you*,
Strike, but as *heav'nly inſpirations* do.
The op'ning *heart* makes room for *joys* refin'd,
And ev'ry *groſs idea* ſhrinks behind.

YOU need not then, the gentle ſound reject,
Shou'd *Love's* fear'd *name* be giv'n to ſoft reſpect:
When ill-diſtinguiſh'd *meanings* are the ſame,
How poor the *diff'rence*, which they draw from *name!*
There are, in *love*, th' extremes of touch'd *deſire*,
The nobleſt *brightneſs*, or the coarſeſt *fire!*
In vulgar *boſoms*, vulgar *wiſhes* move;
Nature guides *choice*, and as men *think*, they *love.*
But, when a pow'r, like *yours*, impels the *wound*,
Like the clear *cauſe*, the bright *effect* is found.

In

In the looſe *paſſion*, men profane the *name*,
Miſtake the *purpoſe*, and pollute the *flame*:
In nobler boſoms, friendſhip's *form* it takes,
And *ſex* alone, the lovely *diff'rence* makes.
Love's generous warmth does *reaſon's* pow'r diſplay,
And fills *deſire*, as light *embodies* day.

LOVE is, to *life*, what *colour* is, to *form*:
Plain drawings oft are *juſt*, but never *warm*.
Love, in a blaze of *tints*, his *light'ning* throws;
Then the form *quickens*, and the figure *glows*.

An Epigram, *occaſion'd by ſome Verſes, on a Monument, in* Weſtminſter Abbey.

HOW *loſt* this *pomp of verſe!* how *vain* the *hope*,
That thought can dwell on *Craigs*, in view of *Pope!*
When, upon *Rubicon*'s fam'd bank is ſhown
Cæſar's preſs'd foot, on the remember'd ſtone;
No traveller once aſks the *quarry's* name,
Whence the coarſe *grit*, by chance diſtinguiſh'd came;
But thinks, with *rev'rence*, here *great Julius* trod,
And *hails* the footſtep of a *Roman God!*

To Mrs. L——R, *playing on a Baſs-Viol.*

WHILE, o'er the dancing *chords*, your fingers fly,
And bid them *live*, 'till they have made us *die*;
Trembling, in tranſport, at your touch, they ſpring,
As if there dwelt a *heart*, in every *ſtring*.

YOUR voice, ſoft riſing, thro' the lengthen'd *notes*,
The marry'd harmony, united, floats;
Two charms, ſo join'd, that they compoſe but one;
Like heat and brightneſs, from the ſelf-ſame ſun.

THE wiſhful *viol* would its wealth retain,
And, ſweetly conſcious, hugs the pleaſing pain;
Envious, forbids the warbling joys to roll,
And, *murm'ring* inward, *ſwells* its ſounding ſoul.

PROUD of its charming *pow'r*, your tuneful *bow*
Floats o'er the *chords* majeſtically *ſlow*;
Careleſs, and ſoft, calls out a *tide* of *art*,
And, in a ſtorm of *muſick*, drowns the heart.

So,

So, when that *God*, who gave you all your *ſkill*,
To angel forms (like yours) entruſts his *will*,
Calm, they deſcend, ſome new-meant world to *found*,
And, ſmiling, ſee *creation* riſing round!

On a Lady, *preach'd into the* Cholic, *by one of her Lovers.*

BELLONA the fierce, who held *man* in diſdain,
And deſpis'd her *own ſex*, to whom love cou'd give pain;
Went to church, in defyance, and met with her fate,
From a *pulpited Cupid*, who there lay in wait:
But her *head* was ſo arm'd, and ſo *hard* was her *heart*,
That his *arrows* rebounded, in *ſcorn* of his *art*,
Then, with voice of *revenge*, he exalted his *pipes*,
Shot in ſpleen at her *belly*, and gave her the *gripes*.
Thus I wound her, cry'd he, in a whimſical place,
'Cauſe ſhe covers kind *wiſhes*, with haughty *grimace*.

Let her now *twiſt* and *ſkrew* -- 'twill but faſten
the *dart*;
She has love in her *bowels*, tho' ſhe hates in her
heart.

To a Lady, with a Book return'd, call'd The Intelligencer.

I HAVE kept your *Intelligence*, Madam, ſo
long,
That I hardly dare hope, you will pardon the
wrong.
Had you been but a *man*, no excuſe I had writ,
For we're ſeldom ſevere to the faults, we commit;
But intelligence *kept*, the kind *ladies* muſt *gall*,
Who no ſooner *receive* it, than *part with* it all.

The CHANGE;

To the Lovely Cauſe of it.

SWEET enſlaver! can you tell,
E're I learnt to *love* ſo well,
How my *hours* had wings to move,
All unbuſied by my *love!*

'Tis

'Tis amazement, *now*, to me,
What could *then* a pleaſure be!
But *you*, like *God*, new ſenſe can give,
And now, indeed, I feel, I live,

OH! what *pangs* his breaſt alarm,
Whom ſoul and body, *join*, to charm!
Endleſs tranſports dance along,
Sweetly ſoft! or nobly ſtrong!
Flaming fancy! cool reflection!
Fierce deſire! and aw'd ſubjection!
Aking hope! and fear encreaſing!
Struggling paſſions, never ceaſing!
Wiſhing! trembling! ſoul-adoring!
Ever bleſt, and ſtill imploring.

LET the dull, the cold, and tame,
All thoſe dear diſorders blame;
Tell 'em, that, in *honour's* race,
Charm'd by ſome ſuch heav'nly face,
Lover's always *foremoſt* ran;
Love's a ſecond *ſoul* to *man*.
Eaſe is languid, low, and baſe;
Love excites a generous chaſe:

Glory! Wealth! Ambition! Wit!
Thoughts, for boundleſs empire, fit!
All, at Love's approach are fir'd,
Bent more ſtrong, and never tir'd,
He, who feels not Love's ſweet pain,
Lives at *eaſe*—but lives in vain!

LITTLE dream you, what is due,
Angel form! to Love, and you!
'Tis from *you*, I *joy* poſſeſs!
'Tis by *you*, my grief grows leſs!
Sadly *penſive*, when alone,
I the *ſhades* of life bemoan;
If ſome *voice* your *name* impart,
Care lies lighten'd, at my *heart*;
Ev'ry *woe* diſarms its *ſting*,
And I look down on *Britain*'s king!

WHEN my fancy brings to view
Works, which *wealth* and *pow'r* can do;
All my ſpurr'd excitements wake,
And *fortune* charms me, for your ſake!
Oh! I cry—'twere *heav'n* poſſeſt!
To make her *great*, who made me *bleſt*.

IN

IN the *morning*, when I *riſe*,
If the *ſun-ſhine* ſtrikes my eyes,
All that *pleaſes*, in his view,
Is, my *hope*, to look on *you!*

WHEN the ſable ſweep of *night*
Drowns *diſtinction*, from my *ſight*,
I no *inward darkneſs* find;
You are *day-light* to my mind!

ALL my *dreams* are *lives* of joy,
Which, in *waking*, I deſtroy:
You, a ſlave to cuſtom made,
Are of *forms*, and *rules*, afraid:
But your happier *image*, free
From fantaſtic tyranny;
Independent, kind, and wiſe,
Scorns *reſtraint*, and knows no *ties*.
Oh! the dear, the racking pain;
Who that *ſleeps* thus, wou'd *wake* again!

A SONG.

I.

OH! forbear to bid me ſlight her,
Soul and *ſenſes*, take her part;
Could my *death* itſelf delight her,
Life ſhould *leap*, to leave my *heart*.
Strong, though ſoft, a lover's chain,
Charm'd with *woe*, and pleas'd with *pain*.

II.

THO' the tender *flame* were *dying*,
Love would light it, at her *eyes*;
Or, her tuneful *voice* applying,
Thro' my *ear*, my *ſoul* ſurprize.
Deaf, I ſee the fate, I ſhun;
Blind, I hear, I am *undone*,

A SONG.

NOW ponder well, ye *huſbands* dear,
The fate of *wives*, too bright;
A woeful cauſe you have to fear,
Their *day* will turn to *night*.

AT

AT firſt all *gay*, and rais'd with *joy*,
They charm the poor man's *heart*;
With ſmiling *eyes*, they ſport, and toy,
And *gild* the nuptial *dart*.

BUT ah! too ſoon, they quench their *fire*;
(Alas! good hearer, weep!)
Then gape, and ſtretch, and yawn, and tire,
And *hum* their *ſouls* to ſleep!

On the March of the Ruſſian Auxiliaries, *in* 1748.

LONG *look'd-for comes at laſt.*---Th' unfreezing *pole*
Beaks her bald *eagle*, and awakes to *ſoul!*
O'er trackleſs wilds, with ſnow-ſurmounting feet,
Roads to *bought* blows, the furry veteransbeat;
But arm'd for *ſtipend*, not *allied*, but *paid*,
The moving *market*, ſells its martial *aid*.
So *modern prudence*, waging war by *tale*,
O'er ſenſe of *praiſe* bids ſenſe of *price* prevail;
Nor fame, nor faith, nor vengeance, move *ſupply*,
For glorious *ſubſidy* we live, and die.

Bribes battling *bribes*, embroil each bleeding coaſt,
And he, who *buys* his valour, triumphs moſt.
O! *ſoul* of PETER! now ſuſtain thy *fame*;
No *venal muſter* mock'd thy dreaded *name*;
From death's *dark* hall, to days dimm'd proſpect riſe,
O'er thy chang'd *country* roll thy guardian *eyes*.
Round the *ſlow legions*, gleam thy *aweful ſhade*,
With *Dantzic's bloody banners*, high diſplay'd:
March 'em to meet *French fire*, there, *quench'd before*,
And tread it out, in *blood*, to blaze no more.

Hint from ſome old Verſes, on a Stone, in Stepney Church-wall.

TWO thouſand years, e'er *Stepney* had a name,
In *Carthage* walls, I ſhar'd the *punic* fame;
There, to the ſtrongeſt, added ſtrength I lent,
And proudly propp'd the world's beſt ornament.
Now, to cold *Britain*, a torn tranſport, thrown,
I *piece* a church-yard *pile*, unmark'd, unknown:
Stain'd;

Stain'd, and half ſunk in dirt, my ſculpture lies,
And moulders, like the *graves*, which round me riſe.
Oh! think, blind mortals! what frail duſt, you claim,
And laugh at wealth, wit, beauty, pow'r, and fame!
Short praiſe, can fleeting hopes, like yours, ſupply,
Since times, and tongues, and tow'rs, and empires *die!*

On CLIO's *Birth-day.*

O'ER the blue *violet*, while the amorous wind
Bends, and perfumes his wings, to fan this day;
Why has pale ſickneſs winter'd o'er my mind,
And, with chill *agues*, check'd the warmth of *May?*

Is it not CLIO's *birth-day?* -- Toil of thought!
Height, beyond all, that e'er ambition trod.
Sum of refin'd deſire! by *angels* taught,
To look, and think, and act, a *female god!*

Oh!

Oh ! my rapt *ſoul*, ſits trembling in my *eyes*,
Starting, impatient, at her pow'rful *name* :
Dearer, than *life*, to that ſweet ſound it flies,
And *health* rides roſy, on the living *flame*.

Wak'd into ſudden ſtrength, I blaze again,
Love, the reſtorer, dreſs'd in *Clio*'s ſmile,
Triumph'd o'er *nature*, gave delight to *pain*,
Sweeten'd *affliction*, and could *death* beguile.

May *joys* un-number'd, as the charmer's *ſweets*,
Bleſs this revolving day's eternal round ;
'Till the proud *world* its *dawn*, with rapture *greets*,
Conſcious of *her*, who made it firſt renown'd.

Long--let 'em ſay--long, e're our father's days,
Three thouſand years ago, on this ſweet day,
That *Clio*, whom contending nations praiſe,
Embloom'd, by her ſweet birth, the firſt of *May*.

Britain, illuſtrious by the ſtarry *lot*,
Far, in the *north*, diſtinguiſh'd iſland, lies,
Now known by later names--oh, envy'd ſpot !
Why did ſhe not in our warm climates riſe ?

Sure,

Sure, ſhe was heav'nly grac'd! for, to this hour,
After ſuch length of ages roll'd away!
Fame of her *charms*, augments her ſex's pow'r,
And her thought's *luſtre* gives our *wits* their ſway.

To a Lady, deſiring her Letters might not be expoſed.

NO! thou beſt ſoul, that e'er this body knew,
Unhappy I may be, but not *untrue!*
Bleſt, or unbleſt, my *love* can ne'er *decay*,
Nor could I, where I could not love, *betray*.
Cold, and unjuſt, the ſhocking caution kills,
And, in one meaning, ſpots me o'er with *ills*.
Silent, as ſacred *lamps*, in bury'd *urns*,
The conſcious flame of lovers inward burns:
Life ſhould be torn, and *racks* be ſtretch'd in vain,
And vary'd *tortures* tire their fruitleſs *pain*,
E're but a *thought of mine* ſhou'd do thee *wrong*,
Or ſpread thy *beauties* on the *public tongue*.

YET,

YET, thou can'ſt fear me --- oh! be loſt the *ſhame*,
Nor heap *diſhonour* on my future name!
Have I been never *lov'd?* -- yet, cruel, tell,
Whom I betray'd to *thee*, tho' lov'd ſo well?
Take thy ſweet *miſchiefs* back, their *charms* eraſe,
Oh! leave me *poor*, but never think me *baſe*.
Not e'en, when *death* ſhall veil thy ſtarry eyes,
Shall thy dear *letters*, from my *aſhes*, riſe;
Fix'd to my *heart*, the grave ſhall give 'em *room*
To charm my waking *ſoul*, in worlds *to come*.
While in my *verſe*, with far more faint *eſſay*,
Thy *wonders*, I to *after times* convey;
Tell thy vaſt *heav'n of ſweets*, and ſing thy *name*,
'Till fir'd by *thee*, whole *kingdoms* catch thy *flame*.

Epitaph, on Sir ISAAC NEWTON.

MORE than his NAME were *leſs*. --'Twou'd ſeem, to fear,
He, who increas'd HEAV'N's fame, could *want* it *here*.

Yet,

Yet, when the SUNS, *be lighted up*, ſhall fade,
And all the WORLDS, *be found*, are firſt decay'd;
Then, *void*, and *waſte*, ETERNITY ſhall lie,
And TIME, and NEWTON'S NAME, *together* die.

To Mr. DYER; *on his attempting* CLIO'S *Picture.*

SOUL of your honour'd *art!* what man
can do,
In copying *nature*, may be reach'd by *you:*
Your *peopling* pencil a new *world* can give,
And, like *Deucalion*, teach the *ſtones* to live.
From your creating hand, a *war* may flow;
And your warm ſtrokes, with breathing action,
glow:
But, from that *angel form*, to catch the *grace*,
And kindle up your *ivory*, with her *face.*
All, unconſum'd, to ſnatch the *living fire*,
And *limn* th' *ideas*, which thoſe eyes inſpire;
Strong, to your burning *circle*, to confine
That *awe-mix'd ſweetneſs*, and that *air* divine;
That ſparkling *ſoul*, which *lightens* from *within!*
And breaks, in unſpoke *meanings*, thro' her *ſkin.*

This

This, if you can -- hard taſk! and yet unprov'd!
Then, ſhall you be *adorn'd*, as now *belov'd*.
Then, ſhall your high-aſpiring *colours* find
The art, to picture *thought*, and paint the *wind*.
Then, ſhall you give *air* SHAPE, impriſon *ſpace*,
And mount the *painter* to the *maker's* place.

WHITEHALL STAIRS.

FROM *Whitehall Stairs*, whence oft, with diſtant view,
I've gaz'd whole *moon-ſhine* hours, on hours away;
Bleſt but to ſee thoſe *roofs*, which cover'd *you*,
And watch'd beneath what *ſtar*, you ſleeping, lay.

LAUNCH'D on the ſmiling *ſtream*, which felt my *hope*,
And danc'd, and quiver'd, round my gliding *boat*;
I came, this day, to give my tongue free ſcope,
And vent the *paſſion*, which my *looks* denote.

To tell my dear, my ſoul-diſturbing muſe,
(But that's a *name*, can ſpeak but half her charms)
How my full *heart* does my *pen's* aid refuſe,
And bids my *voice* deſcribe my *ſoul's* alarms.

To

To tell what *tranſports* your laſt *letter* gave,
What *heav'ns* were open'd, in your ſoft complaint,
To tell! --what *pride* I take, to be your *ſlave*,
And how triumphant *love* diſdains reſtraint.

BUT, when I miſs'd you, and took *boat* again,
The ſympathetic *ſun* condol'd my *woe*;
Drew in his *beams*, to mourn my pity'd *pain*,
And bid the ſhadow'd *ſtream* benighted flow.

SUDDEN, the weeping *ſkies* unſluic'd their *ſtore*,
And torrents of big *tears* unceaſing ſhed;
Sad, I drove downward, to a flooded *ſhore*,
And, diſappointed, hung my *dripping head*.

LANDED, at length, I ſable *coffee* drink,
And, ill ſurrounded, by a *noiſy tribe*,
Scornful of what *they* do, or ſay, or think,
I, rapt in *your* dear *heav'n*, my *loſs* deſcribe.

To the ſame.

YES -- now 'tis time to *die*--*deſpair* comes on;
Who keeps the *body*, when the *ſoul* is gone?
She *ſets*--fair *light*, that ſhew'd me all my joy,
And, like the *ſun's*, *her* abſence muſt *deſtroy*.
She, who *once* wept my *fancyd* loſs of breath,
Now, crimeleſs murd'rer! gives me *real* death.

YET, have a care, touch'd *heart*, nor figh one *thought*,
That ſtains ſuch *goodneſs* with a *purpos'd fault*.
Soft, as her *tears*, her gentle *meanings* move;
Her *ſoul* ſheds *ſweetneſs*, tho' her *look* is *love*.
Her *voice* is *muſick*, tun'd to *heav'n's* low note;
Her *touch* bids *tranſport*, thro' each art'ry, float;
Her ſtep is *dignity*, by *pity* checkt;
At once, ſhe fans *deſire*, and plants *reſpect*.
Unconſcious of her *charms*, ſhe dreams of *none*,
And doubling *other's* praiſes, ſhuns *her own*.
Modeſt, in *pow'r*, as kneeling *angels* pray,
Noiſeleſs, as *night's* ſoft ſhade, tho' bright, as *day*.

Wiſe,

Wiſe, unaſſumingly; ſerenely *deep*,
Eaſy as *air*, and innocent, as *ſleep*:
Blooming, like *beauty*, when adorn'd for *ſin*,
Yet, like the *bud*, unblown, *all bluſh* within.

O! 'tis impoſſible, to quit ſuch *bliſs*,
Yet live, ſuperior to a loſs, like this!
Where will ſhe, next, her thouſand conqueſts make?
On what *new climate* will her *ſun-ſhine* break?
Where will ſhe next, (ſweet *taſker* of my *care!*)
Teach our charm'd ſex, to hope, to wiſh, to dare?
Far from her fruitleſs *guardian's* watchful *eye*,
What may ſhe *hear!* what *anſwer!* oh! I'll *die*.
Bleſs'd by her *ſight* — time's race were one ſhort ſtage;
She *gone* — one widow'd *moment* were an *age*.

A SONG.

CLIO! ſmiling, ſoul-invader!
Soft amuſer of my days,
Be my ſilent *paſſion's* aider,
Teach my *tongue*, to ſpeak thy *praiſe*.

Thou, like *heroes*, ſcarr'd all over,
Wanting room, to ſuffer more;
Pil'd with *praiſe*, canſt hear no *lover*
Tell thee ought, untold before.

Truth, with modeſt *bounds*, contented,
Rightly praiſing *thee*, muſt ſay,
More than *falſehood* e'er invented,
When ſhe wideſt went aſtray.

Writ

Writ on a blank Leaf of an obſcene Poem.

THE ſacred *nine*, firſt, ſpread their golden wings,
In praiſe of *virtue*, *heroes*, and of *kings*:
Chaſt were their *lays*, and ev'ry *verſe* deſign'd,
To ſoften *nature*, and exalt the *mind*.
Looſely the moderns *live*, and looſely *write*,
And *woo* their *muſe*, as MISTRESS, for *delight*.
Thick, in their *lays*, *obſcenities* abound,
As *weeds* ſpring *plenteous*, in the rankeſt ground:
All, who write *verſe*, to taint a guiltleſs *heart*,
Are vile *profaners* of the ſacred *art*.
Cloy'd, the ſick *reader* from the *work* retires,
And, e're the *writer* dies, his *fame* expires.

To Mrs. T——T.

WHERE, in this land, (*Alzira* cry'd)
Shall *Indian* virtues reſt?
Who will be, *here*, the ſtranger's *guide*,
And lead her to be bleſt?

Seek, ſaid the whiſp'ring *muſe*, ſome fair,
Of *England's* beauteous *race*:
Who does, herſelf, thoſe *virtues* ſhare,
Which moſt *Alzira* grace.

One, who has *taſte*, as nobly ſtrong,
And *charms*, as ſoftly *ſweet*;
Will guard her *ſiſter ſoul* from *wrong*,
While graces, graces meet.

I took the *muſe's* kind *advice*,
Look'd round the *fair* and *bright*,
And found *Alzira*, in a trice,
Was matchleſs *T——t's* right.

To a Lady, who put herſelf into a bad way, by taking Spirit of Nitre, *by Spoon-fulls, inſtead of a few Drops.*

OH, beware of *exceſs* --- 'tis an error in life,
Into which one would wonder, a *wit* ſhould be ſlipping;
What a ſchiſm, in an orthodox clergyman's *wife*,
When we talk of *baptizing*, to think we mean *dipping!*

WERE

WERE your *love* but as much over-dos'd, as your *drops*,
You would leave Mr. *Forſter* no lip-room, for *pray'rs*;
And complaint, from his *pariſh*, wou'd come, thick as *hops*,
'Gainſt engroſſing a *breath*, in which others have ſhares.

BOTH the ſexes aſſert, and the whole world agrees,
That too much of what's *good*, is ſcarce better than *ill*,
Tho' the *ladies* have pow'r, to decree what they pleaſe,
And have got an *exception* put in for *Quadrille*.

HE, who likes what you ſay, by your *ſprightlineſs*, warm'd,
Shou'd you ſtill, without *ſtopping*, run on, to ſay more,
Wou'd be vex'd, to perceive himſelf more and more *charm'd*,
E're allow'd to *declare*, how you charm'd him before.

THERE's a *medium*, in all things, as when Mrs. *Raikes*
Has, for *ten hours* together, her *Cynic* alarm'd;
Prudence, parting 'em, timely, for both their dear ſakes,
Keeps 'em free from the *danger* of being uncharm'd.

So, a few drops of *Nitre*, diſpos'd to aſcend,
Had arriv'd at your *head*, nor been taken, in vain;
But the *weight* of ſo many --- only ſerv'd a *wrong end*,
And, miſtaking the *place*, double-pointed the *pain*.

A SONG.

I.

O CELIA! be wary, when *Celadon* ſues,
Theſe *wits* are the *bane* of your charms:
Beauty play'd againſt *reaſon*, will certainly loſe,
Warring, naked, with robbers, in *arms*.

YOUNG

II.

YOUNG *Damon*, deſpis'd, for his *plainneſs* of parts,
Has *worth*, that a *woman* ſhould prize;
He'll run the race *out*, tho' he heavily *ſtarts*,
And *diſtance* the ſhort-winded *wiſe*.

III.

The *fool* is a ſaint, in the temple of Love,
And kneels all his life, there, to pray:
The *wit* but *looks in*, and makes haſte, to *remove*,
'Tis a ſtage, he but takes, in his way.

The RECONCILIATION.

SICK of a worthleſs *world*, and courting *reſt*,
My ſullen *ſoul*, with penſive *weight*, oppreſt;
Diſturb'd, and mournful, ſought the ſilent ſhade,
And fed *reflection*, in the breezy glade.
Stretch'd on the *graſſy* margent of a *brook*,
Whoſe murm'ring *fellowſhip* my mind partook;
Actively idle, I, repining, lay,
Gaz'd on the *flood*, and ſigh'd the *ſtream* away.

WHO knows, I cry'd, what courſe thou haſt to paſs,
Sweet *ſtream*, that now creepſt ſoftly through this graſs?
How wilt thou flow!--Anon, perhaps, ſlid hence,
Thy deep'ning *channel* fills ſome moated fence,
Hems in ſome *farm*, where homely *ruſticks* meet,
And their ſweet bread, prize of hard labour, eat.
Thence, thro' ſome *lord's* delightful garden, led,
Thou may'ſt thy vegetative *influence* ſpread;
Where, as thro' fragrant *beds*, thy purlings ſlide,
The grateful *flow'rs* ſhall kiſs 'em, as they glide:
There, charm'd, and ling'ring, thou may'ſt wiſh to ſtay,
And, hoarſely murm'ring, roll, diſpleas'd, away.

BUT, while, with careleſs pace, thou journey'ſt ſlow,
Oft halting, to look back, at this fair *ſhow*,
Some *precipice*, that, in cloſe *ambuſh*, lies,
Thy virgin *current* ſhall, at once, ſurprize,
Croſs whoſe broad *ſhoulders* thrown, and tumbling o'er,
Thy frighted ſtream ſhall ruſh, with unavailing roar.

Next,

Next, may thy ſilver current's brightneſs die,
And muddily, ſome ſtagnate *fen* ſupply;
Where ſhadow'd *reeds*, in thy ſlow ſtream, ſhall ſhake,
And floods fly, trembling, from the gloom, they make:
Frighted, and glad to 'ſcape this horrid place,
Thou may'ſt wind ſhort, and new-direct thy race,
Through verdant *meads*, o'erjoy'd may'ſt, dancing, go,
'Till *cattle* ſip thy whirlpools, as they flow:
Thence, for protection of thy ruffled charms,
Thou may'ſt ruſh ſwift, to ſome great *lover's arms*;
Some ſtately *ſtream*, by keely courtſhip preſt,
And mark'd, with *wealth's* proud furrows, on his breaſt;
Grave *Thames* may, next, receive thy mix'd embrace,
And fam'd *Auguſta* ſee thy ſully'd face;
From her waſh'd foot, thy ſcatter'd flood may ſtray,
And, to the ſwallowing *ocean*, roll away:
There, waſted ſtream! in wind-driv'n billows toſt,
Thy oft-chang'd *being* ſhall be wholly *loſt*.

So,

So, gentle *brook*, I cry'd, does human *life*,
'Midſt endleſs changes, and in endleſs *ſtrife*,
Glide, with *impatience*, thro' unknown *events*,
'Till *nature* aſks repoſe, and *death* conſents.

WHY then is ſuch a *life* ſo much deſir'd?
By what purſuits, is vain *ambition* fir'd?
Friendſhip is loſt, on *earth*; *love* goes aſtray;
And *men*, like *beaſts*, each on the other prey:
Ev'n the *ſoft ſex* their downy *boſoms* hide,
With inward *artifice*, or outward *pride*.
Beauty's ſpoil'd *ſhafts* no more the *ſoul* can *hit*,
Dull'd, by groſs *folly*, or miſguided *wit*.
Nothing is, now, worth wiſhing for, on *earth*,
And *death* is grown a much leſs *woe*, than *birth*.

WHILE thus I *mourn'd*—back roll'd th' aſtoniſh'd *brook*,
The *trees* bow'd down, the *earth*, beneath me, ſhook!
All *heav'n* deſcended to the glowing ground,
And radiant *terror*, dazzling, ſhone around:
Blind, with the ſtrong *refulgence*, fix'd, I lay,
Bury'd, in *brightneſs*, and o'erwhelm'd, with *day*.
Liſten,

Liſten, a ſound broke out — impatient youth!
Liſten, and mark the *voice* of ſacred *truth*.
Rouz'd, at that *name*, I would have bleſs'd my *ſight*,
But ſtrove, in vain, to *ſtem* the tide of *light*;
Still, as I rais'd my *eyes*, their balls ſtruck *fire*,
And wat'ry *guſhings* wept the raſh *deſire*:
The unſeen *phantom's* voice, ſudden, and loud,
Startled the *ear*, as *thunder* rends a *cloud*;
But ſoft'ning more and more, grew ſweet, and *kind*,
And dy'd away, like *muſick*, in the *wind*:
I come, continues ſhe, to bring thee *peace*,
To bid thy *diffidence*, in friendſhip ceaſe;
Again, to reconcile thee to *mankind*,
New-wing thy *tranſports*, and un-clog thy *mind*;
To guide thy wand'ring choice, to find that joy,
Diſtruſt of which, does thy ſad hours employ:
There lives a *charmer*, whom, divinely fir'd,
E'en her *whole ſex's virtues* have inſpir'd;
Where all that's *manly*, joins with all that's *ſweet*,
And, in whoſe *breaſt*, engroſs'd *perfections* meet;
Her *mind* no conſcious *pride* of merit ſtains;
O'er her wide *ſoul*, unſully'd *reaſon* reigns:

Blind

Blind to her *worth*, ſhe feels not her own *flame*,
Enriches *merit*, yet deſpiſes *fame*.
Her unaffected *charms*, what words can *paint*?
She looks an *angel*, and ſhe ſpeaks a *ſaint*!
While ſparkling *gayneſs*, wantons in her *eye*,
In her wiſe *ſoul*, the laughing *Cupids* die.
A thouſand *graces* round her *perſon* play,
And all the *muſes* mark her *fancy's* way:
To hear her *ſpeak*, the ſoul, with rapture fills,
Her *looks* alarm — but, when ſhe writes, ſhe *kills*.
Riſe, then, and meet her, as ſhe this way ſtrays,
And thy own *wonder* ſhall out-ſpeak my *praiſe*.

THE *goddeſs* vaniſh'd to her native *ſkies*,
And the recover'd ſhade unbarr'd my *eyes*;
I look'd, and lo! within the honour'd *wood*,
Lovely *Cleora*, hid, in bay-leaves, ſtood;
Cleora — but her wonders to reveal,
Were to deſcribe, what I can only *feel*!
Now, reconcil'd to the ſhun'd *world*, I'll live:
Her friendſhip — joys, worth living for, can give.

On the Birth-day *of Miſs* ——

I.

CARE, be baniſh'd far away ---
Fly, be gone, approach not here:
Mirth, and *joy*, demand this *day*,
Happieſt day of all the *year!*

II.

SUMMERS, three times ſev'n have ſhone,
All out-ſhin'd, by *Delia's* eyes:
Winters, three times ſev'n, are gone,
All whoſe *ſnows*, her breaſt ſupplies!

III.

DANCE we, then, the chearful round,
Muſick might have ſtay'd away;
She but ſpeaking, *organs* ſound:
She but ſmiling, *angels* play.

IV.

'TIS her *birth-day* --- let it blaze!
Born to *charm*, and form'd for *bliſs*:
Live ſhe *lov'd*, a world of days,
Ev'ry day, as bleſs'd, as this.

LET

V.

LET her beauty —— *not* ~~increaſe~~;
Too, too ſtrong, already, *there!*
But, let *heav'n* augment her *peace*,
'Till ſhe's *happy*, as ſhe's *fair*.

The GLOVE.

TELL me, ſweet *glove!* what name the *charmer* bears,
Whoſe downy *hand* thy ſnowy *cov'ring* wears?

'TIS a dear *name*, I am forbid to tell,
But theſe diſtinguiſh'd *marks* may paint her well:
She's gently *aweful*, winningly *ſevere*,
Charms, when ſhe *ſpeaks*, yet rather loves, to *hear*;
Wiſe, as a *god*; as fancy'd *angels*, fair;
Lovely, as *light*, and ſoft, as *upper air*.

ENOUGH, ſweet *glove!* by this plain *picture*, taught,
H——E, I find, is the dear *name*, I ſought.

RONALD

RONALD *and* DORNA ; *by a* Highlander, *to his Miſtreſs. From a literal Tranſlation of the Original.*

I.

COME, let us climb SKORR-URRAN's ſnowy top;
Cold, as it ſeems, it is leſs cold, than *you*:
Thin, thro' its *ſnow*, theſe *lambs* its *heath-twigs* crop;
Your ſnow, more hoſtile, ſtarves, and freezes, too.

II.

WHAT, tho' I lov'd, of late, in *Skey*'s fair *iſle*!
And bluſh'd -- and bow'd -- and ſhrunk from KENZA's eye!
All, *ſhe* had power to hurt with, was her *ſmile*;
But 'tis a *frown* of yours, for which I die.

III.

ASK, why theſe *herds*, beneath us, ruſh, ſo faſt,
On the brown *ſea-ware's* ſtranded heaps, to feed?
Winter, like *you*, with-holds their wiſh'd *repaſt*,
And, robb'd of genial *graſs*, they brouze on *weed*.

MARK,

IV.

MARK, with what tuneful haſte SHELELLA flows,
To mix its wid'ning ſtream, in *Domnan*'s lake!
Yet, ſhould ſome *dam* the current's courſe oppoſe,
It muſt, per-force, a leſs-lov'd *paſſage* take.

V.

BORN, like your *body*, for a *ſpirit's* claim,
Trembling, I wait, unſoul'd, 'till YOU inſpire:
God has prepar'd the *lamp*, and bids it *flame*,
But you, fair *Dorna*, have with-held the *fire*.

VI.

HIGH, as yon *pine*, when you begin to *ſpeak*,
My light'ning *heart* leaps, hopeful, at the *ſound*,
But, fainting at the *ſenſe*, falls, void, and weak,
And ſinks, and ſaddens, like yon *moſſy* ground.

VII.

ALL that I taſte, or touch, or ſee, or hear,
Nature's whole *breadth* reminds *me* but of *you!*
Ev'n *heav'n itſelf* would your ſweet *likeneſs* wear,
If, with its *pow'r*, you had its *mercy*, too.

Writ

Writ on a blank Leaf of MEROPE ; *ſent to Mr.* GARRICK, *by the Author.*

To the never-equall'd Actor of EUMENES.

INTO *your* hands, a dumb dead *likeneſs* take,
Whoſe form you *quicken'd*, and whoſe ſoul you *make*.
Mine was a *painted* fire -- your piercing rays
Lent *light'ning* ; and effulg'd it into *blaze*.
Now, on a ſhelf, ſome ſilent *nook* impart
To him, you've loudly lodg'd on ev'ry *heart*.

EPIGRAM.

IN antient times, when *honour* bore the bell,
And people bluſh'd not, at their doing well ;
Where, cruſh'd, beneath triumphant envy's weight,
The hand of valour wore the chain of ſtate ;
There did the daring muſe devote her rhymes,
And grateful verſe condemn'd ungrateful crimes.

BUT, in our more improv'd, and bart'ring days,
There's a *price currant* ſtampt on *poet's* praiſe;
The *workman* ſtrikes but as his labour's paid,
And *heroes* riſe and fall, like *ſtocks* in *trade*.

Abſtract from Pſalm cxiv.

WHEN, from proud *Egypt*'s hard and cruel hand,
High-ſummon'd *Iſrael* ſought the promis'd land,
The opening *ſea* divided, at her *call*,
And refluent *Jordan* roſe, a *wat'ry wall!*
Light, as met *lambs*, the ſtarting *hills* leapt wide,
And the ſlow *mountains* roll'd themſelves aſide!
Why, O thou *ſea!* did thy vaſt depth *divide?*
And why, O *Jordan!* fled thy back'ning *tide?*
Why leapt your *lines*, ye frighted *hills*, aſtray?
And what, O *mountains!* rent your *roots* away?
Hark! I will tell --- proud *earth* confeſs'd her GOD,
And mark'd his wond'rous *foot-ſteps*, as he trod.
While bent to bleſs, HE chear'd his thirſty *flock*,
And, into floods of liquid length, diſſolv'd the looſening rock.

The

The SINGING-BIRD.

I.

POPE, in abſence of his *pain*,
Eaſy, negligent, and gay,
With the *fair*, in am'rous vein,
Lively, as the ſmiling *day*,
Talk'd, and toy'd, the hours away.

II.

TUNEFUL, o'er *Belinda*'s chair,
Finely cag'd, a *Linnet* hung;
Breath'd its little ſoul in air,
Flutt'ring round its manſion ſprung;
And its *carrols* ſweetly ſung.

III.

WINDING, from the fair one's *eye*,
On her feather'd *ſlave*, to gaze;
Meant, cry'd *Pope*, to wing the *ſky*,
Yet, a *captive*, all thy days,
How doſt thou this *muſick* raiſe!

IV.

SINCE, a *priſoner*, thou can'ſt *ſing*,
Sportive, airy, wanton, *here*,
Hadſt thou liberty of *wing*,
How thy *melody* would *chear!*
How *tranſport* the liſt'ning *ear!*

V.

No, reply'd the warbling ſong.
Rais'd — *articulate*, and *clear!*
Now, to wiſh me *free*, were wrong;
Loftier, in my native *ſphere*,
But, with *fewer friends*, than *here*.

VI.

THO' with grief, my *fate* you ſee,
Many a *poet's* is the ſame;
Aw'd, ſecluded, and unfree,
Humble avarice of fame,
Keeps 'em fetter'd, *own'd*, and *tame*.

VII.

To our *feeders*, they, and I,
Lend our *lives*, in narrow *bound*;
Perch'd, within our *owner's* eye,
Gay, we hop, the gilded round,
Changing, neither *note*, nor *ground*.

VIII,

FOR, ſhould *freedom* break our *chain*,
Tho' the *ſelf-dependent* flight
Would, to *heav'n* exalt our *ſtrain*;
Yet, *unheard*, and *out of ſight*,
All our *praiſe* were forfeit, by't.

To the un-declared Author of the Poem, call'd Patriotic Love.

I.

WHEN *Jacob*'s muſe re-ſtrings the ſlacken'd *lyre*,
And, ſweetly penſive, ſounds the *meaning* ſtrain,
Why does his fruitleſs *modeſty*, in vain,
Conceal his *name*, yet, not conceal his *fire*:
Since *ſentiments* alone the ſoul explain,
Keep your *thoughts* hid, or think not you *retire*.

II.

RARE, and ſoon-mark'd, in this *receiving* age,
Strait, to its *ſpring*, unvenal verſe is trac'd;
Its *courſe* far ſhining, tho' its *banks* defac'd!
'Twas needleſs to ſubſcribe the ſpeaking page,
Unpenſion'd eminence, and worth *miſ-plac'd*,
Point the dumb *actor* out, to ſhame the *ſtage*.

III.

Go on, un-fainting, tread the pathleſs way;
Nobly redeem the *poet's* forfeit *name*;
Guide pow'r to *virtue*, fan the *patriot flame*:
Love of your country doubly, thus, *diſplay*:
Since *he*, by whom the *great* more greatly *aim*,
In *reaſon's* reck'ning, is more *great*, than *they*.

IV.

O! would but *fortune* crown your *muſe's* pray'r;
Wou'd liſt'ning *angels*, to your *patron's* heart,
Convey *your love* of each unfriended *art*,
What length of *glory* would you jointly, *ſhare!*
He, to your *genius*, *pow'r*, would ſoon impart,
And *you* endear his *pow'r*, by *patriot care*.

A SONG.

I.

GENTLE *Love*, this hour befriend me,
To my *eyes*, reſign thy *dart*;
Notes of melting *muſick* lend me,
To diſſolve a *frozen* heart.

CHILL,

II.

CHILL, as mountain *ſnow*, her boſom!
Tho' I tender language uſe,
'Tis, by cold *indiff'rence*, frozen,
To my *arms*, and to my *muſe*.

III.

SEE! my dying *eyes* are pleading,
Where a breaking *heart* appears:
For thy *pity* interceding,
With the eloquence of tears.

IV.

WHILE the *lamp of life* is fading,
And, beneath thy coldneſs, dies,
Death, my ebbing pulſe invading,
Take my *ſoul* into thy *eyes*.

My Soul's laſt Sighs, to the divine L——R——A.

LET plaintive *thoughts*, in mournful *numbers*, flow,
Proſe is too dull, for *love*, too calm for *woe!*
Has ſhe not bid thee *quit* thy faithful *flame!*
Sell *her*, and *truth*, for EQUIPAGE, and NAME?
Nay, ſhe has bid thee *go* --- Whence this delay?
Whence this fond, fruitleſs, ling'ring *wiſh*, to ſtay?
L——a bids thee go --- ſhe, who, alone,
Makes all *life's* future *bleſſings*, means thee *none!*
Begone, then --- let thy ſtruggling *heart* obey,
And in long diſtance, ſigh ſad life away.
Still, ſtill, vain, flatt'ring *hope* miſleads *deſire*.
Fed, by faint glimm'ring ſhoots of *glow-worm fire*.
What, tho' ſhe ſweetly *writes*, to eaſe thy *grief*,
Or *points* kind *comfort*, by the *folded leaf*:
Such *pity* muſt thy grateful *rev'rence* move,
But judge it right --- nor think compaſſion, *love*.
What tho' each word ſhe *marks*, like *Spring's* ſoft ſhow'rs,
Flows ſweet, as new-blown *breath* of op'ning *flow'rs*,

Such

Such *borrow'd* ſounds ſhe need not have *apply'd*,
Her *own*, more tuneful, thou too oft, haſt try'd:
To ſpeak, in *muſick*, ever was her *claim*,
And all grows *harmony*, that bears her *name*.

HAD'ST thou e'er touch'd her *heart*, with one
ſoft *pain*,
And, bleſs'd, in *loving*, been *belov'd* again;
All her cold reaſoning *doubts* had ceas'd to *move*,
And her whole gen'rous *breaſt* conceiv'd but *love*.
She, who believes not, loves not -- Feel thy *fate*:
Friendſhip, from *her*, pains more than other's *hate*.
All the *kind* paſſions, wanting *one*, ſhe'll *own*,
But, *that one wanting*, all the *reſt* are *none*.
Would *love*, and *ſhe*, diſperſe the threat'ning *ſtorm*,
Let her *believe*, and *truſt*, and break thro' *form*;
Let her command thy *ſtay*, to know *ſucceſs*,
Nor fear the god-like *attribute*, to bleſs:
Born, to diſtinguiſh *her*, from womankind,
To *court* her *converſe*, and to *taſte* her *mind*;
Fram'd, for her *empire*, with her *image*, fill'd,
Charm'd by her *form*, and, in her *temper*, ſkill'd;
Piercing her tim'rous *heart's* moſt ſecret *thought*,
And *knowing*, and adoring, each dear *fault*,

How

How art thou *pain'd* — to find her ſoft'ning *will*,
Held, againſt *love*, by ev'ry *guard* of *ſkill*!
How art thou *doom'd*, to lengths of ope'ning *woe*,
Should ſhe feel *love* — yet, fear, to *tell thee ſo*?

If ſhe diſtruſts thy *truth* — all *hope* muſt *fall*,
Doubting her pow'r, ſhe diſbelieves thee all.
And none, who doubts her *lover*, dares to *love*.
Go, then — to *climes*, cold, as her *heart*, remove;
A *diſtant* fate thy gloomy choice prefers,
Preſent, thou can'ſt not live, and *not live hers*.

FAREWELL, kind, cautious, unreſolving, *fair*!
To hear thee *bleſs'd*, will *charm* amidſt *deſpair*.
'Tis *death*, to go — 'tis *more*, than *death*, to *ſtay*,
Reſt will be ſooneſt *reach'd*, the firſt dark way.
Ne'er may'ſt thou know a *pain*! ſtill *chearful* be,
Nor check *life's comforts*, with one *thought* of *me*.

PALLAS's

PALLAS's *Whiſper, in a Dream, to two Beauties, at* Eltham.

EXPELL'D th' *aſſembly!* 'twas diſcreetly done!
Could the *torch* ſhine, but where it miſs'd the *ſun?*
Wiſely, the *old* and *ugly*, ſhun *compare*,
Nor *prune* their with'ring *barks*, againſt the *fair!*
You gone, they *glean* a cold *reſpect*, undue,
But drop their plunder'd *ſheaves*, at ſight of you.
So, the ſhock'd *Indian*, conſcious of his *face*,
Broke the bright *glaſs*, to hide his own *diſgrace.*
Smile, un-revengeful, leave their *pride* forlorn,
And mix ſome *pity*, with the public *ſcorn.*
'Twere hard, to clip the *ſtarver's* ſtinted ſhares,
No --- let the balm of *envy* ſtill be *theirs.*
Leave 'em the needful *pow'r*, to hate their *bane*,
And ſhun thoſe *eyes*, by which they wiſh, in vain.
Nature indulg'd a *ſelf-defence* to all;
For that, ſhe gave the dry'd *old maid*, her *gall*;
For that, long *vipers* wind their *hiſs* along,
And, but for that, th' *aſſembly* mourns your *wrong.*

Verſes,

VERSES, *to the unknown Author of the* Rover Reclaim'd; *written extempore, at the Rehearſal of that Play.*

THE low-brow'd *muſe*, that gives *malignance* birth,
As oft excites our *anger*, as our *mirth*;
For gen'rous *hearts* would, *uſefully*, correct,
Nor ſpare the *fault*, but ſtill the *man* reſpect.
Touch'd, by a rev'rence, to the *ſpecies* due,
Fain would they *laugh*, without *deſpiſing*, too.
Raſh, and by no ſuch ſoft impreſſions, aw'd,
The ſcurril *witling* ſpreads his joke too broad:
Straining at *humour*, lets *diſcernment* fall,
And laughs *at* all, by turns, to laugh with all.
Not ſo, thy guardian *ſcene* — whoſe manlier *end*
Warring, on *guilt* — would *innocence* defend:
From the *falſe Rover*, ſtrips his *am'rous* art,
That his *true form* may fright the fair one's *heart*,
And reſcued *beauty* be, by one man, dreſt,
In *arms* of *temper'd proof*, againſt the reſt.

THE

THE *Loom* thus *fine*, how hadſt thou *weav'd* amiſs,
To thread *coarſe laughter*, thro' a *theme*, like *this!*
'Twere an affront to *woman's* worth! for *here*,
Not to be *grave*, were — not to be *ſincere*.
Nor, let the *taſte* of fools betray the wiſe,
A *cheap* applauſe, before a *juſt*, to prize.
Oft we *approve*, where, but to *ſmile* we ſeem;
But where we *laugh* the moſt, we leaſt *eſteem*.
This, the deſerving purpoſe of thy play,
Compels a *ſtranger's* grateful verſe, to ſay,
Who felt the pleaſure, *thouſands* ſoon will feel,
And judg'd it *mean*, that pleaſure to *conceal*.

To Mr. JAMES THOMPSON; *on his aſking my Advice, to what* Patron *he ſhould addreſs his* Poem, *called* WINTER.

SOME *Bards* have noble ſkill to *judge*, 'tis true,
Yet, no poor proſpect bounds the *muſe's* view:
Firm, in your native ſtrength, thus greatly ſhown,
Slight ſuch deluſive *props*, and ſtand alone:
Fruitleſs

Fruitleſs dependance, oft has prov'd, too late,
That *greatneſs* dwells not, always, with the GREAT.
Patrons are NATURE' *nobles*, not the STATE's,
And *Wit's* a title, no *broad ſeal* creates:
E'en KINGS, from whoſe high ſource, all *honours* flow,
Are *poor*, *in pow'r*, when they would *ſouls* beſtow.
He, who ſtoops *ſafe*, beneath a *patron's* ſhade,
Shines, like the *moon*, but by a *borrow'd* aid:
Truth ſhould, unbiaſs'd, free, and open, ſteer,
Strong, as *heav'n's* heat, and, as its brightneſs, clear!
Heedleſs of *fortune*, then, look down, on *ſtate*,
Balanc'd, within, by *merit's* conſcious weight:
Divinely proud, of independent *will*,
Prince of your wiſhes, live, a ſov'reign, ſtill;
Oh! ſwell not, then, the *boſoms* of the *vain*,
With falſe *conceit*, you their *protection* gain.
Poets, like you, their own *protectors* ſtand,
Plac'd, *above* aid, from pride's inferior hand.
Time, that devours a *lord's* un-laſting *name*,
Shall lend her ſoundleſs *depth*, to float your *fame*:
On *verſe*, like *yours*, no ſmiles, from *pow'r* expect,
Born, with a *worth*, that doom'd you to *neglect*.
Yet,

Yet, would your *wit* be prais'd --- reflect no more,
Let the ſmooth veil of *flatt'ry*, *ſilk* you o'er:
Aptly attach'd, the *court's* ſoft *climate* try;
Learn your *pen's* duty, from your *patron's* eye.
Ductile of ſoul, each pliant purpoſe wind,
And, following *int'reſt* cloſe, leave *doubt* behind:
Then, ſhall your *name* ſtrike, loud, the public *ear*,
For, through good fortune, *virtue's ſelf* ſhines clear.

BUT, in defiance of our taſte --- to *charm*,
And *fancy's* force, with *judgment's* caution, arm,
Diſturb, with buſy *thought*, ſo lull'd an *age*,
And plant ſtrong *meanings* o'er the peaceful *page*.
Impregnate ſound, with *ſenſe*, teach nature *art*,
And warm ev'n *winter*, 'till it *thaws* the heart:
How could you, thus, your country's *rules* tranſgreſs,
Yet, think of *patrons*, and preſume *ſucceſs!*

A SONG.

TIDDI DOLL.

I.

WHAT a noiſe in pit, boxes, and gall'ries, and all,
Have you lately heard made, about one *Tiddi-dol.*
Tiddi-dol, honeſt creature! took none of theſe airs,
'Till the wars of *King Pantomime* chang'd his affairs,
From a baker of *gingerbread*, (God bleſs the trade!)
Now the *mark* of the *muſe*, by our malice's aid.
For the great and the ſmall
Cry --- all,
Tiddi-doll --- Tiddi-doll,
'Tis Tiddi-dol, Tiddi-doll, all.

II.

ALL the joke of it roſe, from his *plume*, and *fine coat*,
Which but odly agreed with his *ſhop*, and his *note*.
Tho' he ſold me my *gingerbread*, yet, I confeſs,
No proportion was hit, 'twixt his *name*, and his *dreſs*.
But,

But, if *Actors* muſt all, by *proportion*, be try'd,
Then, alas, for poor *Piſtol*, and *Drury* beſide!
Where they ſell none at all,
Yet bawl,
Tiddi-doll — Tiddi-doll,
Mere, ſham, wooden, Tiddi-dolls all.

III.

WHEN their *rope-dancers* ſwung, and their *tumblers* went round,
To convince you where *wit*, and wiſe *management's* found;
When, to quicken a *compliment*, ſagely beſtow'd,
They aſſur'd their kind boxes, 'twas *Taſte Alamode.*
When a whole *club* of beauties, cry'd out for *good ſenſe*,
Yet coud'nt drive *gingerbread management* thence.
Sure — all
Was then Tiddi-doll,
Aye, Tiddi-doll, Tiddi-doll all.

IV.

So, 'till *chance* ſome expreſſion, more *ſuitable*, ſends,
To deſcribe brother *Piſtol*, and all his good friends.

Wou'd you ſpeak of men's heads, that run out of
their way,
'Till their *own parts* the ſillieſt of all, they can play;
Wou'd you name *folks*, that manage a *ſtage*, with
ſuch *ſkill*,
That, alike, *wit* and *nonſenſe*, brings *griſt* to their
mill,

Then, at Drury, *go call*,
And behold Tiddi-doll,
'Tis — all,
Tiddi-doll, Tiddi-doll,
'Tis Tiddi-doll, Tiddi-doll, all.

A SONG.

I.

VAINLY, now, ye ſtrive to charm me,
All, ye ſweets, of blooming *May*;
How can empty ſun-ſhine warm me,
While *Lotharia* keeps away!

Go

II.

Go, ye warbling *birds!* go, leave me:
Shade, ye clouds, the *ſmiling ſky:*
Sweeter notes *her voice* can give me,
Softer ſun-ſhine fills *her eye.*

The WESTERN PARADISE.

THERE is, there is, a ſoft, a peaceful ſhore!
An un-curs'd *Eden*, ſtill in nature's ſtore!
A ſpring, whence un-imbitter'd *pleaſures* flow!
A *treaſury*, of ev'ry thing, but *woe!*
Un-promis'd *Canaan!* which th' Almighty knew,
Too great a *bleſſing* for th' unthankful *Jew:*
Thence veil'd her beauties; pre-ordain'd, to grace
The deſtin'd triumphs of a nobler race!
On thy ſweet *plains*, where all delights are ſure,
Men can, by turns, be ev'ry thing, but *poor.*
The doubt-freed *miſer*, here, ſleeps void of *care*,
For, who will plunder that, which all may ſhare?
In other lands, our toil prepares our meat,
Our only labour, here, is --- take, and eat.
Such various ſhapes does tempting pleaſure wear,
That, which to chuſe her in, is all our care.

A SONG.

ATTEMPT not, diſſembler, to move me,
'Tis ſeldom I alter my mind;
Nor ever *unjuſt* ſhall you prove me,
Tho' you happen to think me *unkind*.

But, vainly, alas! you diſcover,
The graces, and wit, of your friend;
My ſon is too conſtant a lover,
To ſuffer his paſſion to bend.

BOTH beauty, and wit, I lay claim to,
And thoſe, to a daughter, can grant;
My offspring can boaſt of the ſame, too,
'Tis *money* alone, that we want.

THEN aſk no more queſtions, good Madam;
Put beauty, and wit, in *one* ſcale;
In *another*, a gypſy, from *Haddam*,
The laſt, if ſhe's *rich*, will prevail.

On a Rakiſh Officer, *who writ a very ſilly* Epilogue, *in Affront to all* Women.

WHEN *Rakes* become reformers, *maſquerade*
Muſt be allowed a moſt extenſive *trade*:
You call the world a ſtage --- you find it ſo,
And well, to play, behind the *curtain*, know:
Mean while, your partners, on the far-fam'd *ſtrait*,
Act *hero's* fillier parts, and ſerve the *ſtate*:
Fond of a ſafer *toil*, you change the *ſcene*,
And, not in fields of *war*, but *wit*, grow lean:
How bleſt your *fortune*, in the *king's* warm *pay*,
That lets your muſe her own expence defray!
Merit, like yours, unproſp'rous elſe, might ſtrive,
Shine inward, and be too refin'd to thrive.
O, *Captain!* you, who *write*, with ſuch a *grace*,
What thanks owes *woman* to your *ſaving face!*
Were but your *eyes* as piercing, as your *quill*,
Tho' your *ſword's* idle, yet your *looks* would kill.

A Tranſlation, from ſome Italian *Verſes, of Mr.* MILTON; *ſent to a Lady, when he was in* Florence.

WHEN, in your language, I, unſkill'd, addreſs
The feeble efforts of a trammel'd muſe,
Soft *Italy*'s fair *critics* round me preſs;
And my miſtaking paſſion, thus, accuſe.

WHY, to our tongue's diſgrace, does thy bold love,
Strive, in rough ſounds, ſoft ſoftneſs to impart:
He muſt ſelect his words, who ſpeaks, to *move*,
And points his meanings, at the hearer's heart.
Then, laughing, they repeat my languid *lays*,
Nymphs, of thy *native* clime, perhaps, they cry,
For whom thou haſt a tongue, may feel thy praiſe,
But *we* muſt underſtand, e're we comply.

Do *thou*, my ſoul's ſoft *hope!* theſe *triflers* awe,
Tell 'em, that it imports not, *what* I writ,
Since *love*, from ſilent *looks*, can *language* draw,
And ſcorns the lame impertinence of *wit*.

Verſes

Verſes, writ for, and ſent to, a Widow Gentlewoman, on Occaſion of her Son's Melancholy, upon their Loſſes, and Diſappointments in Life.

WELCOME, ah! welcome, *life's* laſt friend, *decay!*
Faint on, tir'd *ſoul* and lapſe, *unmourn'd*, away;
Now, I look back, aſham'd, at *hope's* falſe blaze,
That ſhone, delightful, on my happier days;
In their *true* colours, now, too late, I ſee,
What youth, and pride, and mirth, and praiſe, muſt be!
Bring, then, great *curer*, death, thy dark relief,
And ſave me, from vain ſenſe of hopeleſs grief.
Shut me for ever from the ſuffering ſcene,
And leave long *voids* for ſilent *reſt* between.
Thy hand can ſnatch me from a weeping *ſon*,
Heir to my *woes*, and born to be *undone!*
Place me, where I, no more, his *wrongs* ſhall hear,
Nor his told *ſorrows* reach my ſhelter'd ear.

THUS while I *mourn'd*, retir'd, from hated *light*,
Sleep came, and hid *affliction*, in the *night*;
The *night*, inſtructive to my bold *complaint*,
In a long *dream*, did that *ſad march* re-paint,
That *pomp of tears*, which did, for SHEFFIELD, flow,
Who, lately, blacken'd half our ſtreets, with *woe*.
THERE, cry'd a pointing *ſeraph*, look! compare!
And bluſh, forgetful, of *your* light deſpair!
What has THIS mother loſt, as far *diſtreſt*,
Beyond her *ſex*, as, late, beyond 'em, *bleſt!*
Son of her ſoul! her *child*, by mind, and birth,
Bright, by her fires, and *guardian* of her worth;
Promiſe of virtues, to the riſing age!
Yet, ah! how *blaſted* is the lov'd *preſage!*
Think of HER loſs, her *weight* of *woe* bemoan,
And, humbly conſcious, ſigh not, for your own.

The

The Stage's Improvement, *an Epigram.*

THE *Patent* laugh'd at, its *ſupporters* gone,
Blank verſe depos'd, and *ſilence* creeping on!
Aid us, ye *Gods!* cry'd H—H——RE, in diſtreſs,
Save our *great* Play-houſe, and be damn'd the *leſs.*
O'er *rebel worth* let *licens'd dulneſs* blaze,
Teach us our willing *dignity* to raiſe.
Strong, as our *plans*, let our *performance* riſe,
And *fortune* grant us, what our *wit* denies.
Think, O, ye pow'rs! *whoſe* fortunes are at ſtake,
Let *Tragedy* ſucceed, for my lov'd ſake;
With tints, like *Jack*'s, re-touch the faded ſtage,
'Till it, like *Widow W——k*'s charms engage:
The ſmiling *gods* theſe pray'rs, together, *ſum*,
At once, indulge 'em all--and lo! TOM THUMB.

EPIGRAM.

EPIGRAM.

WIDOW *W----ks* came, of late, in a terrible rage,
To the other *old ladies*, joint props of her ſtage:
Hear me, *ſiſters*, ſhe cry'd --- I pronounce a *decree*,
We'll have no more *new Tragedies* --- *take* that from *me*.
When we make the town *laugh*, I'm as *merry*, as they,
But, I'm ten times more *ſad*, at a grave *loſing play*.
Never tell me of *ſenſe* --- it has coſt me a *fall*,
And, if *nonſenſe* befriends not, I'm ſure to loſe *all*.

WELL, well, cry'd *J---k E--l--s*, and ſhrug'd, with a *ſneer*,
Tho' you'll give 'em no *Tragedy*, what ſhou'd you fear?
Say, when aſk'd, *why* 'twas done, your next *benefit* night,
Nature form'd you for *farce* --- and they'll *ſwear* you ſay *right*.

St.

St. Matthew, *Chapter* v.

THE *ſon* of *God*, beheld the numerous train,
And would not let 'em follow him, in vain.
To a near *mountain*, he directs his way,
Whence, beſt, his *voice* might his *diſcourſe* convey.
Around him, wide, the gath'ring audience preſs'd
Whom thus, aloud, their gracious *guide* addreſs'd:

BLESSED are they, whoſe *hearts* are free from *pride*,
Angels, high thrones, for humble ſouls, provide;
Bleſſed are they, who, *here*, ſharp *ſorrows* feel,
The joys of *heav'n* ſhall all *earth's* mis'ries heal:
Unſought *proſperities* ſhall crown the *meek*;
And righteous ſouls ſhall find the food they ſeek:
Bleſſed are they, in whom ſoft *mercy* reigns,
Mercy, in heav'n, the merciful obtains:
The pure, in heart, the face of God ſhall ſee;
And mild *peace-makers* ſhall his *children* be.

Do not, ye happy *few!* ye choſen train!
Of worldly *ſcorn*, or pow'rful *foes*, complain:

Then

Then are ye *bleſt*, when men the *trials* make,
How nobly ye can ſuffer, for *my* ſake:
When falſe *accuſers* perſecute ye moſt,
And proud *revilers* of your ruins boaſt;
Inſtead of *mourning*, then, let *triumph* reign,
For great is the *reward*, ye, thence, ſhall gain.
Juſt ſo, of old, were the good *prophets* us'd,
So ſcorn'd, ſo pointed at, and ſo accus'd.

You are the *ſalt*, for ſeaſoning all mankind,
God does your *ſavour*, in your *ſuff'rings*, find:
Salt, without *ſavour*, no wiſe hand will chuſe,
For, who would keep a thing, he cannot uſe?
But, ſince you *light* the world, yourſelves muſt *ſhine*,
Your *luſtre* muſt adorn your bright deſign.
None does a *torch*, beneath a *buſhel*, hide,
When he would have its *light* ſhoot ſtrong, and *wide*.
A city, on a *mountain*, muſt be ſhown,
'Tis ſeen at diſtance, and, at diſtance, *known*.
Live, therefore, ſo, that men, by praiſing *you*,
May glorify your *heav'nly father*, too.

LET

LET none, among ye, miſ-conceive my aim,
As if, to *overthrow your laws*, I came.
I come not, to *deſtroy*, but to *fulfil*,
The prophet's word, and my great father's will.
Believe me! *earth* ſhall ſooner paſs away,
And all the glorious *lamps of heav'n* decay,
Than one ſmall tittle of God's ſure decree,
Stand, un-perform'd, tho' it miſtaken be.

THERE are, who ſtrive about degrees above,
Where *rank* is never gain'd by *pride*, but *love*:
He, who does *God*'s appointed rules obey,
And teaches men, to keep his holy way;
He ſhall be *great*, in *heav'n*, by his *reward*;
He *leaſt*, who leaſt does *heav'n's* high *will* regard.
I know, ye think, the *Phariſees*, and *Scribes*
Moſt fill'd, with *righteouſneſs*, throughout the *tribes*:
And yet, unleſs yourſelves *more righteous* are,
Ye dream of heav'n, but ne'er ſhall enter *there*.

YOUR *old* Law ſays, if *murder* you commit,
You ſhall to *judgment* come, and *anſwer* it:

But

But learn, from *me*, that he, whom *paſſion* guides,
Shall ſuffer further, than *that law* decides:
Both he, who *kills*, and he, whom *pride* ſhall
ſwell,
Shall hazard not *man's* wrath, but *that of hell.*
When, therefore, to the *altar* you would go,
And offer up, to *heav'n*, the pray'rs you *owe*,
Examine well your *breaſt*, without diſguiſe,
And ſearch, if, *there*, no hidden *malice* lies;
If ſo, go back --- forgive, and be forgiven,
And then, with welcome *zeal*, petition *heaven.*

AGAIN, your *law*, regarding only *facts*,
Forbids you to commit *adult'rous acts*:
I think, the *fact* not needful to the *ſin*;
For he, who *wiſhes*, does, to *act*, begin.
All this, to *man's* looſe *will*, may ſeem ſevere,
But *God* requires obedience, love, and fear.
Should thy *right hand*, or *eye*, obſtruct thy *bliſs*,
And bid thee turn thine *ear*, from ſounds, like
this,
Pluck out *that eye*, and caſt *that hand* away,
Whoſe ill *advice* would lead thy *ſoul* aſtray;
For *ſingle parts* of thee may better *die*,
Than that the *whole*, in endleſs *pain*, ſhould lie.

A MAR-

A MARRY'D man, who, licens'd by your *laws*,
Puts off his *wife*, muſt give ſome written *cauſe*:
But, I ſay, he, who puts his *wife* away,
Except, for *breach of honour*, makes her *ſtray*:
And he, who *marries* that abandon'd *wife*,
Commits *adult'ry*, and pollutes his *life*.

So, ſays your antient *law*, if once you *ſwear*,
With ſtrict regard, a *breach* of oath forbear:
But, I command you, not to *ſwear at all*:
Not, by high *heav'n*, for 'tis *God*'s council-hall:
Not, by the *earth*, the object of his grace;
Nor, by *Jeruſalem*, his choſen place:
Not, by your *head*, ſhall you preſume to ſwear,
Who cannot change the *colour* of one *hair*.
Let *yes*, and *no*, your guiltleſs converſe fill,
For all beyond, is inſolent, and ill.

THE partial vengeance of your *Hebrew* law,
Bids tooth for tooth, and eye for eye, to draw:
I ſay, reſiſt not: but, of pride bereft,
To him, who ſtrikes thy *right cheek*, turn thy *left*.

And,

And, if at *law*, ſome wretch thy *coat* ſhould ſue,
Give him both *that*, and thy next *garment*, too:
Go *two* miles length, with him, who drives thee *one*,
And, from the boldeſt borrower, never run.

YOUR law ſays, love your *neighbour*, hate your *foe*;
I ſay, that *charity* may farther go:
Love *friends* and *foes*: ev'n them, who curſe you, *bleſs*,
Do *good* to *thoſe*, who *hate*, to *you*, profeſs,
Pray for your *perſecutors*, 'midſt their *ſcorn*,
With god-like *clemency*, your minds adorn.
The ſame *ſun* ſhines, alike, on *good* and *ill*,
And equal ſhow'rs their *barns*, with plenty, fill.
If you *love* none, but thoſe, who value you,
The *Publicans*, themſelves, can do ſo, too.
But *you*, *God*'s *choſen*, muſt example give,
Not *live*, like *them*, but teach them, *how* to live.

St.

St. Matthew, *Chapter* vi.
Part of the Sermon on the Mount.

LET ſhining *charity* adorn your zeal,
The nobleſt impulſe gen'rous minds can feel:
But, have a care, you take this virtue right,
And ſhun the *glare* of the proud *hypocrite.*
Miſtaken men! who, fond of *public* fame,
Diſgrace the *act*, while they affect the *name!*
On *earth*, vain-glorious *zeal* may meet *regard*,
But *heav'n* nor owns it, nor vouchſafes *reward.*

THOU, on the contrary, whoſe pitying *breaſt*
Wou'd, as it ought, give eaſe to the diſtreſt;
Scarce tell thy *right hand*, what thy *left* will do,
But be, at once, reſolv'd, and ſilent, too.
Secret, as *night*, thy pious *alms* convey;
For *God*, who ſees, by *night*, rewards, by *day.*

So, when thy *ſoul* approaches *God*, in *pray'r*,
Be not deceiv'd, as thoſe falſe *zealots* are;
Who, daily, into crowded *temples* preſs,
And there, with feign'd *devotion*, heav'n addreſs;

But, when thou pray'ſt, all *public notice* ſhun,
And, private, to thy inmoſt cloſet, run:
There, cloſe, and earneſt, to thy *duty* fall,
And *God* will ſhew thee, that he hears thy *call*.

SWELL not thy *forms of pray'r*, with wild deſires,
Exceſs of *fuel* choaks the brighteſt *Fires*.
The erring *heathen* ſo miſtake their way,
And think, they *beſt* are heard, who *moſt* can ſay.
But ſhun thou this, and know, GOD's piercing *eye*
Sees all thy *wants*, before thy *words* come nigh.
From riſing *malice*, guard thy yielding *will*,
Nor proudly dare, to take *revenge*, for *ill*:
Thou muſt *forgive*, that God may *pardon* thee;
For none, who *pities not*, ſhall *pitied* be.

MISLED, by *av'rice*, ſeek not *wealth* to gain,
By hoarding *treaſures*, which are got, in vain:
Deceitful *riches*, which the *moth* deſtroys,
Which *ruſt* conſumes, or the bold *thief* enjoys!
In *heav'n's* high ſtorehouſe, let your *heaps* be laid,
A *wealth*, which *no deſtroyer* can invade:
No *moth* there enters, *ruſt* corrupts not *there*,
Nor plund'ring *thief* alarms the *owner's* care!

Safe,

Safe, therefore, in that place, your *treaſures* lay;
For where your *riches* are, your *heart* will ſtay.

SECURE of *heav'n's* regard, live free from *care*;
Nor toil, life's common comforts to prepare:
Baniſh vain *forecaſt* for thy needful gain,
Nor let meat, drink, and cloathing, give thee pain.
Obſerve the *fowls* --- they neither *reap*, nor *ſow*,
Yet find their *wants* ſupply'd, where'er they go.
Look on the *lillies* of the ripening field!
No toil of *theirs* does thoſe ſweet *colours* yield;
Yet, was not *Solomon*, when dreſt to *pleaſe*,
So glorioufly adorn'd, as one of *theſe*.
If, therefore, *God* ſo feeds the *feather'd train*;
So cloaths the *graſs*, which withers on the *plain*;
How much more *careful* will he be of you,
O, faithleſs man! who, yet, diſtruſts him, too?

St. Matthew, *Chapter* vii

CONDEMN not, raſhly, all that looks, like i
Leſt you are forc'd to *drink* the cup, yc
fill.
As you *ſow* judgment, you ſhall *reap* it, too;
And, as *you* meaſure, GOD will meaſure *you.*
Why, with ſuch nice diſcernment, doſt thou ſpy
The growing *mote*, that clouds thy *brother's* eye
Why is ſuch *zeal*, to cure his *blemiſh*, ſhown,
When *beams*, inſtead of *motes*, have fill'd *thy own.*
Thou *hypocrite!* firſt, thy own *blemiſh* cure,
And, then, the needful help, for *his*, procure?

IF, ſtill, more plain *inſtruction* you require,
The following *form* will guide your juſt deſire:
Wiſely *diſtinguiſh*, when you mean to *teach*,
Nor, vainly, to th' unliſt'ning *ſcorner* preach.
Permit not *dogs*, on holy fare, to dine;
Nor, madly bountiful, throw pearls to *ſwine.*
Leſt they *deſpiſe* the *worth*, they cannot *taſte*,
And turn, and *tear* thee, for thy treaſure's *waſte!*

ASK,

ASK, and the thing thou aſk'ſt, ſhall granted be;
Search, and the object *ſought*, thou ſoon ſhalt ſee.
Knock, and, in time, thou ſhalt *admiſſion* gain,
For none e'er aſk'd, or ſought, or knock'd, in vain.
What man, among ye, by *deceit*, miſled,
Would give his ſon a *ſtone*, inſtead of bread?
Or, when an infant does a *fiſh* demand,
Would reach ſome *ſerpent*, to his tender hand?
If, therefore, *you*, by *nature*, dark, and weak,
Chuſe, for your children, the good things they *ſeek*,
Ought you not, far more juſtly, to expect,
Your *heav'nly* father will not *his* neglect?

IF, from God's *will*, you would your *practice* draw,
This one ſhort *maxim* ſums up all his *law*:
That very thing, to *others*, always *do*,
Which you, ſo plac'd, would have *them* do to *you*.

BROAD is the *gate*, and wond'rous wide, the *way*,
Through which miſtaken men, to ruin, ſtray:

Too many *that way* chuſe, becauſe 'tis *fair*,
And the *ſtrait* path, to ſhun its *Thorns*, forbear;
But happy they, who hit the *narrow* gate,
That leads to *life*, and enter, tho' 'tis *ſtrait*.
Beware, leſt *lying prophets* make you *ſin*,
Who, cloath'd like *ſheep*, are rav'nous *wolves*, within.
Cloſely *obſerve* 'em, when ſuch men you ſee,
And, wiſely, by the *fruit*, diſcern the *tree*.
Do *thorns* bear *grapes?* or *figs*, on *thiſtles*, grow?
Plants, by their *product*, beſt their *nature* ſhow.

NOT *ev'ry* one, that owns, or ſpreads, my *name*,
Shall, thence, have *right*, a ſeat, in heav'n to claim:
But he, who well performs my father's will,
His *cup*, with *bleſſings*, ſhall my father *fill*.
Crowds of pretenders, on my *judgment-day*,
Swell'd, with the *pride* of *zeal*, theſe words ſhall ſay:
LORD, ſee thy ſervants, and thy prophets know,
Who, in thy name, did mighty things, below;
Calling on thee, thy wiſh'd aſſiſtance came,
And DEVILS have fled before us, at thy name.

Them,

Them, will I anſwer thus --- vain is your *plea*;
Prophets, thro' love of *pow'r*, not love of *me!*
I know ye *not* --- and the *reward* ye gain,
By ſhort-liv'd *pride*, is everlaſting *pain*.
Hear, with *attention*, therefore, what I ſay;
Hear, with *attention*, and, with *judgment*, weigh:
He, who now *hears* me, and obſerves me well,
Does, on a *rock*, like the wiſe *builder*, dwell:
Tho' *rains* deſcend, and riſing *floods* o'erflow,
Tho' raging *winds*, in hourly *tempeſts*, blow;
His *houſe* ſtands firm, ſecure, and free from *ſhock*,
Safe, in *foundation*, on its central *rock*.
But he, who *hears*, and does not *underſtand*,
Builds, like a *fool*, upon the failing *ſand*:
To ſtorms, or floods, or rains, his fabrick yields,
And the *loud ruin* ſhakes the neighb'ring *fields*.

HERE, the great *Jeſus* ſtopt: --- th' aſtoniſh'd crowd,
In humble *rev'rence* of his doctrine, bow'd;
Confeſs'd his *pow'r*, tho' ſtrangers to his *law*,
And own'd his *godhead*, by their inward *awe*.

After reading an unknown Author's *Book.*

PLAIN, modeſt, pleaſant, deep, diſtinct, and clear,
The author's honeſt *ſoul* was printed, here;
His faithful *memory* paſt ſcenes ſurveys,
His ſparkling *fancy*, on their ſurface, plays:
Strong underſtanding adds reflection's weight,
And *all* draw purpoſe, from his manly *heart*.

The Thoughts of a Cadet, *the firſt Time upon Duty.*

WHY bear I *arms*, my heart! impartial, tell:
Haſt thou been juſt, and weigh'd this purpoſe well?
Can thy bold hopes withſtand the ſearch of *truth?*
Can'ſt thou ſtem *vanity*, and conquer *youth?*
Can'ſt thou *obey*, 'till worthy to *aſpire?*
And *practice* duties, thou may'ſt, thence, *require?*
Calmly

Calmly *reſolv'd*, can'ſt thou ſerenely *dare*,
And ſhun, alike, *preſumption*, and *deſpair?*
Can'ſt thou ſupport a *name*, unus'd to *fear*,
And feel no bluſh, to think --- *who* plac'd thee *here?*

WHAT, tho' my *patron's* lov'd example *fires!*
Urges my *ſword*, and lengthens my *deſires!*
Tho' conſcious want of merit ſighs, aloud,
Be *humble* -- for 'twere blindneſs, to be *proud!*
Still, there's a *wiſh*, that muſt my proſpect bar;
A wiſh, for WISDOM --- that gives *eyes*, to war!
A ſoul of conduct, that inſpires, to *know*:
And laughs at *courage*, in an untaught *foe!*
That moulds the future, while it ſifts the paſt;
Claims victory --- and bids the triumph laſt.

WHERE ſhall a thoughtleſs youth this treaſure find?
This art of judgment, that becalms the mind?
Chains *anger* ſhort; and ſets *reflection* free,
Gives tumult *temper* --- and makes *fortune* ſee?

IN *books*, 'tis endleſs, to purſue this *hope*;
Guideleſs, and *loſt*, in an *expanſe* of ſcope.

Shorten

Shorten the taſk, and point thy happy ſight,
To catch, and kindle, at a *living light*.
A COBHAM's *life*, well read, forms ev'ry *art*,
And gives ſure title to a DUNMORE's *heart*.

On a MISER.

I.

IF to be *modeſt*, merits *praiſe*,
And *pride* is own'd a *ſin*,
I'll now, O *miſer!* tune my lays,
And, on thy *worth*, begin.

II.

WE by *religion*, learn to know,
That vanity's a *fault*,
And ſhould avoid all *public ſhow*,
Of fondly boaſting ought.

III.

THOU then art, ſure, 'bove others, bleſt,
And haſt more *merit*, too;
Whoſe *worth* lay *ſilent*, in thy *breaſt*,
Where none its *value* knew;
'Till ſeiz'd, by *death*, and laid to reſt,
Abroad thy *bounties* flew.

The Miſplac'd Love.

I.

HOW long will lovely *Amaret* complain,
In gentle *notes*, that wound each liſt'ning *ear?*
How long, alas! will ſhe delight in pain,
Which *choice*, not *fate*, inclines her *ſoul* to bear!

II.

STRANGE paradox of love! --- the vanquiſh'd maid,
By cruel *conqueſt*, many ſtill *deſtroys!*
What *beauty* gives her --- *paſſion* has betray'd,
And love, miſplac'd, prevented all her *joys*.

III.

ONE way, and only one, does, yet, remain,
Whereby, loſt peace of mind you may reſtore,
Abandon'd *eaſe*, and your bleſt *ſtate* regain,
And live for ever *happy*, as before.

CHANGE,

IV.

CHANGE, heedleſs fair one, --- *change* your injur'd *love*,
And bleſs poor A—R—N, with mutual flame;
So ſhall the wings of *pleaſure*, round you, move,
And fan th' expanding *fires*, that blaze your *fame*.

To the lovely Mrs. H——E, *on her Deſcent from the firſt* Saxon *Kings of our Iſland.*

H——E, ſweet *name!* whoſe princely *meaning* ſhows,
From what high *ſpring*, your blood's rich *current* flows,
With needleſs *awe*, reminds us of your *race*,
Since *heav'n* has ſtampt *dominion* on your face.
Still, in your ſov'reign *form*, diſtinctly live,
All *royal* rights, your *father kings* could give!
In your commanding *air*, we mark their *ſtate*,
And, in your *words*, their *wiſdom*, and their *weight*.
Warm, in your noble *breaſt*, their *courage* lies,
And all their *pow'r*, and *mercy*, in your *eyes*.

EPILOGUE,

EPILOGUE, *ſpoke by Mrs.* ROBERTS.

ENGLAND, they ſay, is famous for *good-nature*,
Mum, for your *catcalls* --- wit delights in *ſatire*.
Pit, and fond *parents*, when they act ſeverely,
Tell *child*, they *whip* it---'cauſe they *love it dearly*.
Well! *Heav'n* be prais'd, we've proofs of your *affection*;
Lord, how you *love!* if we may truſt *correction*.

NOT but we've been too *ſparing* of our *labours*,
Too negligent, and naughty --- like our *neighbours*;
Trod, in *their* ſteps---but, with *repentance* ample,
So, half the world is *ſpoil'd*, by *bad example*.
Great is their STOCK --- yet, why ſhould that *miſguide* us?
We'll MEND --- Ah! you'll not *truſt*, before you've *try'd* us.
By things, *ne'er ſeen*, nor heard of --- we provoke ye,
Cram ye, with *novelty* --- enongh to *choak* ye.

All

All you *desire*, and MORE, we'll *pour* upon ye,
'Till we have *forc'd* COMMISERATION from ye.
And 'twill be odd, if *change* should here *displease* ye,
Which yet, *at home*, has seldom fail'd to *ease* ye!
Do---take our *words*---this once *be* kind *believers*,
Nor think *all* women --- *born*, to be *deceivers*.

EPILOGUE.

ONE word before you go --- Grave *critics*, say,
The *moral* is the *meaning* of the Play:
I'm sure, that hope, in ours, we did not *couzen*,
For --- let me see --- I'll point out half a dozen:
First --- *folly* makes a *quiet* state, a *mad* one;
Next, a *good* king is better than a *bad* one.
Third, when a virtuous *prude* expects foul play,
She'll ne'er be *ravish'd* --- if she runs away.
Fourth, by the *old* and *young*, at once, *addrest*,
She, who prefers the *young one*, chuses *best*.
Fifth, where our *wits* too weak, for our *ambition*,
Our *grief*, and *shame*, keep pace, with our *condition*.

Sixthly,

Sixthly, and *laſtly* --- to avoid *confuſion*,
And keep the *beſt* inſtruction, for *concluſion*,
A jealous *fair*, who would a *rival* hate,
Should love, like me, a *miniſter of ſtate*:
Safe, in her *choice*, ſhe might, in *peace*, careſs him,
And, with un-envy'd *property*, poſſeſs him.
By claim of *cuſtom*, politicians *bait* him,
And, right, or wrong, *the fair* find cauſe to *hate* him.

PROLOGUE, *for Mr.* WILLIAM GIFFARD, *on his Benefit Night.*

YOUNG, and but forming diſtant hopes, to *pleaſe*,
What have I done? --- that call'd for *ſmiles*, like theſe;
'Tis your *own* worth -- not *mine* -- to night, is ſhown!
That truth my grateful *heart* delights to *own*.
Shall I ſay more -- Oh! how might *words* ſurprize,
Could they but borrow *power* -- from thoſe bright EYES!

I *feel*

I *feel* your preſence, *know* your worth's high rate,
Yet ſtill -- tho' reaſon claims *reſpect's* full weight,
Tho' conſcious *rev'rence* raſh preſumption *awes*,
What *dumb* tongue *pleads not*, in a FATHER'S cauſe?
Strong are the tides, he *ſtems!* --- How good, how kind,
'Twould be! -- to ſwell his ſails, with *pity's* wind!
Shoal'd, on the flats of your *neglect*, we lie,
Half buoy'd -- half grounded -- you might *float* us -- TRY.
Help us to ſhun cold coaſts of dry *deſpair*,
And take th' *improving future* to *your* care.
Then, ſhall *new* proſpects RAISE our cheriſh'd *aim*,
'Till our ſtage LIGHTENS, and our actors FLAME.
Nor let this *pride* provoke our rival's *gall*,
The *muſes* conteſts ſhould be *peaceful*, all.
By *emulation*, not by *envy*, mov'd,
Slow *time* might teach us, all, to grow belov'd.
Teach *comic ſhame*, to pierce the mended mind,
And laugh away low taſtes, that *cramp* mankind.
Might teach the ſtage's *foes* --- plain *truth* reigns here,
And rich *corruption* loves a loftier ſphere.

Teach

Teach *paſſion's* pangs -- teach *how* diſtreſſes *ſhake*,
How hearts, that *feel*, bid hearts, that *liſten*, ACHE.
How *action* paints the *ſoul*, upon the *eye*,
And the wing'd *muſcles*, into meanings fly.
Slow *time* can teach us *this*. -- Slow time can do
Still *more* : -- Slow time can add *new* friends -- like *you*.
'Till, to reward our *will's* induſtrious *pain*,
No more *thin benches* make our labours *vain* ;
But long-wiſh'd *favour* lifting modeſt claim,
You lend us *ear*, tho' you refuſe us *fame*.

EPILOGUE, *ſpoke by Miſs* KITTY BOLTON.

LADIES!

YOU'LL ſay, ſince 'tis not you, I wait my doom from,
Whence does this forward little *gipſy* come from?
From my *own* ſex, all I yet hope, is *laughter* ;
Lord knows what *paſſions* I may move, *hereafter*,
At *preſent*, I'm too *heart-whole*, to complain t' ye,
And not quite *old enough*, to give *one pain* t' ye.

To you, *dear gentlemen*, with due *petition*,
Comes a pure *innocent*, in ſoft *ſubmiſſion*;
Forward preſumer, I confeſs, to teize ye,
Some years too ſoon (as ſome folks think) t
pleaſe ye:
Yet, ſmile --- you can't imagine, what temptatio
There lies, to willing minds, in provocation.

KINDLY *accepted* now, and worth your *heeding*
I ſhall *improve* apace -- with good *ſtage-breeding*
Let me come on, and *talk*, then, fear no ſhrink-
ing,
For I, already, pay it off, with *thinking*.
The younger, Sirs, the *better* -- that *plain fact* is,
And ſhe, who ſoon *begins* --- will have moſt
practice.
Yet *Mamma* bit poor *Kitty*, when ſhe told her,
She'd grow more fit to *pleaſe*. as ſhe grew *older*.

HEAV'N knows, indeed, what I am *fit for*, yet
Beauty's not mine -- and I can plead no *wit*.
Scarce had I had *one* claim to your *compaſſion*,
But that *no wit*, and *little worth's* the *faſhion*,
That's

That's *hope* -- then I have learnt to *ſing* -- there's *merit*,
Nay, I'm told, I dance not ill -- that's *ſpirit*.
Oh, *gentlemen!* truſt but to *future* action,
And, four years hence, I'll *move*, with ſtrange *attraction*.

PROLOGUE, *to* HARRY *the* 5th; *intended for Mrs.* WOFFINGTON, *dreſſed in the new Blue uniform, with Firelock, (and fixed Bayonet) in her Hand.*

WHILE fir'd St. *George* inflames his *name-ſake's* nation,
Loyal St. *Drury* arms, in aſſociation.
Quake, ye *cow'd French*, with your *white coats*, campaigning,
True blue's the true heart's *taſte*, and fears no *ſtaining*.
Come, if they dare --- Ha! *brother ſoldiers*, let 'em,
[*goes up to, and ſhakes hands, with one of the Stage Grenadiers.*]
You *reds*, we *blues* -- faith! we'll find means, to *ſweat* 'em.

While theſe brave *lads* march *north* -- we, warlike *laſſes*,
Stay, *cock'd*, and *prim'd*, at home -- to guard our *paſſes*.
Death, to their ſmart *Graffins!* -- *Morbleu*, we'll jerk 'em;
I, and my *Amazons*, alone, can work 'em.
Heels over head, *ſmiſh-ſmaſh*, the brown *raſcallions*,
And *cool* the *courage* of *ſev'n Pope's batallions!*
Well, but 'till *danger* quits its humble *diſtance*,
I'll *ground my firelock* -- and ſuſpend reſiſtance.
[*Grounds in the military Poſture.*]
LADIES -- a word -- be arm'd againſt occaſion,
Charge your bright *eyes* -- and *ſhoot* at *French* invaſion.
Queens of theſe *manly* ſouls, ſo fam'd for *battle*,
Laugh at cockaded, henpeck'd, tame, *French cattle*.
Well may YOU, *conquering beauties!* hope to daſh 'em,
When their own *buff-ſkin wives* claim right to *thraſh* 'em.

'Tis

'Tis the *French* MODE, to *cow're*, when *wedlock*
chatters,
One *ſcold* -- can ſhake their SALIC LAW -- to
tatters.
Ne'er flinch -- but *box their ears*; they're men of
breeding,
And, when *advanc'd on* -- fam'd, for ſwift *receding*.

ODS's me! I'll wear no needleſs *breeches* --
hang em!
Coarſe, bob-tail'd, *canvas petticoats* can bang em!
Why ſhould *maids* fight, *be-mann'd*, *be-bluff'd*,
be-raked,
The weakeſt *ſhe* can do *their* buſineſs *naked*.

Oh! what a day was *Agincourt*, for *Britain!*
Stand to the *cauſe*, that this *brave play* was writ on.
Let the *falſe friends*, who hide themſelves a-
mong ye,
Feel, by loud CLAPS, your country's wrongs have
ſtung ye.
Harry, 'gainſt *ſix* to *one* -- could hold *France* to it;
And, pray, Sirs, why not WE? -- By GEORGE,
we'll do it.

ODDS, to the BRAVE, are lights, that beſt *diſplay* 'em,
The more *French Jacks* come here, the more we'll PAY 'em.
Paltry perfumers! -- can't they -- *pert*, and *handy*,
Crop *vines*, preſs *grapes*, and *dance*, to their own *brandy*,
But, o'er all *Europe*, they muſt needs *ſhift ſtations*,
And ſhake their *wooden ſhoes*, o'er *free-born nations*.

As for their *friends*, and good *allies* -- the *Highlands*,
Short wint'ry *ſtorms* riſe *quick*, in all *bleak iſlands*,
Oft have they *blown* -- from *Caitneſs point*, to *Dover*,
But, ſtill, the *louder blaſt* -- the *ſooner over*.

Liſting, to fight, *far north*, on cool *Reflection*,
May hurt a *female* volunteer's *complexion*.
No matter -- Better look as brown, as *breezes*,
Tann'd, to the *foes*--like your *Meſdames Francoiſes*,
Than bluſh, for ſhame, thro' faint, fine cheeks, in *Lunnon*:
So, Sirs, farewel -- I'll march, and take my *gun* on,
[*Takes up her Firelock, and marches off ſhoulder'd*]

PROLOGUE,

PROLOGUE, *ſpoken by a young Gentleman, At a* Play, *called the* Tuſcan Treaty, *acted for the Benefit of Mr.* William Bond, *in* Covent Garden Theatre.

FRIENDS have ſuch ſov'reign pow'r to *taſk* the heart,
We *muſt* obey 'em, tho' we *want* the *art!*
Hence, has it fall'n, this evening, to my *ſhare*,
To read a *play-houſe* lecture, tho' no *player*.

THINK me not, thence, leſs *fit*. -- Their buſineſs, *here*,
Is but plain *nature* -- hers, the *ſmile*, and *tear!*
From *truth*, not *time*, the actor takes his *fame*,
And *length of practice* gives but *baſtard* claim;
Elſe, would the *oldeſt* miſtreſs be the *toaſt*,
And *wives*, who *plagu'd* you, *longeſt*, pleaſe you *moſt*.

To *act*, is then, to *imitate*, 'tis true;
But take that *truth*, with a *diſtinction*, too;
Wou'd but each *actor*, imitating *well*,
Learn, from *himſelf*, another to *excel:*

Search his *own* boſom; copy, from *within*,
Seize your *attention*, and your *paſſions* win;
Then, would the ſtage, of *no neglect*, complain,
But *love*, and *grief*, and *pity*, charm, again.

YET, were there *play'rs*, like *me*, who, void of *art*,
Felt not the anguiſh, that inſpires their part,
What ill-judg'd *rantings* would *untune* diſtreſs!
With *weak varieties*, of wild exceſs!

AMONG *ſuch* play'rs, methinks, e'en *I* could ſhine;
Strike out *new walks*, and charm, with *new deſign*.
Now, in *big ſounds*, I'd bowl away, to *fame*,
And *nod*, and *ſink*, and *lumber*, into *name*.
From ſide, to ſide, *next*, with enormous *ſwing*,
I'd *heave on* majeſty, and *puff* the king.
Two foot, too *ſhort*, that *ſingle* fault I'd *feel*,
And *eke* my length out, with a yard of *heel*.
For *ſolemn utt'rance*, has applauſe been due?
I'd have *that* art, to force *applauſes*, too.
With ſlow-rais'd *foot*, keep *time*, to my own *drawl*,
'Till *ſleep's* befriending influence *huſhes all*.

SUCH

SUCH actors *have* been *ſeen* ! -- but wou'd your
taſte
Diſtinguiſh, nor ſubmit to praiſe, in *haſte* ;
Well mortify'd, while cenſur'd into *fame*,
Thought would inſtruct 'em, how to 'ſcape your
blame,
Nature would mark the *look*, adapt the *mien*,
And *paſſions*, rightly painted, *grace* the ſcene.
Scorn, at preſumptuous *ignorance*, would riſe,
And ſhoot reproachful, from averted *eyes*.
Sorrow, in mournful *accents*, humbly flow,
And melt the *ſtubborn* heart, in *weeping* woe.
Wonder, the ſtarting eye-brows, *upward*, draw,
And, on the *poſture*, ſtamp a ſpeechleſs *awe*.
Joy, to the *features*, would reſtore their *grace*,
And *light up* all the *luſtre* of the *face*.
Anger would gnaſh the *teeth*, the noſtrils ſtrain,
Swell, in each *muſcle*, boil, in ev'ry *vein* ;
With reſtleſs motion, *agitate* the frame,
Burſt out, like *thunder* ; and like *light'ning*,
flame.

THUS,

THUS, I *conceive*, but want the pow'r, to *ſhow*,
What actors *ſhould*, to art, and nature, owe;
Such, when you find --- 'tis THIERS, the *ſcene* to *raiſe*,
'Tis YOURS, to mark their *worth*, and fix their *praiſe*.

PROLOGUE, *ſpoke by Mrs.* Heron, *at her Benefit, after the Misfortune of putting out both her Knee-pans.*

THE poor, maim'd *ſoldier*, from his *duty*, freed,
Safe, and at eaſe, commences *invalid*,
I, like the wounded *ſons* of brave *old Rome*,
Call'd, by the *cauſe* I love, my poſt *reſume*;
And, quitting *reſt*, leſt it ſhould ſeem *neglect*,
Forget my *tears*, to bring you my *reſpect*.

WHO (by your pow'rful *praiſes*, once made *vain*)
Could ſtoop to languiſh, in a *ſenſe* of *pain*?

Sweet

Sweet ſmiling *hope* reſign, for ſullen *eaſe*.
And, (againſt *nature*) wiſh no more, to *pleaſe!*
The *generous* heart will *ſome* compaſſion ſhow,
Where pleaſures (only *ours*) are chang'd for *woe*.
But, ah! what *anguiſh* did my ſteps purſue,
While 'twas my *life's* whole *taſk*, to pleaſure *you!*
Could but my *miſery* merit your *regard*,
Be your kind *pity* all my wiſh'd *reward*.
Proud, I return, your ſervant to remain;
Scarce does *ſhe* live *at all*, who lives, in vain.
What's a dark world, where *hopes* no longer chear?
Your loſs were *death* -- 'tis *life* to find you, *here*.

The GARDEN WINDOW.

HERE, *Amanda*, gently bending,
Sweetly penſive, loves to lean,
O'er the groves, her ſight extending,
Thro' the walks, that ſhoot between;

PLAC'd, ſays ſhe, within this window,
Screen'd, I diſtant charms ſurvey,
Taught, by poor deceiv'd *Olindo*,
Nothing's ſafe, that looks too gay.

HERE,

HERE, I view, in ſoften'd ſhadings,
Am'rous flow'r, to flow'r incline,
Too remote to mourn their fadings,
When, with hanging heads they pine.

HERE, I ſmell the fragrant breezes,
Safe, from ev'ning's chilly blaſt;
Here the noonday ſun-ſhine pleaſes,
Fearleſs, when 'twill overcaſt.

HENCE, I hear the tempeſt riſing,
See the grovy greatneſs ſhake;
Ev'ry diſtant ill deſpiſing,
While I ev'ry good partake.

So, commanding life's gay garden,
Let, me, thornleſs, wear the roſe;
Choice, like mine, let faſhion pardon,
Taſting charms, but ſhunning woes,

At Setting Day: A SONG.

I.

SINCE ſounding drums, and riſing war,
Invite my love to danger,
I'll aſk, of ev'ry ſmiling ſtar,
To ſhield my roving ranger.

II.

WHILE o'er the field, unfearing wounds,
You preſs the foe, retreating,
I'll trace the dear remember'd bounds,
Of our more gentle meeting.

III.

I'll paſs whole days, in yon ſweet grove,
Where firſt thy tongue deceiv'd me,
When, liſt'ning dumb, I bluſh'd my love,
And no fear'd abſence griev'd me.

IV.

On ev'ry bank thy ſide has preſt,
I'll ſleep, and dream, I'm near thee;
And each ſweet bird, that ſtrains its breaſt,
Shall wake my hopes to hear thee.

V.

To all our haunts, I will repair,
And, cold, on yon bleak mountain,
Trace all thy once-trod foot-ſteps there,
And weep o'er each ſad fountain.

VI.

There, will I teach the trees to wear
Thy name, in ſoft impreſſion,
And borrow ſighs, from ev'ning air,
To ſwell my ſoul's confeſſion.

To Dr. ATKINS; *on his Arcade of* Dutch Elms, *dug up, in repairing the* Sewer.

PITYING, we ſigh'd, to ſee th'uprooting ſpade,
Boldly intrenching, fall your fav'rite ſhade!
Sad *Silvia*, long, with ſilent ſorrow, ſtrove,
At laſt, thus loudly, wail'd her proſtrate grove:

AH! Doctor, when you planted for delight,
Why did you fail to ſearch *foundations*, right?
Shoot, elſe, th' aſpiring branches ne'er ſo gay;
Pale diſappointment grows, as faſt, as they.
Why mourn I then? --- 'tis vain, 'tis cauſeleſs grief;
And thus reflexion comes, and brings relief.

COMMON, in life, your fate, ye hapleſs trees!
So the green lawn's, of hope's gay proſpects, pleaſe.
Sap-full, and blooming, each luxuriant ſhoot!
Yet *death* lies lurking, at th'unheeded root.
So flouriſhes, in youth, our *love's* light joy,
For time, or change of paſſion to deſtroy.

So

So ſhines *religion's* boaſt, with ſpecious glow,
While *ſin's* foul *common ſewer* creeps dark, below.
So *factious noiſe*, we *patriot purpoſe* call,
While *private int'reſt* works, and *ſaps* us all.
So *fame*, in arms, or arts, or learning, tow'rs;
And fond preſuming *fancy* calls it *ours*;
'Till, from beneath, ſome *blaſt*, unfear'd, is felt,
And life's loſt views, like air-form'd fabricks, melt.

PROLOGUE, *for a diſtreſſed Widow.*

IF aught, ſweet charity! can make thee ſhine,
With added luſtre, and a ray divine;
'Tis when thy pity, un-appropriate, flows,
And joy-touch'd hearts adopt the ſtranger's woes.
'Tis, when the graceful *giver* ſeems to *pay*;
When *want*, and *bluſh*, at once, are charm'd away.
'Tis, when relief's kind face comes dreſs'd, in *ſmiles*,
And no cold inſult, where it *ſaves* --- *reviles*.
Where aided anguiſh feels no bite of ſhame,
And modeſt mercy wears but friendſhip's name.

Small

Small gifts grow large, which chearful hands impart,
And ſorrow's pang no more contracts the heart:
So human pow'r, to god-like heights, we raiſe;
For the *preſerver* ſhares the *maker's* praiſe.

'TIS yours, to-night, the widow's ſighs to chear,
And dry the lone-left orphan's ſilent tear.
So charm'd, thro' death, to find his *relicks* bleſt,
Sooth'd, ſhall the ling'ring *ſhade* ſubmit to reſt;
Safe, to your hands, reſign the tender truſt,
And glide no longer, o'er the friendleſs duſt.

EPILOGUE, *for a Lady, who acted* Eudocia, *in the* Siege of Damaſcus, *repreſented at the Duke of* Bedford's, *at* Wooburn.

I'VE heard of *maids*, who firſt reſolve, too faſt,
And then weigh arguments, when facts are *paſt*:
Young, tho' my reaſon is, not *ſo*, it ſtray'd;
But, firſt, found pleadings, for the part, I play'd.

PLAY'D, ſaid I? --- ſecond thought, that word
retracts;
Fancies and follies *play*, but paſſion ACTS:
Paſſion! the *ſpring*, that all life's wheels employs,
Winds up the working *thought* --- and heightens
joys.
Paſſion! the great man's *guide*, the poor man's
blame;
The *ſoldier's* lawrel, and the *ſigher's* flame.
Paſſion! that *leads* the grave, *impels* the gay,
Bids the wiſe *tremble*, and the fool *betray*.
Ev'n at this hour, what's here our *paſtime* made,
Gives the court *buſineſs*, and the kingdom, *trade*;
When factions quarrel, or when ſtateſmen fall,
Each does but *act his part*, at paſſion's call.
Like our's, to night, Lord *Paſſion* ſets their taſk;
Their fears, hopes, flatt'ries -- all are paſſion's
maſque.
The world's wide ſtage, for this one practice,
fill'd,
Sees ſome *act*, nobly, others PLAY unſkill'd.
Triflers, and ſmarts, who toy time's dream away,
Sots, beaux, and hounds of *party*, theſe but *play*.
Sons of their country's hope, ſublimely, rackt,
For other's *reſt*. -- Theſe do not *play*, but ACT.

WHO

WHO play the *pooreſt parts?* — the bought,
the vain,
The light believer, and the perjur'd ſwain;
The dull, dry *joker*, the coarſe, ill-bred *bear*,
The friends of folly, and the foes of care.

WHO act their parts, with *praiſe* — the firm,
the juſt,
Who tell no ſentiments, and break no truſt;
The learn'd, the ſoft, the ſocial, and the kind,
The faithful lover, and the plain good mind.

SUCH the beſt *actors* — form'd for honour's
ſtage!
Who *play no farces*, and diſgrace no *age*.
But, copying nature, with true taſte, like ours,
Pleaſe, and are pleas'd, and wing the guiltleſs
hours.

Apology for Death.

WHENCE this reluctance, when we cease to run
Life's ſlow, ſad race, and leave its toys un-won
Death's but our Tide of EBB, to that dark ſea,
Time's ſhoreleſs ſwallower, void *eternity!*
'Tis reſt, from labour — 'tis eſcape from care;
'Tis ſhunn'd oppreſſion, and reliev'd deſpair.
'Tis but to re-diſſolve, to formleſs flow,
And join the mingled maſs, that feels no woe.
Fluid, to fade, as all things, round us, do,
Or, from *old being*, launch, to find out *new*.

EMERGING, or immerg'd, life rolls away,
Foams, into note, or flattens to decay.
Round, with unceaſing *wheel*, diſtinction glides,
And, thro' *time's maze*, in ſhort ſucceſſions, ſlides:
Flames its hot hour, like humbler houſhold fires,
Shines, but to leave us, and, in *uſe*, expires.

'TIS the flaſh'd ſpark of thought, that burſts to fight,
Strains ſoon, and big, and ruſhes into night:
So,

So the proud ſtorm, that frights us, with its roar,
Breathes itſelf weary, and is heard no more.
See! that ſoft *flow'r*, whoſe ſighs perfume the gales,
Blooms into duſt, and its ſnuff'd life exhales!
All nature *heaves*, and *ſets*, like human breath,
And life's looſe links but ſtretch the chain of death.

WHY, then, does erring *fancy* fright the *mind?*
Why call that *cruel*, nature meant for *kind?*
Who knows, but *fates*, we tremble at, may *bleſs*,
And length of *happieſt* life be found *diſtreſs?*
Murder! that *blaſt* of thought! that *bane* of law!
The good man's *horror*, and ev'n villain's *awe!*
Murder! that *nature* dreads, and *conſcience* flies!
Perhaps, but ſpurs us, to ſome waiting prize!

ELSE, why ſhould *creature*, ſtill, with creature, *jarr?*
And claſh'd *exiſtence* wage *eternal* war?
Beaſt bleeds, by *beaſt*; *fiſhes*, on *fiſhes*, prey,
And *birds* act murder, with more waſte, than *they*;
Ev'n the ſweet *thruſh*, that *bribes* us, with her ſong,
To guard her dread of death, from beaks, more ſtrong,

Sav'd, from the *kite*, ſtrait bloodier grows,
And ſnaps the ſhiv'ring *inſect*, from the
Life ſtarts but up, to anſwer *death's* due c
And one *myſterious darkneſs* wraps us all!

Paſſing a Lady, *in the* Park, *wi ſeeing her.*

SO ſlide our *comforts* by, unmark'd, unkn
While our *ill fate* comes *felt*, and all our
Too cruel world! where things, we wou'd r
We ſtart upon — and, what we *wiſh*, we lo
And, yet, *Lotharia* would be *hid*, in vain,
She cannot be conceal'd, whom *thoughts* ret
Air, and *Lotharia*, every where, are found;
Held by our breath, and, to our *being*, boun
Darkneſs, itſelf, wants *pow'r* to cover *friends*,
Whom the ſoul *dwells* with, and the *ſenſe* atte

To the Lady, *that laughs, at dying in* Metaphor.

AND why, *fair Trifler*, does that *meaning* eye
Smile, in *contempt*, when *lovers* ſwear *they die?*
'Twixt *death*, and *love*, but *one* ſmall diff'rence lies,
The *ſoul*, in *both*, from its left *body* flies:
In *death*, 'tis gone, like *ſmoak*, diſſolv'd in air,
Loſt, in expance, the lofer knows not *where:*
In *love*, we *trace* it, with ſuch willing *pain*,
'Twere to die *twice*, to take it back again.

MODESTY.

AS Lamps burn ſilent, with unconſcious light,
So modeſt *eaſe*, in beauty, ſhines moſt bright:
Unaiming charms, with edge reſiſtleſs, fall,
And ſhe, who *means no* miſchief, *does* it all.

To a Lady, *who ſent back the* Top *of a Sweet-briar Branch, and retained the* worſt End *of it.*

WHILE the way of the world is, to all the beſt,
And then, in due form, oblige *friends*, with reſt,
You, Madam, who would lend, ev'n trifles, *grace*,
Teach your meanings to borrow a *ſmile*, from your face;
And, polite, to your *pain*, when a preſent you ſend,
Give the *thorn* to yourſelf, and the *roſe* to your friend.

To

To the Lady *who ſends me all her* good Wiſhes.

SUPPOSE, that *the ſun* had a *tongue*, and ſhou'd ſay,
May your journey be bleſs'd, with a very fine day:
Then, withdrawing his *face*, ſlip aſide, with his *light*,
And ſurround me, at once, with the coldneſs of *night*;
What would *Florimel* ſay, to this trick of the *ſun*?
I would ſay, cry'd the *charmer*, 'twas *cruelly* done.
Would you ſo, anſwer'd I? — have a care what you *own*,
Who have wiſh'd me *all* bleſſings, yet granted me *none*.

To a Lady, *who was expected, in vain, on a* Sunday.

THAT the *eye's* pow'r could ſhake the heart, I knew:
Is there, who *doubts* it? — let him look on *you*:
And *wit*, in woman's tongue was ne'er found *weak*;
Witneſs their ſuff'rings, who have heard *you ſpeak*.
Yet, ſtrong, as woman's wit, and charms are thought,
They've one ſtrange influence, 'till this hour, untaught:
Safely oppos'd to *God's decrees*, they ſtand,
And ſmile, unhurt, in face of *heav'n's* command.
Let this, ſaid God, a day of *reſt* remain;
You came not — and it prov'd, a *day of pain*.

A SONG.

A SONG.

I.

LOVE's the cauſe of all my weeping,
Cou'd I but declare my pain;
He, who has my heart, in keeping,
Might be brought to love again.

II.

MAIDEN's virtue ſpoils their pleaſure;
If it were but once decreed,
Virgins, for themſelves, might meaſure,
Love would, then, be ſweet, indeed.

III.

BUT that check upon our nature,
Freezing up our youthful heats,
Only ſpoils a pretty creature,
Teaching her to gnaw the ſheets.

To a Lady, *who ſung* inwardly.

KINDLY ſuppreſs'd, your voice rolls ſoft within,
And, in ſlow warblings, holds its tranſports in;
Yourſelf unpleas'd, in giving others pain,
The tide of tuneful miſchiefs you reſtrain:
So, the fierce beams, which make all nature bright,
Revolving inward, check their long'd-for light;
Leſt, deluging the world with ſeas of fire,
We die, beneath the luſtre, we require.

Writ upon a Pain of Glaſs in Weſtminſter Houſe.

ALL happy, then, while o'er their ſmiling air,
A *living* mother breath'd her guardian care;
But, joyleſs, ſince their ſweet ſupporter *dy'd*,
They wander, now, thro' life, with half a guide.

Auguſt 25, 1731.

To

To a Lady, *who talked not much.*

CHARMERS, like you, are dumb, in vain,
Their very *ſilence* ſpeaks too plain:
That ſparkling eloquence of eyes,
Proclaims you lovely, gay, and wiſe;
While the mild meanings of your air,
A ſoul, as ſoft, as ev'ning ſhow'rs, declare.
Your ev'ry motion, arm'd, with ſpeaking grace,
Tells ſome new wonder, and aſſiſts your face.

BELLARIA, *at her Spinnet.*

SWEETLY confus'd, with ſcarce conſenting will,
Thoughtleſs of charms, and diffident of ſkill;
See! with what bluſhful bend, the doubting fair
Props the rais'd *lid* — then *fits*, with ſparkling air,
Tries the touch'd notes — and, haſt'ning light along,
Calls out a ſhort complaint, that ſpeaks their wrong. Now,

Now back'ning, aweful, nerv'd, erect, ſeren
Aſſerted *muſick* ſwells her heighten'd *mien*.
Fearleſs, with face oblique, her formful hand
Flies o'er the ivory plain, with ſtretch'd co
mand;
Plunges, with bold neglect, amidſt the keys,
And ſweeps the ſounding range, with magic ea

Now, two contending ſenſes — *ear*, and *eye*,
In pride of feaſted taſte, for tranſport, *vye*;
But what avails two deſtin'd ſlaves debate,
When *both* are ſure to fall, and ſhare *one* fate?
Whether the god, *within*, evolving round,
Strikes in her notes, and flows, diſſolv'd, in ſound;
Or, ſilent, in her eyes, enthron'd, in light,
Blazes, confeſs'd to view, and wounds our *ſight*.
This way, or that, *alike*, his pow'r we try,
To *ſee*, but kills us — and, to *hear*, we die.

OH! far-felt influence of the ſpeaking ſtring!
Prompt, at thy call, the mounting ſoul takes wing;
Waves, in the gale, fore-runs th' harmonious
breeze,
And ſinks, and riſes, to the changeful keys.

BUT

BUT, hark! what length'ning ſoftneſs, thrilling new,
Steals, 'twixt the ſolemn *ſwells*, and threads 'em through:
'Tis her tranſporting *voice!*—ſhe ſings—be ſtill,
Sweet ſtrings, *forbear!*—ye *hurt* her ſweeter ſkill.
Yet, no—ſound on—the ſtrong, and ſweet, ſhould join;
With *double* pow'r, mix'd *oppoſites* combine.
'Tis *plain!* my captive ſenſes feel it true;
Ah, what dire miſchiefs may not union do!
Cou'd ſhe not ſave delight, from *half* this ſtrain?
Heard, and *beheld*, at once!—'tis *hopeleſs* pain.
Fly, and eſcape—let one preſs'd ſenſe retire;
The *rais'd hat* ſhades it, from the darted fire.
Alas! vain ſcreen!—the *ſoul's* unclouded ray
Sees, from *within*, by a new blaze of day:
Sees the ſpread roof, with op'ning glories, crown'd,
And radiant *deities* deſcending round!
Throng'd, in bright lines, or wing'd, in ambient air,
Spirits, in fairy forms, incloſe the *fair*.

SOME

SOME, on the *keys*, in am'rous ambuſh, l
And kiſs the tune-tipt fingers, dancing by.
Some, hov'ring wide, expiring *ſhakes* prolor
And pour 'em back, to ſwell the riſing ſon
Gods, in abridgment, crowd their needleſs a
And POW'RS, and VERTUES, guard th' u
ſcious maid.
Pity, with tears of joy, ſtands, weeping, nea
Kneeling *devotion* hangs her liſt'ning ear,
Candor, and *truth*, firm-fix'd on either hand
Propping her chair, two ſure ſupporters ſtan
Round her, while wrong'd *belief* imbibes
ſtrength,
And hugs th' inſtructive notes, and aids tl
length,
Love, and his train of *Cupids* craftier cares
Scatter, with plumy fans, the dreaded airs.
Pride, from a diſtant corner, glooms a *leer*,
And longs, yet *hopes not*, to be call'd more near
But *Charity* ſits cloſe — a well known gueſt,
Bold, and domeſtic — and domands her *breaſt*.
High, o'er her cheeks, to ſhade their temptii
glow,
Shame, and ſoft *modeſty*, their mantles throw:
Whil

While, from her brow, majeſtic *wiſdom*, ſeen,
Tempers her *glory*, and inſpires her *mien*.

SUCH, and, *perhaps*, more ſweet, thoſe ſounds
ſhall riſe,
Which wake rewarded *ſaints*, when nature *dies*:
When heavn's heard *blaſt* ſhall ſhake the ſtub-
born mind,
And one *mix'd* melody unite *mankind!*
When *time's* laſt *wreck* ſhall ſink, in ſeas of flame.
And *void eternity* reſumes its name,

CELIA, *in the Garden.*

I.

COME, walk, and rouſe the languid year;
All nature blooms, when you appear;
Each *leafleſs* oak would bud a-new,
And puſh out *ſhade*, to ſhelter you.
Your ſight would ſummer's *want* ſupply;
You gone — 'tis *winter* — and we *die*.

II.

YON warbling *nightingale* complains,
Your *praiſe*, too ſeldom, tempts her ſtrains:
The tow'ring *lark* but hears *you* ſing,
And ſoars, to heav'n, with ſilent wing.
Come, *angels*, come, (he cries) — and ſee
Yourſelves, as much out-done, as *me*.

III.

EACH *violet* ſighs itſelf to death,
To *ſcent* the gales, that fans your breath:
Stop but, and ſee th' unfolding roſe,
With emulative bluſhes, *glows*:
While hood-wink'd *lillies* proſtrate lie,
Aſham'd, to ſee your *breaſt*, ſo nigh.

IV.

LOOK round, and *ſmile* — and ev'ry flow'r
Smiles, too — and *charms*, with ten-fold pow'r.
Depart, and lo! they bend and fall,
And weeping dew-drops waſte 'em all.
'Tis thus, your *love* inflames my joy,
And, thus your *coldneſs* might deſtroy.

Th

The Recollected Complainer.

ALL *mother*, as I am, and loth to part,
With this poor playful gladd'ner of my heart,
I know, too well, and I confeſs my crime,
'Tis not *my* right, but *heav'n's*, to limit *time:*
Parent, at once, of *progeny*, and *pain*,
Of what would my regardleſs grief complain?
I gave him *birth*, but, ah! diſcern'd not *why!*
Children are born, poor *ſuff'rers!* but to *die.*

PITY ('tis true) revolves their leapful ſprings,
Smil'd thanks, *attoning* pray'rs, embracing clings,
Sallies of *guileleſs* joy, gay gleams of ſenſe,
Soft ſtroking flatt'ries — active impotence;
Tricks of dumb love, which grateful *wills* expreſs,
And all their nameleſs pow'rs of prettineſs!
Theſe the fond mother's feeling mem'ry ſeize,
And, then, the tear of *nature* flows, for eaſe.

BUT *reaſon's* voice corrects the bold *complaint*,
Injoins *ſubmiſſion*, and inſtructs *reſtraint*.

Thus wipes the plaintive parent's weeping eye,
And bids the unpermitted drop — *be dry.*
What is it, thou thyſelf, miſtaking Mind!
Haſt found, in this bad world, or hop'ſt to find?
That thy preſumptuous wiſh would dare retain,
Whom heavn's kind *call* exempts from future pain:
Grant, that the worſt thou fear'ſt, ſhould end this blow,
And death's dark ſcreen defends thy child, from woe!
Are not thy ſad *forebodings*, too, no more?
Are not thy *fears*, for all his *perils*, o'er?
Of what proud *wrongs*, might clog his life's long way!
What *crimes* might *blaſt* him, or, what *wiles* betray!
What follies draw down *ſcorn*, what vice *diſgrace!*
What loſs of *honour* might be-ſpot thy race!
What want of *Duty* might neglect thy tears!
What want of prudence, grind his waning years!
What bloody *dangers* might *cut ſhort* his fame,
Or hooting *infamy* prolong his ſhame!

LOOK up, fond *ſorrower!* ſee the morning's *ray*;
Now, if thou can'ſt, *fore-judge* the riſing day:
Shall its aſcending *ſhine* continue bright?
Or, ſhall o'ercaſting tempeſts call down night?
Can'ſt thou not tell?—Why, then, does thy bold *gueſs*
Preſume to call an infant's death DISTRESS?
Blind to the *future*,, thank a watchful *God*,
That ſnatch'd the child *from ſchool*, to ſpare the *rod*.

The RESIGNATION.

WELL! be it ſo — *Sorrow*, that ſtreams not o'er,
Spares but the *eye*, to wound the *heart* the more:
Dumb, infelt pangs, too well, *ſupply* the woe,
That grief, in ſuff'ring ſilence, ſhuns to *ſhow*.
Yet, let my *will's* reluctant pride *ſubmit*,
And learn to *love* the *lot*, that heav'n found *fit*.
All, I can loſe, *God* gave — and, when 'tis flown,
Whom does he wrong, who but reſumes his *own*?

SHOULD I, in fruitleſs agony, *complain*,
Fretting my wound, but *multiplies* my pain;
While they, who patiently *embrace* diſtreſs,
Teach ſhame, to *ſatisfy*, and grief, to *bleſs*.
Whate'er *has been*, 'tis madneſs, to regret;
Whate'er *muſt be*, ſhocks *leaſt*, when *bravelieſt* met,
Learn then, my ſoul, thy courſe, *reſign'd* to run,
And never pray *thy* will — but GOD'S, *be done*.

Copies, *for Children to learn to* write.

THE *Body's* beauty dwells in *ſhape*, and *face*,
The *ſoul's*, in mildneſs, modeſty, and grace;
The *firſt* but charms an *earthly* lover's eye,
The *laſt* draws angels, from beyond the ſky;
One, for a moment, *man's* frail heart procures,
The *other* makes your *God*, for ever, *yours*.

Advice

Advice *to the* Virgins, *to guard againſt* Flattery.

FAIREST! forgive the too officious lay,
That ſends the muſe, you charm, to ſmooth your way,
I, tho' *admiring*, act no *lover's* part,
Nor bid ſoft ſounds *ſeduce* your liſt'ning heart:
Candidly touch'd, my pen's obtruſive fear,
Nor dares to *ſhock*, nor aims to *ſooth* your ear;
Needleſs, 'tis true, to bid ſuch nymphs, *beware*,
Who ev'ry grace, and virtue, make their care:
Yet, modeſt excellence will oft deſcend,
To thank, unwanted, caution, in a friend.
A faithful *pilot*, fervent, in his fears,
And, trembling, anxious for the worth, he *ſteers*.
'Twere mortal pain, to ſee ſuch beauty mourn,
By bold diſtreſs, or impious falſehood, torn.
Love's gay deluſion tempts, a thouſand ways;
Now, *wounds*, with ſoftneſs; now *deſtroys*, with praiſe.
Thy veil, O *Flatt'ry!* hides a traitor's heart,
And gives up *confidence* — a prey to art:

Unbridled youth, to conſequences, blind,
Indulging *body*, hears no call of *Mind*.
Feeble diſcretion, ſo, by warmth, o'er-run,
Does, with a *peacock's feather*, fan the *ſun*.
Beauty, that truſts too faſt, is beauty's bane,
A ſelf-betrayer, that embraces pain.
Oh! hear, ſuſpicious, when the lover ſues;
She moſt *attracts*, who longeſt can *refuſe*.
Poize the try'd terms, on which his hope depends,
Prop'd, on the *parent's* council, and the *friend's*:
So, leaning *ſafe*, and wanting ſpace, to *ſtray*,
Love's guardian angels crown your nuptial day.
Or, ſhould the gilded hypocrite, at laſt,
Show, that he meant your ſpotleſs fame to blaſt;
Fly the found tempter, each low lure deſpiſe,
And lift your heart's wrong'd wiſh *above* ſurprize.
Nature, that form'd you lovelieſt, doubly kind,
To like perfection, rais'd your conquering mind.
Fram'd you to *truth*, to *virtue* turn'd your *taſte*,
For *honour*, dreſs'd you, and, for *rev'rence*, grac'd.
Freedom regain'd, purſue the ſhining track,
And leave the baſe repenter, to his rack.

Then,

Then, *bleſs* the verſe, that from ſuch ruin, ſav'd
An artleſs conqu'ror, by ſucceſs, enſlav'd:
Now, happy, painleſs hours ſhall un-perplex
The *beſt-lov'd* pattern of the *lovelieſt* ſex.

LESBIA'S Lamentation, *on the Death of her* Sparrow; *altered from Mr.* Cartwright.

I.

TELL me not of *joy* — There's none,
Now my little *ſparrow's* gone?
He, juſt like you,
Would toy, and woo:
He would chirp, and flatter me;
And, 'till he ſaw me look, and *ſmile*,
Lord! how *ſullen* he would be!

II.

HE would catch a crumb, and then,
Sporting, let it go, again;
He, from my lip,
Would ſit, and ſip,

From

From my plate, he lov'd to feed,
Here, wou'd hop, and *there* would run,
And ev'ry look, and motion, heed,
'Till my very heart he won.

III.

O! how eager he would fight!
And never *hurt*, tho' often *bite*!
He perch'd, alas!
Upon my glaſs,
And ev'ry thing, I did, would do:
Ruffling, now, his feathers, all,
Now, as ſudden, let them fall,
And, then, grew proud, and *ſleek'd* 'em, too.

IV.

Wou'd'ſt thou, *Cupid*, reach a heart,
With his feathers, wing thy dart:
Love might, *that* way,
Sure wounds convey.
But my faithful bird is gone;
Mournful *turtles*, murmur on.
Hop, ye *Red-breaſts*, o'er his ſtone;
Ceaſe to *ſing*, and learn to *mourn*.

The

The MESSENGER.

GO, happy paper! gently *ſteal*,
And, ſoft, beneath her pillow, lie:
There, in a dream, thy love reveal,
A love, that *awe* muſt, elſe, *conceal*,
In ſilent doubt, to die.

SHOULD ſhe, to *flames*, thy hope conſign,
Thy ſuff'ring moment ſoon expires;
A longer pain, alas! is mine,
Condemn'd, in endleſs woe, to pine,
And feel *unſlack'ning* fires.

BUT, if inclin'd to hear, and bleſs,
While, in her heart, ſoft pity ſtirs;
Tell her — her beauties might compel
A *hermit*, to forſake his *cell*,
And change his heav'n, for *hers*.

OH! tell her — were her treaſures mine,
Nature, and *art* would *court* my aid;
The *painter's* colours want her *ſhine*;
The *rainbow's* brow not half ſo fine,
As her ſweet eye-lids ſhade!

BY

By day, the *ſun* might ſpare his rays;
No *ſtar* make ev'ning bright;
Her op'ning eyes, with ſweeter blaze,
Should meaſure all my ſmiling *days*,
And, if ſhe *ſlept*, 'twere *night*.

To Dr. ATKINS, *on his* Birth-day.

TO a length of new birth-days, your health we drink round,
In this glaſs of good punch, may your ſickneſs be drown'd;
You've inſur'd a long life, by your gout held ſo faſt,
And your grand climacteric, this morning, o'erpaſt:
So, we've nothing to wiſh you, but bliſs, at a ſtay,
'Till the nation hates *bribes*, and her *rogues* run away.

The Miſ-grounded Compaſſion.

YOU'VE *heard* it, and *read* it, a million of times,
That *men* are made up of *deluſions*, and *crimes*.
Look over *old* ſtories, and ſearch all the *new*,
You'll find, in *love-truſts*, not a man of us, true.
Then, *why* this *reproachful*, and *termagant* face?
Why ſo *feelingly fierce*, for *another's* diſgrace?
Oh! I learn, by your *bluſh*, the true cauſe of your pain,
You were *bit*, by the tooth againſt which you *complain*.
What a pity, this ſenſe of a ſufferer's fate,
Came a little *too home*, and a good deal *too late!*
Had you felt, for a *friend*, e'er yourſelf was betray'd,
Such a well-tim'd concern might have made you afraid;
And the *caution* your *own*, tho' *another's*, the *evil*,
You had ſafely defy'd *love*, *old apes*, and the *devil*.

On the Death of the Czarina, *Wife to* Peter the Great.

THUS, to the long-lov'd partner of his reign,
Spoke great *Alexiowits*, in death's laſt pain;
Now, be the world's vaſt empire yours, alone;
She heard — re-claim'd his breaſt, and ſcorn'd his throne.
Glad, to the *realms of light*, a *ghoſt*, *ſhe flew*,
Found her loſt lord, and charm'd him, to her view.
O! check th' amazement, in your looks, ſhe cry'd,
Nor blame th' impatient haſte, with which, I dy'd.
Kind was your truſt — but, when you ceas'd to *ſhare*,
You left the world, you gave, beneath my care,

A SONG.

A SONG.

I.

AS *Damon* ſat by *Silvia*'s ſide
And watch'd her eyes, with am'rous pride,
He gently bow'd his leaning head,
And, while it preſt
Her charming breaſt,
Thus, the tranſported *ſhepherd* ſaid.

II.

THOU ſmiling cauſe of reſt, and pain!
The youth, who loves not, lives *in vain*.
What charms have eyes, where wiſhes meet!
Where ſouls combine,
And two hearts join,
Hope is unbounded; joy compleat.

III.

No *lamb*, of all the *bleating* care,
Looks *ſofter*, than thy *paſſions* are:
Poſſeſſing thee, by thee, poſſeſt,
I fear no pain;
I wiſh no gain;
Who, that's in heav'n, would more be bleſt?

The GNAT.

I.

WHILE, in the *Mall*, my *Celia* ſhone,
And drew th' adoring world, to gaze,
A wanton *gnat* came, buzzing, on,
To gambol, in her blaze.

II.

ENLIVEN'D, by her lucid beams,
And urging bliſs, too nigh,
Th' attractive *beauty's* pow'rful ſtreams
O'erwhelm'd him, in her eye.

III.

THE glowing orb, ſwift, catching fire;
Now *heat* was mix'd, with *light*;
The wing, that durſt ſo high aſpire,
She rubb'd to *duſt*, in ſpite.

IV.

MEAN while, the clouded ſight ſhone *dim*;
Her *ſun*, through *miſts*, appears;
Moiſt *anguiſh* roſe, above the *brim*,
And flow'd away, in *tears*.

O, *gnat!*

V.

O, *gnat!* too happy, thus, to die!
My *Celia* weeps thy fate;
She *kills* me, ev'ry day — yet, I
No pity can create.

VI.

MYSTERIOUS *ſex!* by cuſtom, led,
Meer *trifles*, moſt to prize!
O, truth, to turn a lover's head!
They murder *men*, and weep, for *flies*.

The KISS, *through a* Window.

SAV'D, on a ſhoal, the ſhip-wreck'd ſailor ſtands,
And views, with watry eyes, and wringing hands,
Soul-chearing proſpects, from the nieghb'ring lands;
But if he tempts the waves, he toils in vain,
Big, buoyant billows riſe between, and float him back again.

Oh! ſhameful loſs of an invited kiſs!
Can brittle *glaſs* impede ſo near a bliſs?
Frail is our am'rous *hope*, if love muſt be
Subſervient to a thing, ſo weak, as *thee!*
We knew, *before*, nor ſought *thy* aid to prove,
That *light's* a nat'ral *enemy* to *love!*
But *now*, thy malice does new arts employ;
Firſt, give the *hope*, *then* daſh the proffer'd *joy*.
Thus, abſent *fanciers* dream, they meet the *ghoſts*
Of ſome dead partner, whom they value moſt:
But when, with op'ning arms, they ruſh to greet,
And, mix'd in mutual graſp, would warmly meet,
Cold blaſts of wind divide the ſtarting pair,
And the thin *phantom* flows away, in air.

EPITAPH, *on the Tomb of* HENRY JERNEGAN, *Eſq;*

ALL, that *accompliſh'd body* lends mankind,
From earth, receiving, he, *to earth* reſign'd:
All, that e'er grac'd a ſoul, from *heav'n*, he drew,
And took back, with him, as an angel's due.

Writ

Writ on a Glaſs Window.

LET him, whoſe preſent fortune gives him *pain*,
Scorn the low, vulgar cuſtom, to complain:
All, that with-holds his *wiſh*, the *brave* will break,
Or, ſilent, *bear* thoſe chains, 'tis poor, to *ſhake*.

The HAPPY MAN.

HIGH, o'er the winding of a cliffy ſhore,
From whoſe *worn* ſteep, the *back'ning* ſurges roar;
FREEMAN — ſweet lot! in quiet plenty, lives;
Rich, in the unbought wealth, which nature gives;
Un-planted groves riſe, round his ſhelter'd *ſeat*,
And ſelf-ſown *flow'rs* attract his wand'ring feet;
Lengths of wild garden his near views adorn,
And far-ſeen fields *wave*, with domeſtic corn.

THE grateful *herds*, which his own paſtures *feed*,
Pay their aſk'd lives, and, in due tribute, bleed.

Here, in learn'd *leiſure*, he relaxes life,
'Twixt prattling *children*, and a ſmiling *wife*.
Here, on dependant *want*, he ſheds his care,
Moves, amid *ſmiles*, and all, he hears, is *pray'r*.
The world lies round him, like a ſubject ſoil,
Stor'd, for his *ſervice*, but, beneath his *toil*.

HENCE, in a morning walk, his piercing eye
Skims the green *ocean*, to the circling ſky.
And marks, at diſtance, ſome returning *ſail*,
Wing'd, by the courtſhip of a flatt'ring gale.
The fearleſs *crew*, concluding danger o'er,
With gladd'ning ſhouts, ſalute the op'ning ſhore.
They think how, beſt, they may their gains employ,
And *antedate* thin ſcenes of promis'd joy.
'Till a near *quick-ſand* checks their ſhorten'd way,
And the *ſunk maſts* point thro' the riſing *ſpray*.
Freeman ſtarts, ſad! revolves the changeful ſight,
Where *mis'ry* can, ſo ſoon, ſucceed *delight*;
Then, ſhakes his head, in pity of their fate,
And ſweetly conſcious, hugs his happier ſtate.

The Power *of* Royal Pity.

Verſes, *made for a young Gentleman in Deſpair, and ſent to Queen* CAROLINE, *by* N. C—P—R.

FROM a moiſt bank, beneath a ſilent ſhade,
Whoſe dark'ning *arch* depending *willows* made,
A *death-devoted* youth, in *day's* cool dawn,
Weary of *inſults*, and, from *woes*, withdrawn.
Long, on the ſullen *ſurface*, fix'd his *view*,
And ſigh'd — reſolv'd to bid loath'd life *adieu*.

'TIS but to *plunge*, he cry'd, one moment, *there*,
Saves me from *ſorrow*, and out-leaps *deſpair*.
Cover'd, with calmneſs, in this *lulling* bed,
No *fear* ſhall reach my *heart*, no *pain*, my *head*:
Terror, and *ſhame*, and *want*, ſhall, with me, *die*,
And *anguiſh* be no more alive, than *I*.

YET, *one* dear *mourner* will my death *diſtreſs*,
Whom I *would* live for, could I live, to *bleſs*!
Her tears are *tortures*, which I cannot bear;
Her charms give *madneſs*, and her wants *deſpair*.

JUST, at this word, the dear *diſtruſter* came;
Pierc'd the deep *gloom*, and catch'd the fatal *aim*.
Trembling, with *horror*, yet, by *love*, impell'd,
Timely, ſhe graſp'd him; and, *convulſive*, held:
Ah! let me *keep* thee, tho' we *beg*, ſhe cry'd;
Life has *no* want, but what's, by *love*, ſupply'd:
Wretched, *with* thee, there's recompence, in *pain*,
And bleſs'd, *without* thee, I were bleſs'd, in vain.
Hope, *ſuffer*, *think*, *reſolve*, *ſubmit*, *contend*:
Move every *foe* — *ſollicit* every *friend*!
Die not, thus young — e'er *half* our days are paſt,
Love has long years to come: *death* pulls too faſt.
I will not *feel* diſtreſs, while *you* are kind;
Nor *bear* a joyleſs world, *you* leave behind.

SEE! be adviſ'd: turn, *there*, your hopeleſs eye,
View thoſe ſweet riſing ſhades, that ſpread ſo nigh.
Think, did their *royal planter* hear my pray'r,
How would *ſhe* pity my poor heart's deſpair!
She, the beſt *wife*, beſt *mother*, *daughter*, *queen*!
Ah! that ſhe, *now*, beheld this dreadful *ſcene*!
Think on *her* ſmiles — and do but live, to try!
And, if *that* hope proves *vain* — *I*, too, will *die*.

An

An ODE ; *on Occaſion of Mr.* Handel's *great* Te Deum, *at the Feaſt of the* Sons of the Clergy, *on* Feb, 1, 1732.

I.

SO *David*, to the *God*, who touch'd his *lyre*,
The *God*, who did, at once inſpire
The *poet's* numbers, and the *prophet's* fire,
Taught the wing'd *anthems*, to aſpire!
The thoughts of men, in god-like ſounds, he ſung,
And *voic'd* devotion, for an angel's tongue.
At once, with pow'rful *words*, and ſkilful *air*,
The prieſtly king (who knew the weight of pray'r)
To his high *purpoſe*, match'd his *care*.
To *deathleſs* concords, tun'd his *mortal* lays,
And, with a ſound, like *heav'n's*, gave heav'n its *praiſe*.

II.

WHERE has thy *ſoul*, O *muſick!* ſlept, ſince then?
Or, thro' what lengths of deep creation, led,
Has heav'n indulg'd th'all-daring pow'r, to tread?
On *other* globes, to *other* forms of men,

Haſt thou been ſent, their *maker's* name to ſpread?
Or, o'er ſome dying *orb*, in tuneful dread,
Proclaiming *judgment*, wak'd th' unwilling *dead*?
Or, have *new* worlds, from wand'ring *comets*, rais'd,
Heard, and leap'd forth, and, into *being*, blaz'd.

III.

SAY, ſacred *origin* of ſong!
Where haſt thou hid thyſelf ſo long?
Thou ſoul of HANDEL, thro' what ſhining way,
Loſt to *our* earth, ſince *David's* long-paſt day,
Did'ſt thou, for all this *length* of ages, ſtray!
What wond'ring *angels* haſt thou breath'd among,
By none of all th' immortal choir, out-ſung.

IV.

BUT, 'tis enough; ſince thou art *here*, *again*;
Where thou haſt wander'd, gives no pain:
We *hear*, we *feel* — thou art return'd once more,
With muſick, *mightier* than before:
As if, in ev'ry orb,
From every *note* of *gods*, which thou went ſhown.
Thy ſpirit did th' harmonious pow'r abſorb,
And make the moving airs of heav'n, thy *own*.

Ah!

V.

AH! give thy *paſsport* to the nation's pray'r;
Ne'er did *religion's* languid fire
Burn fainter --- never more require
The aid of ſuch a fam'd enliv'ner's care.
Thy *pow'r* can force the *ſtubborn* heart, to *feel*,
And rouſe the luke-warm *doubter* into *zeal*.

VI.

TEACH us to pray, as *David* pray'd, before;
Lift our *thankſgiving* to th' *Almighty's* throne,
In numbers, like his own,
Teach us yet more;
Teach us, undying charmer! to *compoſe*
Our inbred ſtorms, and 'ſcape impending woes,
Lull our wanton hearts to *eaſe*;
Teach happineſs to *pleaſe*;
And, ſince *thy notes* can ne'er, in vain, implore,
Bid 'em *be-calm* un-reſting *faction* o'er:
Inſpire content, and peace, in each proud breaſt;
Bid the unwilling land be bleſt:
If aught, we *wiſh for*, ſeems too long to ſtay,
Bid us believe, that heav'n beſt knows its day:
Bid us ſecurely *reap* the good, we *may*,
Nor *tools* to other's *haughty hopes*, throw our *own peace* away.

A SONG.

To the Tune of, I thy bonny Jocky.

I.

O That e'er I knew thee! now, no more I woo thee,
Charmer of my ſoul! I muſt away,
Honour now demands me — *love* of thee withſtands me;
Tell me, which of theſe I muſt obey?
Alas! I would with-hold thee — ever, thus, enfold thee,
But I dare not ſtay thee — no — I yield:
Glory, and promotion — call thee o'er the ocean,
Go, be brave, and conquer — grace the field.

II.

STAY, thou haſty *rover*—ſtay, thou frofty lover;
Turn, and eaſe a heart, that breaks with pain:
What, if death ſhould reach thee — go not, I beſeech thee;
Honour is a cheat — Oh! turn again.

Since

Since danger muſt o'ertake thee --- why did nature make thee
Sweeter far, than eyes e'er ſaw before?
Man is *maid's* deceiver--*wins* her, but to *leave* her,
Never, If I looſe thee, ſmile I more.

III,

TELL me true, ſincerely --- maids, who love ſo dearly,
But there ne'er was *maid*, yet, lov'd like me,
Tell me, cou'd you loſe him? --- wou'd you not accuſe him?
Wou'd you not refuſe, to ſet him free?
Shall I, who love his glory --- blot his name, from ſtory?
Man was made to guard his country's fame,
She, who ſo reſtrains him --- for diſgrace, detains him,
Shall a love, like his, be paid, with ſhame?

IV.

Go, my brave alarmer!--go, my daring charmer!
Go, and come again, with ten-fold grace:
Fight, to bleſs, and ſave me --- foes ſhall ne'er enſlave me;
To no chain, but yours, my pride gives place.

OH! what tender greeting, at our happy meeting,
Will our leaping hearts each other give!
You, with *triumph*, blazing --- *I*, with *rapture*, gazing,
Lov'd, and loving long, we *both* ſhall live.

The WEDDING DAY.

'TWAS one *May* morning, when the clouds undrawn,
Expos'd, in naked charms, the waking dawn;
When night-fall'n dews, by day's warm court-ſhip, won,
From reeking *roſes*, climb'd, to kiſs the *ſun*.
Nature, new-bloſſom'd, ſhed her odours round;
The dew-bent *primroſe* kiſs'd the breeze-ſwept ground.
The watchful *cock* had, thrice, proclaim'd the day,
And glimmering *ſun-beams* faintly forc'd their way:
When, join'd, in *hand*, and *heart*, to church we went,
Mutual, in *vows*, and *priſ'ners*, by conſent.

Aure-

Aurelia's heart beat high, with mix'd alarms,
But trembling beauty glow'd, with double charms.
In her ſoft breaſt, a *modeſt* ſtruggle roſe,
How ſhe ſhould ſeem to *like* the lot, ſhe *choſe*.
A *ſmile*, ſhe thought, would dreſs her *looks* too *gay*;
A *frown* might ſeem too *ſad*, and *blaſt* the day:
But, while nor *this*, nor *that*, her *will* cou'd bow,
She walk'd, and look'd, and charm'd -- and knew
not *how*.

OUR *hands*, at length, th' unchanging *fiat* bound,
And our glad *ſouls* ſprung out, to meet the *ſound*.
Joys, meeting *joys*, unite, and ſtronger ſhine,
For paſſion, *purify*'d, grows *half* divine.
AURELIA, thou art mine, I cry'd --- and *ſhe*
Sigh'd ſoft -- now, DAMON, thou art lord of *me*.
But, wilt thou, whiſper'd *ſhe*, the *knot* now, *ty'd*,
Which only *death's* keen weapon can *divide*,
Wilt thou, ſtill mindful of thy raptures paſt,
Permit the *ſummer* of love's hope, to *laſt*?
Shall not cold wint'ry froſts come on too ſoon?
Ah, ſay! what *means* the world, by *honey moon*?
If we ſo *ſhort* a ſpace our *bliſs* enjoy,
What *toils* does *love*, for *one* poor month, employ?

Women,

Women, thus us'd, like *bubbles*, blown with *air*;
Owe, to their *outward* charms, a *ſun-guilt* glare:
Like them, we *glitter*, to the diſtant eye;
But graſp'd like them, we do but *weep* and *die*.

LEST more, ſaid I, thou ſhoud'ſt *profane* the bliſs,
I'll ſeal thy *dang'rous* lips, with this *cloſe* kiſs;
Not thus, the *heav'n* of Marriage hopes *blaſpheme*,
But learn from *me* to ſpeak on this *lov'd theme*.
There *have been* wedlock joys, of ſwift decay,
Like *light'ning*, ſeen, at once, and ſhot away:
But *theirs* were hopes, which, all unfit to *pair*,
Like *fire*, and *powder*, kiſs'd, and flaſh'd, to air.
Thy ſoul, and *mine*, by mutual courtſhip, won,
Meet, like *two mingling* flames, and make but *one*.
Union of *hearts*, not *hands*, does marriage make;
'Tis ſympathy of *mind* keeps love awake.
Our growing days increaſe of joy ſhall know,
And thick-ſown *comforts* leave no room, for *woe*.
Thou, the ſoft ſwelling *vine*, ſhall fruitful laſt;
I, the ſtrong *elm*, will prop thy beauties faſt:
Thou ſhalt ſtrow *ſweets*, to ſoften life's *rough* way,
And, when hot paſſions my proud wiſhes ſway,
Thou, like ſome *breeze*, ſhall, in my boſom, play.

Thou,

Thou, for protection, ſhalt, on *me*, depend;
And *I*, on *thee*, for a ſoft, faithful friend.
I, in AURELIA, ſhall for ever view,
At once, my *care*, my *fear*, my *comfort*, too!
Thou ſhalt firſt partner, in my *pleaſures*, be,
But all my *pains* ſhall, *laſt*, be known to *thee*.

AURELIA heard, and view'd me, with a *ſmile*,
Which ſeem'd, at once, to *cheriſh* and *revile!*
O, *God of Love!* ſhe cry'd, what *joys* were thine,
If *all* life's race were *wedding-days*, like *mine!*

The DREAM.

SLOW-RISING *night* had her black flag *unfurl'd*,
And ſpread her *ſooty* mantle o'er the world;
The *waning* moon ſhed pale, a ſickly light,
And ſtars ſcarce *twinkled*, to th' enquiring *ſight*.
Half the loſt earth, by darkneſs, over-run,
Wept, in cold dews, the abſence of the *ſun*.
The *waves* were huſh'd; the *winds* forgot to roar,
And *ſtorms*, detach'd, in breezes, cours'd the *ſhoar*.

The

The mix'd *creation* was involv'd in ſleep;
Fiſhes roll'd, *ſlumb'ring*, thro' the ſtagnate deep.
Beaſts, *birds*, and *ſerpents*, various *beds* poſſeſt,
Some, in thick *woods*, ſome, in dark *caverns*, reſt.
Antipathies, in common ſleep, took part;
Care curs'd not *thought*, and *woe* forgot to *ſmart*.
Immerg'd in *reſt*, my drowſy *ſenſes* lay,
And *death's* proud *image* practis'd, on my *clay*.
But while, diſdainful of the mean *controul*,
No *dull deſires* invade my wakeful *ſoul*;
Active, the' inſpirer, ſkilful to purſue,
Thro' the *wild tracks* of *mazy mem'ry*, flew;
There, ſcatter'd images to union brought,
And form'd this wond'rous *viſion*, to my *thought*:

I FOUND myſelf at dead of deepeſt night,
Chear'd, by no glimm'ring *ſpark* of remnant *light*,
Lock'd, in that antient, venerable *pile*,
Which holds her *ſacred duſt*, who, lately *bleſt* our *iſle*;
Aſcending *damps* the gloomy *concave* ſought,
And hung, *impriſon'd*, to th' impervious *vault*:
While my *ſhod* feet trac'd, ſwift, the duſky *round*,
Hoarſe *echoes* multiply'd the trampling ſound,

The

The *ſweating* ſtones diſtill'd a noiſome dew,
And earthy *ſcents* my death-fed *noſtrils* drew.
Cold froſts of *fear* pierc'd, keen, thro' ev'ry part,
And ſhiv'ring *agues* ſhook my *ice-bound* heart.
A hollow *wind*, from whiſt'ling *murmurs*, bore
Its gath'ring *din* more high, and ſtrove to *roar !*
The tatter'd *trophies* fann'd the *priſon'd* air,
And chill *amazement* ſtiffen'd up my *hair*.

WHILE fix'd, I ſtood, intent on *rumblings* near,
And diſtant *groans* alarm'd my aking ear,
Sudden, the *temple* ſhone, with ruſhing *light*,
And new-born *terrors* overwhelm'd my ſight.
Ghoſts, from the loos'ning *pavement*, rais'd their head,
And yawning *graves* diſcloſe their *ſhrouded* dead.
Shot up, in ſtreams, a miſt of ſpirits riſe,
As morning exhalations ſtreak the ſkies.
Soul-freezing horror tingled through my blood,
And curdling *fear* bound hard the *vital* flood.
Unbending *nerves* their *dying* vigour loſt,
And *drooping* life ſcarce held her *dang'rous* poſt.
Large drops of *ſweat*, from every *finger*, ſhed,
And the whole frame of nature ſhook with dread.

FROM the *eaſt* end, where mould'ring monarchs lie,
And *worms*, luxuriant, feaſt on *royalty*;
Where each proud *tomb* ſome duſt of *princes* boaſts,
There marches out a *troop* of ſov'reign *ghoſts*:
Each, in his ſhadowy hand, a *ſcepter* brings,
Th' acknowledg'd mark of *pow'r*, in living *kings*.
A glitt'ring *diadem* each forehead wore;
Their *robes* trail'd, looſe, and ſwept the *honour'd* floor!!
With ſlow, and ſtately ſtride, the monarchs *tread*,
And ev'ry meaner *ſpirit* bows its head.
In foremoſt rank, as lateſt known to *fame*,
The grave-brow'd ghoſt of aweful ANNA came;
Calm, and ſerene, the ſilent walks they trace,
And halt, regardful, at each ſolemn place:
Viſit each *tomb*, and in myſterious ſtate,
Hail the dry *remnants* of the waſted *great*.

THIS pomp of death, thus, wore half night away,
And came, at length, where DENMARK's body lay:

There

There ANNA ſtaid, and looking, careful, round,
With ſhadowy *ſcepter*, touch'd the conſcious ground.
'Tis ſtrange, ſhe ſigh'd, that *he*, whom moſt I bleſt,
Has never *thank'd* me, ſince I came to *reſt*.

THE willing *ghoſt* his *marbly* fetters broke,
And roſe up, ſlowly, at the pow'rful ſtroke:
An air of *ſorrow* bent his ſerious *head*,
His eyes ſome *ſeeming* tears, reluctant, ſhed.
With folded *arms*, and diſcontented *look*,
Thrice bow'd he, gently, and thus, faintly, ſpoke:

HAIL, happy *ſhade!* reſt here, unforc'd to reign,
Nor toil, to ſave a ſtubborn land, in vain:
How did juſt *pity* ſweeten thy controul!
How did'ſt thou ſtrain thy virtue-propping ſoul!
How did'ſt thou wiſh th' unfiniſh'd courſe to run!
And act, in *will*, what *pow'r* has left undone!
For *this*, ſince death, detraction wounds thy fame,
And inſolent *reproach* corrodes thy name.
Ungrateful *people!* un-repenting *ſtate!*
Haſt thou, O *Queen!* deſerv'd th' ungentle fate?

HE ceas'd: — Each *liſt'ning* monarch ſhook his head,
While *ſhe*, to whom he ſpoke, thus, anſw'ring, ſaid:
O, DENMARK! wonder not at ills, like thoſe;
Angels, if crown'd in *England*, wou'd have *foes!*
Deſert, like mine, with *living* glories paid,
Can fear no *ſcandal*, when become a *ſhade*.
If aught's left wanting to my people's pray'r,
Mourn not th' *unfiniſh'd* progreſs of my care.
When *princes* ſome wiſh'd good, in vain purſue,
By them not done, 'tis left for *heav'n* to do.
Let us, in peace, enjoy our ſilent bed,
Truth always *triumphs*, when ſhe ſerves the *dead*.

The NORTHERN STAR.

BORN in an age, when virtue veils her face,
And bold *corruption* turns the bluſh on *grace*;
Where reptile genius *winds*, at pow'rs controul,
And fortune's whelmy tides engulph the ſoul:
Where ſenſe, by *flatt'ry*; ſhame, by *want*, is weigh'd,
And ſervile poets make their art a *trade*,
Riſe, gen'rous *muſe!* out-ſoar the venal view;
For, praiſe is *inſult*, where 'tis giv'n *undue*.
Tho' penſion'd fame can fawn, 'till fools are taught
To boaſt th'imputed wit, their brib'ry *bought*;
Yet, man, to man's reſpect, is *rais'd*, not *born*,
And dullneſs, *dignify'd*, but doubles ſcorn.
Ah! *narrow* hearts! that know not wiſdom's weight,
But, impudently, call the proud, the *great*.

SPREAD the broad wings of truth, impartial muſe!
Dare a *new* theme—nor, now, let *fancy* chuſe.

Serious, and ſad, the faults of cuſtom *mend*,
To friendleſs genius fame's due ſuccour lend. —
If, in ſome duſky corner, thou ſhalt find
A ragged fortune hide a noble mind,
Diſperſe the cloud; and be the labour *thine*,
To teach the ſhame-fac'd virtue, how to ſhine.

OR, ſhould ſome wealth-encumber'd *churl* with-hold
Th' enliv'ning *uſe* of un-partaken *gold*,
If, meanly proud, the wretch diſdains to weigh
The wiſe man's wants, againſt the treaſur'd *clay*,
With ceaſeleſs ſatire, *goad* his ſneaking ſoul,
'Till his pride, ſuff'ring, gives his taſte *controul*.

THEN, muſe! from life's *low* wrongs, indignant, turn,
With loftier flame, for ſuff'ring *nations*, burn.
On *flatter'd ſtateſmen*, ſcowl a patriot eye;
Strip their *badg'd poets*, when they write, to *lie*.
If, rais'd by chance, ſome *tarniſher* of ſway,
Blund'ring through *ſhifts*, miſtakes th' unwinding way,
If, lumb'ring clogg'd, he drags, be-mir'd, along,
Cow'rs, to be ſafe — yet, *injures*, to be ſtrong,

Tell

Tell him, --- that hair-breadth *'ſcapes*, and life-long fear,
Buy pow'r, and pomp, and infamy, too *dear*.

PASS, paſs, theſe ſulph'ry meteors, of a *day*;
Their blaze too dang'rous! and too *loſt*, their way!
On *ſuns*, not *comets*, fix thy *eagly* ken,
Touch the proud hearts of *monarchs*, into *men*.
Thence, flows *contagion*: light muſt generate light,
Or mimic millions catch the royal *blite*:
Kings, who *are* kings, ſhed luſtre o'er mankind;
But dim-ey'd princes make whole *nations* blind.
—So, god-like CÆSAR rul'd ungrateful *Rome*,
And ſhort-liv'd *virtue* ſhot a *blaſted* bloom:
But, when lewd NERO ſtain'd imperial ſway,
Vice, with a rapid ſtream, ſwept ſhame away.

LET the low muſe, that ſtrikes the *venal* ſtrings,
Tune her tame lyre, and ſwell the pomp of kings.
Undreading, *thou*, where'er the cenſure falls,
Enter proud *Palaces* imperious walls.
There,—good, or evil---*ſeize* th' unſhadow'd *fact*,
And call truth, *truth*, however princes act.

SUBLIMELY fir'd, I ſnatch the glorious aim!
'Twere great, indeed, to give the *royal*, fame!
But, --- where, O ſpotleſs light, of reaſon's eye!
Where, among *princes*, wilt thou *greatneſs* ſpy?
Shall BRITAIN's *boaſt* o'erload my lab'ring lines?
No---with *known* force, domeſtic glory ſhines!
Flatt'ry were baſe: and needleſs the deſign,
To ſay, (to *angels*) heav'n is all *divine*.

NORTHWARD, departing muſe, extend thy flight;
There, a *new ſun* inflames the land of *night*;
There, arts and arms, the worlds *fifth empire* raiſe;
There, dateleſs times ſhall hail my *prophet* praiſe:
Thy *line*, great CZAR! ſhall ſtretch that ſhorten'd name,
To more than CÆSAR's pow'r, and all his fame.
Taught, by thy *plans*, to reign, victorious, ſtill,
And length'ning down, through *time*, thy deathleſs ſkill,
Legions of *kings*, ſhall wait their doom-ful nod,
As hoſts, from *Moſes*, watch'd th' inſpiring God!

O! pride,

O! pride, celeſtial, of my muſe's praiſe!
Thou! beſt invok'd! — inſpire my riſing lays,
Kindle my glowing ſoul, with fires, like thine,
And *lend me light*, to make my off'ring ſhine!
Tho' right to mark, how tow'ring *eagles* fly,
Aſks the try'd ſharpneſs of an *eagle's eye*;
Tho' high-rais'd view can, beſt, a proſpect *ſhow*,
Which he but *ill deſcribes*, who ſtands too low;
Yet, if, aſpiring to the theme, --- I feel
Thy glory's love *propel* my trembling *zeal*,
O, prince! the grateful arrogance *forgive*;
No genuine muſe, ſo charm'd, can, *ſilent*, live.

PERISH the pride, in *poor* diſtinction ſhewn,
That makes man blind, to bleſſings *not his own!*
Briton and *Ruſſian* differ, but in *name*:
In *nature's* ſenſe, all nations are the *ſame*.
One world, divided, *diſtant brothers* ſhare,
And man is *reaſon's* ſubject — *every where*.

So, does dark *Nile's* myſterious torrent ſtray,
And *oozy* wealth, in annual flood, convey.
Memphia's rich plains imbibe th' impregnate flow,
And pleas'd *Egyptians* ſee proud harveſts grow.
Yet,

Yet, while, on *Egypt*, partial harveſts ſmile,
Egypt's glad ſons engroſs not *all* their *Nile*.
Egypt, and all the world, the river *claim*:
Egypt, in *influence*, and the world, in *fame*.
So, *Ruſſia* feels her CZAR's intenſeſt *heat*:
But, the warm'd *world* his diſtant *brightneſs*, greet.

AGES, obſcurely loſt to ſlighted fame,
Robb'd the dim empire of its bury'd *name!*
One *city's* bounds uſurp'd her monarch's rights,
And ſhrunk his thouſand ſtates, to MUSCOVITES.
Un-meaſur'd realms lay hid, in noiſeleſs reign,
And RUSSIA cover'd half the world *in vain!*
'Till rip'ning time this *giant-genius* ſent;
Divinely ſiz'd—to ſuit his crown's extent!
He breath'd prolific *ſoul*, inſpir'd the land,
And call'd forth *order*, with directive hand.
Then, pow'r's whole energy, at once, ſpread wide,
And old obſtruction *ſunk*, beneath its tide.
Then, ſhad'wing all, the dread dominion roſe,
Which, late, no *hope*; and now, no *danger* knows!

DID not, O prince! thy love of *art's* ſoft charms
Suſpend the keener influence of thy *arms*,
Aſtoniſh'd

Aſtoniſh'd *Europe*, envious of thy ſway,
Muſt wink malignant, in thy ſtream of *day!*
But 'tis *thy* generous taſk, to ſteer thy reign,
'Twixt the two wide extremes, of *mean* and *vain.*
To teach fierce conq'rors, all, that *arts* beſtow,
Yet hold back *arms*, 'till juſtice names the foe.

NOT ſo, *of old*, when, ſtern, in horrid arms,
The *needy north* pour'd forth her *Gothic* ſwarms;
Roughly, they *warr'd*, on arts, they could not taſte,
And, blindly, laid the tracks of learning *waſte.*
This heav'n remember'd, and, with kind command,
Call'd for *atonement*, from the barb'rous land.
The prince, diſdainful of his country's crime,
Guiltleſs, ſprings forward, to un-curſe the *clime:*
And, nobly juſt, has *taught* the nations more,
Than the world's empire ruin'd --- *loſt*, before!

How *vaſt* the engine! --- and the force, how *great!*
That could, ſo ſwiftly, move ſuch pond'rous weight!
Enormous *boaſt* of kings! who, --- tho' his reign
Stretch'd empire's endleſs line, from *main* to *main*,
Counts

Counts not his greatneſs, by his country's *length*,
Nor from dependent millions, *ſteals* his ſtrength,
But, to *himſelf* (like heav'n) his effluence owes,
And gives—not *takes*—what pow'r from *number* flows.

BORN, for eternal *growth*—and ſtor'd with ſchemes,
For whit'ning time, with ever-blooming themes.
Wonders on wonders gild a glowing land,
That, almoſt, ow'd *diſtinction* to his hand!
From frozen climes, where nature, ſtiff with *cold*,
Nouriſh'd no hope; and time in *tears* grew old:
Warm'd by the monarch's worth, we riſing ſaw
Springs of gay *virtue*—and ripe fruits of *law!*

DOUBLY ſupreme! *Thy* unreſtrain'd controul
Directs the body, and *impow'rs* the ſoul!
While vulgar kings their views *ſupinely* ſcan,
And limit what they *would*, by what they *can*,
Thy nobler pow'r, with *more than mortal ſway*,
Commands—and makes men *able*, to obey!

TRANSPORTING thought!—let me indulge it long,
Hence, realms grow *mighty*, and their influence ſtrong. Ah!

Ah! why, by civil broils, ſhould patriots bleed,
For parts in pow'r, they nor *enjoy*, nor *need*?
Leſs factious ſubjects *happier freedom* ſhare;
Miſ-reckon'd *ſlaves*, in ſuch a ſov'reign's care.
Slaves are blind buſt'lers, who, deceiv'd by *names*,
Promote, unknowingly, their *ſpoiler's* aims:
Who (told, ſedition ſets a nation *free*)
Hug the new chain — and call it *liberty*.
Then — walking gall'd, beneath th' incumbent weight,
Grind a curb'd curſe, and *bear* th' impos'd deceit.

If juſt *Athenians*, by a *Theſeus*, led,
Their ſcatter'd country's ſtrength-uniting head!
To laſting praiſe, conſign'd his cheriſh'd fame,
And, conſcious of his bounty, bleſs'd his *name*;
If hard *Lycurgus*, now, immortal grown,
Sheds deathleſs glory round a *realmleſs* throne:
If, *Romulus!* thy mem'ry triumps, ſtill,
For teaching *Rome* to *rob*, with ſafer ſkill;
For reining rapine in, from private harms,
To mightier miſchief, in *confed'rate* arms:
What praiſe, prodigious CZAR! ſhall dare to tread,
In aweful circles, near *thy* ſacred head?

To

To whom, not *one* ſmall portion, ſingly, kneels
In thanks for ſep'rate benefits, it feels:
But nations, numberleſs, as *Lybian* ſands,
Share the long bounties of thy reaching hands —
Thy hands! to whom, delighted with thy praiſe,
God gave not thrones, to reign on—but to *raiſe*.

THY catching luſtre fires the north's wide ſoul;
And *thaws* the icy influence of the *pole*.
The ſhaggy *Samoid*, ſhaking off his ſnow,
Warms his cold breaſt, with new deſire, to *know*.
The rugged *Tartar*, from whoſe ſwarthy hands
A gloom of horror *us'd* to ſhade thy lands,
Charm'd, by thy gen'rous daring, checks *his own*,
Aſſumes new *nature*, and adorns thy throne.
Beams of young learning, active as the wind,
Radiant, flame out, and light up half mankind:
Stern ſuperſtition's miſty cloud, diſpell'd,
Quits her chief throne, through long, dark, ages, held:
And *Ruſſian arms* a glitt'ring terror caſt,
O'er realms, where ſcarce the *Ruſſian name* had paſt!

BLUSH,

BLUSH, ye bought bards! of our degen'rate days,
Whom penſion proſtitutes, to high-way praiſe:
Who fear it fruitleſs, for a muſe to *roam*,
Thence, poorly, pin your venal hearts, *at home!*
The world's *my* country: born, no matter where,
Man is a denizen of earth and air.
Native to truth, 'tis his, *all* worth, to *ſhow*,
And *love* the hoſtile virtues of a *foe*.

AH! how too weak my willing verſe purſues,
And flags, beneath new heights, of op'ning views!
Touch my charm'd heart, thou! God! that did'ſt inſpire
His force! and let me feel th' impulſive fire.
Sunk, amid fens, in fortune's *ſtagnate* tract,
And curs'd myſelf, with want of pow'r, to *act*,
Let me, at leaſt *deſcribe*, with conſcious blaze,
And, from another's triumph, force *ſome* praiſe.

O! great, eternal pow'r, that bounds our minds,
What circling *darkneſs* human foreſight, blinds!
Where are the loſt effects of ſtateſmen's dreams?
Whoſe erring envy ſpun ſuch *cobweb ſchemes!*

Long,

Long—each vain terror beat *one* devious road;
And ſigh'd, at growing *France*, with falſe fore
bode:
While, un-obſerv'd, th' exulting *northern bear*
Grin'd over *gen'ral empire*, riſing, THERE.

HENCEFORTH, let none the ſtrength of ſtate
compare:
Nor what they *may* be, judge, from what they
are.
Low the *lord's genius*, all his *realms* the ſame:
The king's breaſt *wid'ning*, ſwells his throne to
fame.
Then, pow'r effulging, diſtanc'd equals find,
That man's whole, boundleſs, *diff'rence* dwells in
MIND.
This truth,—dread dark'ner of each rival throne!
Well has thy life's long tract of wonders ſhown;
What ſudden *fleets* have ſhadow'd diſtant ſeas,
With flags, that *ſtart* to pow'r, and ſcorn *degrees*;
Glooming at pleaſure, ev'ry hoſtile ſhore,
Far-trembling nations hear new thunders roar;
Th' intrepid *Swede* does fortune's *change* upbraid,
And ſees th' aſſaulted enemy *invade!*

The

The *Dane* finds gratitude too weak for fear,
And hates his *helper's* ſtrength, diſplay'd too *near*;
The furrow'd *Baltic* a new lord obeys,
And to *ſtrange keels*, reluctant homage pays;
The virgin *Caſpian*, he, bold lover! *woos*;
Nor vainly, for her envy'd favour ſues:
Graſp'd to his wiſh, ſhe has her love confeſs'd,
And giv'n him leave to wander o'er her breaſt.
Perſia's heap'd wealth ſhall her huge *portion* be,
And *India's ſovereigns* give HER lord the knee.

FROM nameleſs outlets, endleſs naval hoſts,
Black'ning, ſtill more, the ſable *Euxine's* coaſts,
Shall teach the PORTE'S imperial walls to ſhake,
And the fell *ſultan's* iron ſcepter *break*.
Grecia's loſt *ſoul* ſhall be reſtor'd, by thee!
Great *ſaver!* ſetting empire's *genius* free!
Then, *Helleſpont*, whoſe ſtream indignant glides,
And a ſubjected world's *two bounds* divides;
Shall feel, while reaching *both*, thy thunder roars;
EUROPE and ASIA, trembling, to her ſhores.
Then, may thy floating empire's conq'ring ſweep
New-greet vaſt *Ruſſia*, round th' *Atlantic* deep.

So, ſpring the ſeeds of pow'r, when
ſown!
So, pregnant *genius* plans the future throne
Mean while, great *founder's* gath'ring ſtre
from blows,
They ſpread thy glory, who thy arms oppo
The ſelf-priz'd lords of CHINA's boaſtful lan
Feel their pride ſhrink, beneath thy *bord*
hand!
The trackleſs *wilds*, which both vaſt ſtates disj
Are, ev'n when arm'd with ſhiv'ring *wint*
thine!
O'er realms of *ſnow*, thy furry ſquadrons fly:
And bring, at eaſe, the dreadful diſtance *nigh*.
In vain oppos'd, th' enormous WALL they ſee
Proclaim'd *defiance* can but *quicken* THEE.

ZEMBLA's white cliffs — eternal hoard
of *froſt*,
Where proud *diſcov'ry* has, ſo oft, been *loſt*;
Thro' every period of the world, 'till now,
Have *check'd* all keels, that would thoſe oceans
plow:

Nature's

Nature's *laſt* barrier! they all ſearch withſtood;
And bound ambition up, in freezing blood.
Reſerv'd, by heav'n, and, for thy reign, deſign'd,
Thy piercing eye ſhall that dark PASSSAGE find.
Or, eaſt's and weſt's embracing confines, *ſhown*,
JOIN two emerging worlds; and both, thy own.

STOP, headlong muſe!—Ah! whither woud'ſt thou go?
Look down, with caution, on the *depths* below:
Proſpects, too *vaſt*, the raſh preſumer fright;
And, dazzling, wound an uncollected ſight.
Congratulate, a while, our *church's* gain,
And, mingling *joy*, relax thy *wonder*'s ſtrain.

SHALL, then, at laſt, beneath propitious ſkies,
The *croſs*, triumphant, o'er the *creſcent* riſe?
Shall we behold earth's long-ſuſtain'd diſgrace
Reveng'd, in arms, on *Oſman*'s haughty race?
Shall *chriſtian Greece* ſhake off a captive's ſhame,
And look, un-bluſhing, at her *pagan* fame?
'Twill be.—Prophetic *Delphos* claims her own:
Hails her *new Cæſars* on the *Ruſſian* throne.
Athens ſhall teach, once more! once more, aſpire!
And *Spartan* breaſts re-glow, with martial fire:

Still, ſtill, *Bizantium*'s bright'ning domes ſhine,
And rear the ruin'd name of *Conſtantine*.

TRANSCENDENT prince! how happy mi
thou be!
What can'ſt thou look upon, *unbleſs'd*, by thee
What inward peace muſt that calm boſom knov
Whence conſcious virtue does ſo ſtrongly flow
Each fame, of *ages paſt*, in ruins lies:
How *timely*, therefore, does thy greatneſs riſe,
To fire forgetful thrones, with thirſt of praiſe;
And build *example*, for theſe *feeble* days!

SUCH, are the *kings*, who make God's image
ſhine,
Nor bluſh to dare aſſert their *right divine!*
No earth-born *byas* warps their climbing will;
No pride, their pow'r — no av'rice whets their
ſkill.
They poiſe each hope, which bids the *wiſe* obey,
And ſhed broad bleſſings, from their wid'ning
ſway.
To raiſe th' afflicted, ſtretch the healing hand,
Drive cruſh'd oppreſſion from each reſcu'd land.

Bold

Bold in alternate right, or ſheathe, or draw,
The ſword of *conqueſt*, or the ſword of *law*.
Spare, what reſiſts not; what oppoſes, *bend*;
And govern, cool, what they, with warmth, defend.

How bleſs'd were man! would heav'n, hereafter, pleaſe,
That *all* earth's princes ſhould be form'd like theſe!
Wiſh it, O muſe! howe'er the wiſh be *vain*;
It gives *ſome* joy, to hope th' *unlikelieſt* gain.

ADIEU—dread flame! that bids the *pole* outſhine
The torrid brightneſs of the burning *line!*
Drawn by thy beamy force, I ſtill would gaze:
But my eyes *ake* beneath the' oppreſſive blaze.
Deſcend, raſh muſe!—'tis decent to retire;
Thy fall were dang'rous, if thy flight were *higher*.

THOU, too, great prince! *forbear* th' ador'd *exceſs!*
Reſt—for thy *life*: and make thy glory *leſs*.

Heav'n muſt *reclaim* thee—nor thy abſence *bear*,
When earth yields *no new wonder*, worth thy care.

MOURN'D, the near proſpect! yet not mourn'd by ALL!
There *are*, whoſe humbler glory *waits* thy fall.
When thou, great ſun of royalty! ſhalt *ſet*,
And pay ſad nature's laſt and ſureſt debt:
Then, earth's *low* lords may boaſt *their* poor deſigns,
And ev'ry upſtart twinkler think—he *ſhines*.

THEN, when *no more* thy wonders wake mankind,
But dying envy leaves *delight* behind,
Here, while thy ſteps admiring ages trace,
Where ſhall amazement, *firſt*, encomium place?
Arduous deciſion! *which* moſt honour won?
Thy *actions*, or the *ſpeed*, with which they're done.

WHEN ROME, that glitt'ring, that immortal name!
Aſpir'd to *rule*, and panted after *fame*;
Age copying age, ſpun length of *patient* will,
And *ek'd* th' oft-breaking thread, with lab'ring ſkill.

Nor,

Nor, 'till ſev'n hundred hard-preſs'd years were paſt,
The late propitious fortune ſmil'd at laſt.
Not ſuch ſlow riſe, O prince! thy RUSSIA fears:
Thou dragg'ſt not glory from ſuch *depth* of years.
At once reſolv'd, *at once*, the columns riſe,
Which lift thy dreadful fabrick to the ſkies.
Form and degrees, let *bounded* ſpirits need:
Thy ſoul, *excentric*, moves with in-bred ſpeed!
Makes nature *ſhake*, and raiſes, in a *day*,
What, with leſs eaſe, in *ages*, ſhall decay.

So, when young TIME its firſt great *birth-day* kept,
And huddled nature, yet, in *chaos* ſlept;
Th' eternal WORD, to ſet diſtinction free,
But ſpoke th' almighty *fiat* — LET THERE BE.
Millions of ways, the ſtarting atoms flew;
Like clung to *like*—and ſudden ORDER grew:
Struggling in clouds, a while, *confuſion* lay,
Then died, at once, and loſt itſelf in *day*.

The PICTURE *of* LOVE.

LOVE is a paſſion, by no rules confin'd,
The great firſt mover of the human mind;
Spring of our fate! it lifts the climbing *will*,
Or ſinks the ſoften'd ſoul, in ſeas of ill:
Science, truth, virtue, ſweetneſs, glory, grace,
All are love's influence, and adorn his race;
Love, too, gives fear, deſpair, grief, anger, ſtrife,
And all th' unnumber'd woes, which *tempeſt* life.

FIR'D with a daring wiſh, to paint him right,
What muſe ſhall I invoke to lend me light?
Something divine there lives in love's ſoft flame,
Beyond our ſpirit's pow'r, to give it name!
How ſhall I paint it, then? or why reveal
A pleaſure, and a pain, which all muſt feel?

SOUL of thy ſex's ſweetneſs! aid my hope,
Pride of my reaſon, and my paſſion's ſcope!
Thou, whoſe leaſt motion can delight inſpire!
And whoſe ſweet eye-beams ſhed celeſtial fire!

Thou,

Thou, at whoſe *heav'n-tun'd* voice the dead might wake!
And from whoſe face we fatal learning take,
Teach me thy god-like pow'r the heart to move,
Smile on my verſe, and *look* the world to love.

FAR, ye profane, from my chaſte ſubject, fly,
Nor ſtain its brightneſs with a tainted eye;
What if a thouſand ills the wanton prove,
Whoſe earth-born heat uſurps the name of love?
Lovers, *indeed*, are caſt in no coarſe mould,
How few have, yet, been form'd, though *time's* grown old!
No wild deſire can this proud bliſs beſtow,
Souls muſt be *match'd*, in heav'n, tho' *mix'd*, below.

As fire, by nature, climbs direct, and bright,
And *beams*, in ſpotleſs rays, a ſhining light;
But if ſome groſs obſtruction ſtops its way,
Smokes in low curls, and ſcents the ſullied day:
So love, itſelf, untainted, and refin'd,
Borrows a tincture, from the colour'd mind;
The great grow greater, while its force they prove,
But little hearts want room, and cripple love.

CAUTIOUS, ye fated, who frequent the *fair!*
Your breaſts examine, nor too raſhly dare,
Curb your untruſted hearts, while yet, they're free,
Love is reſiſtleſs, when you feel, 'tis *he*.

SMALL is the ſoul's *firſt* wound, from beauty's dart,
And ſcarce th' unheeded *fever* warms the heart.
Long we miſtake it, under *liking's* name,
A ſoft indulgence, that deſerves no blame;
A pleaſure, we but take, to do *her* right,
Whoſe preſence *charms* us, and whoſe words *delight*;
Whoſe ſweet remembrance broods upon our breaſt,
And whoſe dear friendſhip is, with pride, poſſeſt.

EXCITED, thus, the ſmother'd fire, at length,
Burſts into blaze, and burns, with open ſtrength;
That image, which, *before*, but ſooth'd the mind,
Now lords it there, and rages, unconfin'd.
Mixing with all our thoughts it waſtes the day,
And when night comes, it dreams the ſoul away.

Pungent impatience tingles in each vein,
And the ſick boſom throbs, with aking pain.

ABSENT from her, in whom alone, we live,
Life grows a bankrupt, and no bliſs can give;
Friends are importunate, and pleaſure's loſt,
What, once, moſt charm'd us, now, diſguſts us moſt:
Fretful, to ſilent ſolitude, we run,
And men, and light, and noiſy converſe ſhun;
Penſive, in woods, on river's ſides, we walk,
And to th' unliſt'ning winds, and waters, talk;
How, next, we ſhall approach her, pleas'd, we weigh,
And think, in tranſport, all, we mean to ſay:
Tenderly bowing, *thus*, will we complain,
Thus, court her pity, and, *thus*, plead our pain;
Thus, ſigh at fancy'd frowns, if frowns ſhou'd riſe,
And, *thus*, meet favours, in her ſoft'ning eyes.

RESTLESS, on paper, we our vows repeat,
And pour our ſouls out, on the miſſive ſheet:
Write; blot; reſtore—and, in loſt pieces, rend,
The mute entreaters, yet, too faint, to ſend;
Unbleſs'd,

Unbleſs'd, if no admiſſion we procure,
'Tis heav'n, at diſtance, to behold her door!
Or, to her window, we, by night, repair,
And let looſe fancy, to be feaſted, there;
Watch her lov'd ſhadow, as it glances by,
And, to imagin'd motions, chain our eye;
Has ſhe ſome field, or grove, or garden bleſs'd?
Pleas'd, we re-tread the paths, her feet have preſs'd:
Near her, by chance, at viſits, or at plays,
Our ruſhing ſpirits crowd, in *ſpeaking* gaze;
Light, on her varied airs, our eye-balls ride,
Blind, as the dead, to the full world, beſide.

IF bleſs'd, by ſome kind letter, from her hand,
The cheriſh'd flame is into madneſs, fann'd;
Trembling, we half devour the ſacred prize,
And lend our thoughts, and lips, to aid our eyes;
No wild extravagance of joy's too much,
For aught once warm'd, by her enliv'ning touch.

THESE are the ſweet effuſions of deſire,
When abſence *wounds* us, or when wiſhes *fire*;
But when, in preſence, we our vows addreſs,
Who can the tumults of the ſoul expreſs?

Boundleſs

Boundleſs deſire, aw'd hope, and doubtful joy,
Stormy, by turns, the veering heart employ;
Sick'ning, in fancy's ſun-ſhine, now, we faint,
And *licence* wounds us deeper, than *reſtraint:*
Fix'd, in her op'ning door, ſurpriz'd, we ſtay,
Dumb, and depriv'd of all, we meant to ſay:
Our eyes flaſh *meanings*, but our rooted feet
Pauſe, 'till due rev'rence *faints* the hallow'd heat:
Soft tremblings ſeize us, and a gentle dread,
Speechleſs our thought, and all our courage fled.

SLOWLY reviving, we, from love's ſhort trance,
Softly, with bluſhful tenderneſs, advance;
Bowing, we kneel; and her giv'n hand is preſt,
With ſweet compulſion, to our bounding breaſt;
O'er it, in exſtacy, our lips bend low,
And tides of ſighs, 'twixt her graſp'd fingers, flow:
High beats the hurried pulſe, at each forc'd kiſs,
And ev'ry burning ſinew akes, with bliſs:
Life, in a *ſouly* deluge ruſhes o'er,
And the charm'd heart *ſprings out*, at ev'ry pore.

THE firſt fierce rapture of amazement paſt,
Confuſion quits us, and deſire grows faſt;

We

We ſit; and while her gaz'd-at beauties riſe,
A humid brightneſs ſparkles, from our eyes:
Modeſt diſquiet ev'ry action wears,
And each long look the mark of paſſion bears;
Diſorder'd nature no cold *medium* keeps,
Tranſport now reigns, and dull *reflection* ſleeps:
All, that we *feel*, or *wiſh*, or *act*, or *ſay*,
Is *above* thought, and out of reaſon's way;
Joy *murmurs*, anger *laughs*, and hope *looks ſad*;
Raſhneſs grows *prudent*, and diſcretion *mad*:
Reſtleſs, we feel our am'rous boſom burn,
Now, this way, look we, and, now, that way, turn:
Now, in ſweet *ſwell* of thought, our lifted eyes,
Loſe their *low* languor, and attempt to *riſe*;
Now, ſinking, ſuppliant, ſeek the charmer's feet,
And court wiſh'd pity, in their glanc'd retreat;
Oft, in fix'd gaze, they dwell upon her face,
Then ſtart, aſtoniſh'd, from ſome dazzling grace;
Now, in bold liberty, fly out, un-bid,
Now, aw'd, 'ſcape inward, 'twixt the cloſing lid.

If we dare ſpeak, and would our wiſh purſue,
The words fall feath'ry, like deſcending dew;
The ſoft'ning accents, ev'n in utt'rance die,
And the tongue's ſweetneſs, here, out-charms the eye;

'Till

'Till mingled ſighs the fainting voice confound,
But lover's *meanings ſpeak*, tho' robb'd of ſound.

Is there no more? oh! yet, the *laſt* remains!
Crown of our *conqueſt! ſweet'ner* of our *pains!*
There is a time, when love no wiſh denies,
And ſmiling nature throws off all diſguiſe;
But who can words, to ſpeak thoſe raptures find?
Vaſt *ſea* of *exſtacy*, that drowns the mind!
That fierce transfuſion of exchanging hearts!
That gliding glimpſe of heav'n, in pulſive ſtarts!
That veiny ruſh! that warm, tumultuous roll!
That fire, which kindles body into ſoul!
And on life's margin ſtrains delight ſo high,
That ſenſe *breaks ſhort*, and, while we *taſte*, we *die*.

By love's ſoft force, all nature is refin'd,
The dull made ſprightly, and the cruel, kind:
Gently, the ſtubborn paſſions learn to move,
And ſavage hearts are humaniz'd, by love:
Love, in a chain of converſe, bound mankind,
And poliſh'd, and awak'd the rugged mind:
Juſtice, truth, pity, openneſs of heart,
Courage, politeneſs, eloquence, and art,

The

That gen'rous fire, with which ambition flames,
And all th' unſleeping ſoul's divineſt aims,
Touch'd, by the warmth of love, burn up more bright,
Proud of the god-like pow'r, to give delight.

THUS have I vainly ſtrove, with ſtrokes too faint,
Love, in his *known*, and *outward* marks, to paint;
Unmindful, that, of old, they veil'd his face,
And wiſely *cover'd*, what they could not *trace*.
Lovely creator of my ſoul's ſoft pain,
Pity the pencil, that aſpir'd in vain:
Vers'd in *love's* pangs, and taught his pow'r, by you,
Skill'd, I preſum'd, that what I felt, I drew;
But I have err'd; and, with delirious aim,
Would picture *motion*, and impriſon *flame*.
He, who can light'ning's flaſh, to colours, bind,
May paint love's influence, on the burning mind.
Then, when we *maſter* him, and give him law,
Then may we chain him, and his image draw:
But who would bind this god, muſt, captive take,
A power, which all mankind can captive make;
I am too weak of heart; yet, I can tell
Thoſe, who dare ſeize him, where he loves to dwell.
I ſee him now; in his own heav'n, he lies,
Cloſe at ſweet ambuſh, in MIRANDA's eyes.

ADVICE *to the* POETS.

TOO long provok'd, immortal muſe! *forgive*;
Rouſe a dead world, and teach my verſe to live.
Not the *low muſe*, who lends her feeble fire,
To fluſh pale *ſpleen*, or light up *looſe deſire*;
But that bright influence, that expanſive *glow*,
Which, firſt, in *angel's* numbers learnt to flow;
E're *time* had ſtruck *eternity*, with ſhade,
Or day, or night, or ſpace, or form, was made:
Tun'd the *rais'd notes*, at which CREATION *grew*;
And *worlds*, and *ſtars*, and *ſuns*, and *heav'ns*, ſhot *new*.
She, *ſhe*, the muſe—Oh! ne'er to be *defin'd*;
Thou *flame* of *purpoſe!* and thou *flow* of *mind!*
Thou *path* of *praiſe*, by heav'n's firſt fav'rites, trod,
Thou *voice* of *prophets*, and thou *breath* of *God!*

I FEEL her now—th' invader fires my breaſt;
And my ſoul ſwells, to ſuit the heav'nly gueſt;
Hear her, O *Pope!* ſhe ſounds th' inſpir'd decree,
Thou great *arch-angel* of *wit's heav'n!* for *thee*.

LET *vulgar genii*, ſow'r'd, by ſharp diſdain,
Pique'd, and malignant, *words* low *war* maintain,
While ev'ry meaner art exerts her aim,
O'er rival arts, to lift her queſtion'd fame,
Let half-ſoul'd *poets*, ſtill, *on poets* fall,
And teach the willing world to ſcorn them *all*.
But, let no muſe, pre-eminent as *thine*,
Of voice melodious, and of force divine,
Stung, by *wit's waſps*, all rights of rank forego,
And turn, and ſnarl, and bite, at every foe.
No—like thy own *Ulyſſes*, make no *ſtay*;
Shun *monſters*, and purſue thy ſtreamy way.

WING'D, by the muſe's *god*, to riſe, ſublime,
What has thy fame to *fear*, from peeviſh rhime?
Shalt *thou*, decreed, 'till time's own death, to *live*,
Yet want the nobleſt courage — to *forgive*?

SLANDER'D, in vain, *enjoy* the ſpleen of foes;
Let theſe, from *envy*, hate; from *int'reſt*, thoſe!
Guilt, like the firſt, your *gratitude* requires;
Since none can *envy*, 'till he, firſt, *admires*:
And *nature* tells the laſt, his crime is *none*,
Who, to *your* int'reſt, but prefers his *own*.

DIS-

DISGRAC'D, by *vict'ry*, where we ſtrike too *low*,
And, meanly furious, ſtretch the *ſtooping* blow,
Pride, that *provokes* revenge, *miſleads* it, too;
Return of ſlander is the *weak* man's view:
The WISE expect it, with a cold diſdain;
And, while they *not* receive, *retort* the pain.

SHOU'D ev'n hot raſhneſs *erring* javelins throw,
And ſtrike our friendly breaſt, *ſuppos'd* a *foe?*
How *nobler*, *ſtill*, to undeceive, than blame!
And chaſten inſult, with the *bluſh* of *ſhame?*
Never, ah! never, ſhall that worth be found,
Which neither *malice*, nor *miſtake*, can wound.

THUS far, might ev'ry ſtrength of heart extend;
Thus far, can *ethic ſprings* our tempers bend:
Thus far, the thoughts of *ſaints*, or *kings*, may riſe,
And each *known* greatneſs, of earth's *uſual* ſize:
But, far more tow'ring, ſtill, the *poet's* fires!
Whoſe *breaſt*, a ray, from *God's own heart*, inſpires.

HEROES, and ſaints, *riſe, rare*---- yet, ſtill they riſe ;
And time's full ſtream, each *common art* ſupplies
Philoſophy's proud heights are hourly gain'd,
And *painting's* charms, and *muſick's* force attain'd
But, when the deathleſs POET is to ſhine,
Long-lab'ring ages ſwell the *ſlow* deſign.
At length, *he comes:* the *birth* of *time* appears !
And heav'n ſmiles, *ſatisfy'd*, a thouſand years.

STRANGE greatneſs, this ! with which compar'd, *prieſt, ſaint*,
King, hero, and *philoſopher*, ſound *faint !*
He's none of theſe, whom *time* ſhall *poet* call,
But *more* than *either*, and *creates* them *all.*

LEARN, *poets*, learn, th' importance of your name ;
And, conſcious of your pow'r, *exalt* your aim.
Soul-ſhaking ſov'reigns of the paſſions, *you*
Hold wider *empire*, than the *Cæſars* knew.
While clam'rous *rhet'ric* but ſuſpends the mind,
And whiſp'ring *morals* ſigh, unheard, behind ;

While

While frail *philoſophy* but ſtarts deſigns,
And *revelation's* light too diſtant ſhines,
Ardent, and *cloſe*, the muſe maintains her ſway,
And the conſenting wiſhes make her way:
E'vn *pride's* raſh plunge, the *poet's* curb endures;
And ev'ry paſſage to the heart, is yours.

SCORN, then, the ſervile *imitators* name,
Nor, humbly ſplendid, wear *caſt coats* of fame:
Lean not, *ſuſtain'd* — a weight, no muſe *allows!*
Pilf'ring the faded bays, from *claſſic* brows;
Nor creep, contented, in the modern way;
A dry, dull, ſoft, low, languid, tireſome lay!
But, ſtrongly ſacred, and ſublimely warm,
Strike the aw'd ſoul, and the touch'd paſſions charm:
'Till the ſtern *cynic*, ſoft'ning at your ſtrain,
Feels himſelf *mov'd*, and hugs the pleaſing pain.
While *lazy lovers*, from their languor, ſtart,
And gain a *conqueſt*, tho' they *loſt* a heart.

SUCH wond'rous *change* can *harmony* command!
For heav'n lent nature to the *poet's* hand;
Gave him, the paſſion's boundleſs pow'r to *know*;
And, like a *god*, diſtribute *joy* and *woe*:

Taught the *tun'd nerves*, at each known ſou
to ſpring,
And *bound, obedient*, to the warbling ſtring:
Bad the blood's current, in compliance, roll;
And the charm'd ſpirits ruſh, in tides of *ſoul*.

YE, who feel, ſtrong, this pow'r, that hea
has lent,
Be your rais'd hearts, with equal ardour, bent:
Dare to praiſe virtue, tho' *unprais'd, before*;
Lance your keen ſatires at *oppreſſive pow'r*:
Be worth, *obſcure*, by your bright genius, ſough
And gild its paleneſs, in your ſun of thought:
Lift it to notice; give it ſtrength to move,
And teach dull greatneſs, how to *know* and *lo*

WITH nerves of *thought*, invig'rate *man*
themes;
Nor, idly, ſport, in fancy's *empty* beams;
Let no baſe *flatt'ry* tempt your verſe aſtray,
Nor a *light laughter* a low taſte diſplay.
In wit's cold *ſhallows* wade, for ſhame! no more
Her *ſoundleſs ocean* tempts you, from the ſhore:
Up her vaſt *ſteeps*, launch, with intrepid climb,
And ſwim, thro' ages, down the ſtream of time.

THO'

THO' faint, thro' modiſh miſts, *religion* ſhines,
Oft, let her ſacred ſoarings *lift* your lines:
Oft, let your thoughts take fire, at that *firſt* flame,
From whoſe bright effluence inſpiration came.
Th' almighty *god*, who gave the ſun to blaze,
Voic'd the *great poet*, for his maker's praiſe:
Firſt, for his *glory*, form'd the world's extent;
Then, form'd a *language*, for that glory, *meant*.
Hence, have all tow'ry minds, ſublimely fir'd,
With in-born ſtrength, to their own heav'n aſpir'd;
While conſcious *pertneſs*, for ſuch heights unfit,
Safe, to ſlight ſubjects, pins its puny wit.

LIVES there a man, whoſe breaſt, with honour, glows?
Who, wrong'd, by friends, forgives, and pities, foes;
Who, ſtill deſerving, never gains ſucceſs,
But lives, oppreſs'd, by ſhunning to oppreſs?
Who can all grief, for his own woes, reſtrain,
Yet melts, in gen'rous tears, at *other*'s pain?
Teach him, O muſe! to wiſh no monarch's ſway,
Greater, in want, than, in dominion, they!

For, oh! --- what diff'rence! 'twixt th' effulgent mind,
That longs for light, leſt *others* ſhould be *blind*,
And *him*, who, wanting nothing, *graſping all*,
Seems great, himſelf, becauſe all, round, look ſmall!

OR, does a ſofter ſubject ſuit your mind?
Fond of the *fair*, and, to their int'reſt, kind;
Pity ſome maid, whom modeſt wiſhes move,
Unbleſs'd, by fortune, yet inſpir'd, by love;
Fair, without followers, without art, ſincere,
Prais'd, without hope, and, without conqueſt, dear:
There, let the *muſe*, the *rights* of *beauty* prove,
For all are equal, by the laws of *love*.
There let the muſe perſwade, on virtue's ſide,
And teach *lame* love to leap the *bars* of pride:
The pains of paſſion let the *muſe* impart,
And, to ſoft yieldings, mould the ſtubborn heart.

ARE there, whoſe rais'd diſtinction *ſweetly* ſhines,
And whom high fortune fill's with high deſigns?
Who, greatly *bleſſing* all, o'er whom they riſe,
Smile on th' inferior world, with friendly eyes?

Or

Or, whom the love of uſeful *arts* inſpires?
Or, whom *faith*, *gratitude*, or *friendſhip*, fires?
Or, whom, by *Charity's* ſoft glowings, warm'd,
All vice has fled from, and all virtue charm'd?
Theſe, and all theſe, deſerve the *muſe's* ſtrain;
At once, adorn, and are adorn'd, again.

SHINES there a *captain*, form'd, for war's controul,
Born, with the ſeeds of conqueſt, in his ſoul?
By *envy*, driv'n to truſt his *in-bred* ſtore,
And, ſtill, the *leſs* ſupply'd, *renown'd* the more?
'Gainſt foes, and *friends*, at once, compelld to *guard*,
But *hardeſt preſs'd*, by thoſe, for whom, he warr'd;
Victor, alike, *ſupported*, or *betray'd*,
And obſtinate, in his oppreſſor's aid;
Pointing, ſuperior, from the heights, he won,
To teach his raſh ſupplanters *what* to *ſhun*.
Diſclaiming *vengeance*, while ſecure of *fame*,
And *griev'd*, not *angry*, at his *country's ſhame*:
Fearleſs of flatt'ry, here, *confeſs* the *great*,
And, to wrong'd glory, lend the *muſes weight*.
To crowns, and ſenates, hold a daring light,
And, 'ſpite of *M*——'s, do a *M*—— right.

SHOU'D

SHOULD *wit's high guardians* e'er their charge neglect,
Nor watch her *waning*, nor her growth protect,
Cold, and unmov'd, ſee *tragic* warmth decay,
And *epic* ſplendor fade, unfelt, away;
While, in their place, low taſtes the land defame,
Jeſts, without words; and laughter, without ſhame!
Poets expell'd the *ſtage*, ſupremely *theirs*,
And the bays with'ring, round the heads of *play'rs*;
Then ſhould the muſe, indignant, wake the throne,
And the whole thunder of her voice be ſhown.

O! THAT all verſe would *ſenſeleſs ſound* expel,
And the big *ſubject* bid the numbers ſwell!
But, ah! far ſhort th' unſolid tinklers riſe;
Nor *ſoar*, but *flutter*, in the muſe's ſkies.

SHAME on your *jingling*, ye ſoft ſons of rhyme!
Tuneful conſumers of your reader's time!
Fancy's light *dwarfs!* whoſe feather-footed ſtrains,
Dance, in wild windings, thro' a *waſte* of brains!

Yours

Yours is the guilt of *all*, who, *judging wrong*,
Miſtake *tun'd nonſenſe*, for the *poet's ſong*.
Provoking dulneſs! what a *foul* has he,
Who fancies *rhyme*, and *meaſure*, POETRY!
He thinks, profanely, that this gen'rous art
Stops, at the *ear*, with pow'r to ſhake the *heart*.

FOR twice nine cent'ries, why has partial fame,
O'er *worthier Romans*, ſwell'd th' *Auguſtan* name?
O'er *Julius*, nobler, and of mightier mind?
O'er ev'n *Veſpaſian*, darling of mankind?
What, but the *muſe*, this laſting diff'rence made?
Pleas'd *poets* lent the world's great *lord* their *aid*:
And, from their grateful praiſe, conſent firſt grew,
That he, who *rais'd* the arts, *ſurpaſs'd* them, too.

THINK, ye vain ſtateſmen! whoſe ſelf-pointed aims
Die, with your duſt, nor ſave your bury'd names,
Think, on the crowds of *buſy cyphers*, loſt,
Who, once, like *you*, their ſov'reign's ſmiles engroſs'd!
Cloudily, buſtling, fill'd a realm, alone,
And, with ſtate curtains, ſkreen'd the darken'd throne;

'Twixt

'Twixt crown, and ſubject, ſtood an envy'd *wall*,
Bought, built, clear'd, clouded, and decided all:
Yet, dead for ever, in *dumb* graves are laid,
And *reſt*, *forgotten*, with the noiſe they made.

No *Richelieu's* they—nor knew the *poet's pow'r*,
Nor, ſkill'd to *plant*, invok'd the genial ſhow'r:
Hence, their dry names, in *happy haſte*, decay,
And ev'ry barren glory fades away.

IN peace, *ſuch themes* demand the poet's fire,
Such ſubjects raiſe th' exalted art, ſtill higher:
But, if provok'd too far, ſome wav'ring ſtate,
Puſh'd, and inſulted, in perplex'd debate,
Feels her ſlow patience bluſh, — and, *tir'd*, *at length*,
Weighs her *mean wrongs*, againſt her mighty *ſtrength*;
If, then, wiſh'd WAR th'exerted genius *warms*,
And glowing *verſe* would rouſe a realm to *arms*,
Then, the *joint muſes* animate the ſong,
And the *whole godhead* pours the ſound along:
Then, the big notes, in tun'd excitement, roll,
Bid the blood boil, and wing the wafted ſoul:

Courage,

Courage, impatient, burns in ev'ry breath;
And a *taught brav'ry* leaps the lines of death.

THESE are the ſeaſons, O, ye muſe-inſpir'd!
When *ſtates*, *unwarlike*, may, to war, be *fir'd*;
Then, pow'rful verſe ſhould long-loſt heroes *raiſe*,
And kindle glory, at the catching blaze:
Arthur's great ghoſt, unreſting, and aſham'd,
That *William*'s *brav'ry* ſaw the brave *defam'd*,
Shining, *redeem'd*, in honour of our land,
Wou'd *ſmile*, to 'ſcape the *knighted tort'rers* hand,
Then, might our great, *third Edward*'s aweful ſhade,
Hem'd with ris'n ſtandards, dreadfully diſplay'd,
Pale, from his tomb, in *epic* ſtrides, advance;
And ſhoot cold horror thro' the heart of *France*.
Wide, o'er the *reading* world, extend alarms,
And warn *proud ſtates* to ſhun *Britannia*'s arms.

OR, ſince the muſes ſons, in *courts*, are known,
And, pleas'd, pay homage, round a *reigning* throne,
Why are they ſlow, to ſing the *ſaxon* fame?
From whoſe long lineage, ſov'reign *Brunſwic* came: When

When their WHITE COURSER, by brave *Hengiſt*, born,
Did, *firſt*, in *Albion*, *war's* wav'd pomp adorn:
While *German aids* thy cliffs, O *Britain!* ſcal'd,
To *triumph*, where ev'n *Rome's* great help had *fail'd!*
To *ſave*, and give forgetful *England* NAME;
To plant a race, that know not *whence* they came:
To lend us *language*, to expreſs our fires,
In *grateful railings*, at our *German* fires.

THUS, O ye *happy few*, *!* for glory, born,
Whoſe ſtarry wreathes your country's fame adorn,
Waſte not, on *vulgar* themes, your breathing fire,
But tune, for *gen'rous ends*, your living lyre:
Teach the miſtaken world a *juſter* rate,
To *court* your praiſes, and to *dread* your hate.
Then, when kind heav'n inſpires the vaſt *ſublime*,
And your verſe *lives*, and claims the *ſtamp* of *time*,
Hiſt'ry ſhall *die*, and ſcarce preſerve a *name*;
While *poets* flouriſh, in immortal fame.

How have endanger'd *ballancers* of *ſtate*
Liv'd, in light ign'rance of the *muſe's weight?*

How

How might a *guided ſtage* men's wills *prepare*,
To brook *tame* PEACE, or wiſh *reluctant* WAR!
How might the ſubtle ſcene our paſſions *wind!*
And the watch'd arms of *young* ſedition *bind!*
How *timely* might this pow'rful art *perſuade!*
How make light lovelier, and illumine ſhade!
Eaſe ſtateſmen's labours, animate their aims,
Adorn their actions, and embalm their names!

SHOU'D *W*——'s ſelf, unconſcious of the *muſe*,
Provoke her vengeance, or her rev'rence loſe,
In vain were *votes!* ſhe could his pow'r defy,
And bid his blacken'd mem'ry *never die:*
Shade his beſt virtues, widen each miſtake,
And his hop'd fame, from *unborn ages* take.
Or, ſhe could force *unwilling praiſe* to climb,
And float him, topmoſt, on the tide of time;
Bid millions *bleſs* him, ages after death,
And give new life, in a charm'd people's breath:
When no ſkill'd antiquary finds his *buſt*,
And his *proud buildings* ſhall be loſt, in duſt.

PARDON, ye living lights! where-e'er you ſhine,
Ye, bleſt *elect!* ye *prophets*, of the *nine!*
Pardon,

Pardon, that I, whom fainter flames inſpire,
Have, thus, preſum'd to *point* your heav'nly fire:
To make the great *more great*, requires your ſkill;
I want the pow'r, nor ev'n poſſeſs the *will*.
While to *myſelf*, I *live*, obſcurely *bleſs'd*,
Look round the *buſy* world, and *hug* my *reſt*;
Plac'd below greatneſs, and above diſtreſs,
I pity *pow'r*, and hold faſt *happineſs*:
Purſue no int'reſt, no mean proſpect raiſe;
Reject no cenſure, and invite no praiſe.

The IMPARTIAL.

ARE theſe the marks, then, of our promis'd ſhame!
Or did detraction ſteal the patriot's name?
Weak, if we were, how roſe we, now, ſo ſtrong?
Or whence, if pow'rful, were we ſcorn'd, ſo long?
Burn, ſooty ſlander, burn thy blotted ſcroll:
Greatneſs is greatneſs, 'ſpite of faction's ſoul.

I GAZE, aſtoniſh'd kingdom, o'er thy face,
And each weigh'd wonder, to its fountain, trace.

Glory

Glory flows in, where infamy was ſpread:
And long-loſt triumph lifts her tow'ring head.
Warm, o'er the icy *north*, thy influent awe
Bids hoſtile leagues *diſſolve*, in friendly thaw.
Up *Rhine*'s ſtrong ſtream, *Britannic* thunders wind,
And *Alpine* mountains ſhake, and ſtates, behind.
Auſtria's plum'd eagle, beak'd, and wing'd, once more,
Sees baffled *Bourbon* driv'n, from ſhore, to ſhore.
Sea-ſhook *Auſonia*, red, with warring hoſts,
Starts, from her *Adrian*, to her *Tyrrhene* coaſts.
Ev'n *Rome*'s imperious *mitre* learns to *bow*,
And *Spain*'s THALESTRIS is but *woman*, now!

WHENCE this, amazing change? —'twas, late, all, *fear*:
No warring god, invok'd, inclin'd his ear.
Tyrants, combin'd, found freedom's rights betray'd:
Faith, faſt-expiring, ſaw the falſe invade,
Commerce cajol'd, reluctance brib'd, rage tame:
Ev'n *empire trod on* — yet, untouch'd, by ſhame!
Then was the *criſis*; then, fate's hand appear'd:
Then, might the world be deaf, for *Britain* heard.

Wave-worſhip'd *Britain!* one, to all, oppos'd!
By friends, deſerted, and, by foes, inclos'd,
Fills the world's eye, diſpels the *doubter's* care;
Bids the bold tremble, and the backward dare:
High, to the nations, points their *guardian's* throne,
And acts, and arbitrates, and ſhines, *alone.*

AND have ſuch fires inflam'd a patient reign?
Immortal heav'n! and muſt we, ſtill, *complain?*
Still, muſt we rail, and blacken, and ſuſpect?
At once, curb vigilance, and *goad* neglect?
Deep let my ſoul deteſt th' *adheſive* pride,
That, changing ſentiment, unchanges ſide:
True, to contempt of truth, repents, within,
Yet, ſcreens conviction, and *ſtrains hard*, to ſin.

SHAME on this craft, to *ſcare!* — this toil, to *ſeem!*
O heart, indignant, fly th' unmanly ſcheme;
Bluſh, for thy paſt injuſtice; ſhrink no more;
But wake, and wonder, thou wert dark, before!
Learn, from *whoſe hand* th' unlook'd-for effluence came;
And, in the teeth of inſult, *found his name.*

WHAT

WHAT, tho' ſome friend, thou lov'ſt, had narrower ſight?
Truth knows no *parties*, and involves, like *light*.
Shadows, and names fright cowards — but the ſtrong
Ne'er call that *lightneſs*, which is *ſcorn* of *wrong*.
Dare to be juſt, 'tis all that brav'ry means;
He ſtoops too baſely, who, to *flatt'ry*, leans:
But, whom pale *prejudice* has taught his part,
Born, for a ſlave, wears fetters, on his *heart*;
Sees, undiſcerning; feels, without his touch:
Judges, too little, and decides too much.

POETS have nobler ſouls: fame's paths they *ſhow*;
They glow themſelves, and teach the world, to glow.
Satire's whole pow'r their own—yet, *praiſe* they *chuſe*,
Ev'n of unconſcious kings, who ſlight the muſe.
Proud of neglected force, each heav'n-touch'd mind,
Open, to reaſon, is, to int'reſt, blind.
Self, all unthought of, can, for others, think:
Swim, 'till the ſtate *rides ſafe*, then, ſmile, and *ſink*.

Lift, ev'n the worth that hates him; love it *ſhown*;
And, for his country's joys, exclude his own,
This is to think, like *muſes*, act, like MAN:
This *Princes* OUGHT to feel—and *poets* CAN.

YE, once miſguided! is retraction *vain*?
Truſt the brave injur'd: nor perſiſt to ſtain.
Why ſhould *ſuſpicion* penitence out-live?
None doubt forgiveneſs, but who ne'er forgive.
HEAV'N has been wrong'd, yet, ſtill, goes on, to *bleſs*;
For ſins of blindneſs err, *beneath* diſtreſs.
So wrong'd, ſo pard'ning, *Cart'ret* heeds no foe;
But *ſaves*—unangry, at the *rage below*.

OFF, with theſe ſhackly *quoils*, of twin'd intrigue;
Theſe nets for liberty, theſe links of league.
Trite, venal, *cant!* which envy's arts can teach
To cenſure ev'ry pow'r, we fail to *reach*.
No gen'rous heart, miſdrawn to devious *beat*,
When truth's new luſtre ſhines, diſclaims its heat.
Charm'd, and ſurpriz'd, I *hug* my country's fame;
Compar'd, O heav'n! with years of length'ning *ſhame*.

YE

YE *ſons*, who love her, weigh the threat'ning ſwell,
Of *Spain*, *France*, faction, calumny, and hell!
Weigh, with what *ſpeed*, repell'd, from *mound* to *mound*,
Subſiding danger, ſought her *bidden* bound!
Hail the white cliffs of *Albion*, held, ſerene,
While round her, redd'ning, rolls the *bloody* ſcene.
I hail it, *all*: — and hail th' acknowledg'd *cauſe*,
Hail the mind's *reach*, that gives earth's uproar *laws*!
Safe, mid ſurrounding *menace*, guards mankind;
Guides ev'ry council! buſies ev'ry wind!
Shakes the world's ſhakers! *bears*, for land and main,
And binds fell tyrants, while they *bite* their chain.

YE muſe-made *Mentors*! rais'd, on fancy's wings,
To think, for heroes, and to reign, for kings;
When cou'd your ſons of time's *feign'd* births, do more?
For, ne'er *true* ſtory reach'd *theſe heights*, before.

FAV'RITES have, *oft*, in many a troubled ſtate,
Poiz'd the *king's love*, againſt the *people's hate*;
Oft, the firm leader, in ſome patriot ſcheme,
Has, with bold ſteerage, *ſtemm'd* the *royal* ſtream:
And, *ſometimes*, too — yet rare, too rare, that praiſe!
The ſafe, at home, *abroad*, have gather'd *bays*.
But NONE, 'till *Cart'ret* roſe, e'er hop'd to *ſee*
One maſt'ring genius *graſp th'* UNWILLING THREE!
Prince *half* confiding — people *all* unjuſt —
Abroad *all diſcord*, and, at home, *diſtruſt* —
Propp'd, on himſelf, like the world's *weight*, he lay,
And thro' *contention's impulſe*, ſhap'd his *way*;
Heard the claſh'd elements, deſpis'd their brawl,
Roll'd on, ſelf-centred — and *inorb'd 'em all*.

The

The LOVER's Complaint.

IF, on the tow'ring *Alps'* amazing height,
Whoſe cliffy tops our climbing eyes affright,
And, with chill horror, ſtrike the ſtartled ſight,
If there, *Celinda*, thou had'ſt chanc'd to be
The piny product of ſome teeming tree;
Taſteleſs, of human pity, might'ſt thou grow,
And, forc'd to bend, when ruffling tempeſts blow,
Nod, angry, at the plains, that ſpread, below.
Ev'n pines, and oaks, can bend to ſtones, and be
More flexible, than thy ſtrong hate, to *me!*
The greedy ocean, whoſe inſatiate waves
Flow, to devour; whoſe ſmootheſt ſmiles are graves;
Of all its monſtrous forms, has none ſo cold,
Nor does one rock, in its vaſt boſom, hold,
That, had it ſenſe, ſuch cruelty would ſhow,
To triumph, in the ſhipwreck'd ſailor's woe:
Nothing, in nature, does, ſo fix'd, remain,
But love's ſoft fire can gradual entrance gain,
And all, but thee, once lov'd, will love again.

The Tranſport.

I.

MOUNT my freed ſoul! forſake thy
loof'ning clay,
Broadly, at once, expand thy wingy zeal,
Rapture, involv'd in raptures, feel,
And, thro' yon dazzling regions, cut thy way!
See! ſee! as 'twixt the op'ning worlds, I ſoar,
Millions of beck'ning joys, at once, in view,
Draw me, ſtill, onward, thro' th' unfathom'd
ſky!
Raviſh'd! o'erwhelm'd! amaz'd! I fly,
'Midſt pleaſures, which, before,
My boldeſt flights of fancy never knew!
Oh! thou dim ſpeck! thou duſky earth! farewel,
From height, like this, I ſee thee, plainly, now!
Thou art, at beſt, a kind of hope-cool'd hell!
I ſee, and I deteſt thy painted pride!
What ſun-guilt bubbles all thy grandeurs are!
What gugaws all thy tinſel'd ware!
Oh! who that ſaw thee, hence, could ſwell, with
pride!

HARK!

II.

HARK! how the ſtarry vaults of heav'n reſound!
With ſhouts, that ſhake the rolling orbs around!
Kindly, with earth-aſſiſting care,
Deſcending angels aid th' o'erloaded air!
And my too weighty burthen, upward, bear!
High-flooding tides of rapture ſenſe confound!

Where am I, now? oh, fiercely glorious view!
The liquid pavement, ſparkling, ſhines,
With ſtar-mix'd adamant, and flaming gold!
Now exſtacies, paſt exſtacies, purſue!
Glory, refulgent, aking ſight confines!
My mem'ry loſt, my trembling tongue con-
troul'd!
O! who, with mortal eyes, can heav'n's bright
king behold!

The

The STATESMAN.

SEE'ST thou yon mountain, ſo immenſely high,
Around whoſe ſky-crown'd head raw tempeſts fly!
How, low'ring darkly, o'er the ſhadow'd plain,
It hangs, the genuine ſeat of horror's reign!
Its craggy ſides hold, thin, a ſterile ſoil,
Which, promiſing no harveſt, tempts no toil!
No grazing cattle crop ſubſiſtence, there,
Nor flow'r-fed breezes feaſt the hungry air!
No ſoft meand'ring current glides along,
To court the meadows, with its murm'ring ſong,
No lofty ſpires a wand'ring glance invite,
Nor wind-ſhook woods arreſt the raviſh'd ſight!
All rough, and wild, it rears its rocky head,
Severely aweful, and un-lovely ſpread:
From its cold top, ſoil-ſweeping torrents flow,
Form'd, by unfruitful floods of native ſnow!
Sorrow ſits, brooding, on its furrow'd face,
And deſolation covers all the place.
See'ſt thou all this, fond *youth!* ſo charm'd, with *ſtate?*
Such is the envy'd bliſs, that gilds the *great!*

Such

Such are the barren honours they enjoy!
For ſuch diſtinction, they their cares employ!
They move our *pity*, while they tempt our *ſight*;
High above all, indeed, but *fruitleſs*, in their height.

SOLITUDE.

WELCOME, cool breeze, to fan my glowing mind,
Cinder'd, with fev'riſh cares, and conſtant woe!
Welcome, ſoft bliſs, by gracious heav'n, deſign'd,
The out-worn paths of antient peace to ſhow,
The road, which wiſdom loves to go,
And teach aſpiring *man* true happineſs to know.
In thy ſweet ſhades, uninterrupted, reigns,
Free from care-toil'd nature's ſtrains,
The downy god of eaſe!
In thee, the innocent, and life-bleſs'd ſwains,
Unſway'd, by low deſire of worldly gains,
Their uncorrupted ſenſes, juſtly, pleaſe;
Nor know the penetrating curſe of pains,
But travel, ſmoothly, up to death, by mild, and ſlow degrees.

ON

II.

ON thy calm coaſts, no whirlwind doubts we find,
No terrifying blaſts to break ſoft ſleep:
No ſelf-rais'd tempeſts ſhake man's hurry'd mind,
For queſtion'd riches, which the wild winds ſweep,
Along the furrow'd boſom of the deep;
And which, ev'n e'er we *gain*, we fear to *loſe*.
No watchful guards, in thee, we need to keep,
But reſt, in peaceful ſlumbers, duely find,
Nor feel the killing cares, which great men, madly, chuſe.

III.

SMOOTHLY, revolving years,
Unloaded, with a needleſs weight of fears,
Slide, unperceiv'd, and ſteadily, away:
Safe, in the humble ſhelter of content,
Our apprehenſion, eaſy, and unbent,
Sometimes, but ſeldom, looks abroad, to know,
How things, about us, go.
Sometimes, we, upward, deign to caſt our eye,
And view, with curious ſcorn, the gath'ring clouds,

Which

Which warring princes, plac'd, for miſchief, high,
Supinely, ſit, and bid, againſt each other, fly:
From coverts, where our choice our fortune ſhrouds.

We ſee all this, and hear the noiſe it makes;
As one, well-hous'd, ſees the blue light'ning fly,
And hears the rolling thunder ſhake the ſky;
While he, regardleſs, where the tempeſt breaks,
Without the *danger*, the *delight* partakes:
Thus, while, on earth, our bodies, happy, ſtay,
While, here, our joy-finn'd moments ſwim away;

Our elevated minds, above the ſpheres,
Forget their weak-built tenement of clay;
And by the trying fire of reaſon, grow
So pure, ſo free, from thought-diſord'ring ſin,
That when, from life, on their laſt call they go,
In large expanſe of ſoul, they, upwards, flow,
And rather mix *with* heav'n, than dwell *therein*.

On *Mr.* Cowley's *introducing* Pindaric *Verſe.*

I.

SACRED ſoul! harmonious ſwan!
Whoſe ſweeteſt notes, long before death, began!
And the long tuneful race, unwearied, ran!
Long, before death, began the ſong; and ſtill the ſong improv'd,
And ſtill new ſtrings, and ſtill new pleaſure mov'd!
How, mighty muſe! did'ſt thou, and thou, alone,
(For the gigantic taſk was all thy own)
Find means to draw ſuch unexhauſted ſtore,
From ſprings, which were ſo poor?
From fountains, choak'd with blood, and made, by duſt, impure.
How, 'midſt an iron age,
The dreadful, and the over-acted ſtage,
Of undiſtinguiſh'd ſcenes of rage,
Where ſtriving merit, ſtruck, by mis'ry, fell;
And all, that learning, then, could teach, was, how to ſuffer well.

How,

How, in this toilſome age,
Did'ſt thou, immortal man! when arts were overthrown,
When all the muſes garden was o'ergrown,
And whole *Parnaſſus* tumbled down,
Stand on its ruins, and erect a new one, of thy own.

II.

YET, as within the all-enlight'ning ſun,
Some ſpots our glaſſes find, amidſt the blaze,
Too ſmall, tho' viſible, to look on, long,
Becauſe encircled, with eye-dazzling rays;
So thou, great king of fancy! led aſtray,
By thy high-melted muſe, uncurb'd and gay,
And prancing proudly on, in wit's unmeaſur'd way!
Ha'ſt err'd, in judgment, where thou did'ſt deſign,
Thy judgment, moſt ſhould ſhine!
But all that's *human*, in thy verſe, is loſt, in the *divine*.
Immortal man! thou doſt, too raſhly, blame
The waſteful ſpirit of thy gloomy times,
Ev'n of that age of crimes,
Which gave the fate of ſuff'ring *Charles* to fame!

Short

Short-ſighted man, ſcarce ever aiming right,
Tho' eagle-ey'd, in mortal fight,
Oft, thus miſtakes, for chance, heav'n's well-reſolv'd decree,
And does, againſt it, fight!
That, which lights, to ſhadows, are,
Or peace, to war;
Such was that age, to thee!
Such contraries almighty wiſdom finds,
And ſtamps on human minds;
That virtue's viſage made, thereby, more bright;
May, when ſet oppoſite to ſin's black night,
To ſtrike all eyes, that ſhall her luſtre ſee,
Shine out, with double force, and doubly charming be.

III.

So fell the royal martyr, to convince
The wond'ring ages ſince,
How bleſt their fathers were, in ſuch a prince!
Oh! wond'rous! myſtic! undiſcover'd maze!
What *man* can ſearch his *God's* untrodden ways!
Hence our ſlow learners, late, are taught loſt worth to idolize!

And

And, hence, our long poſterity ſhall know,
(What heav'n, thence, meant to ſhow)
How many curſes three torn nations owe
To *zeal's* hot ſons, who, really, *had* no eyes,
And *pride*, who *ſaw* truth, *plain*, and, *ſeeing*, durſt *deſpiſe*.
So, too, immortal ſubject of my muſe!
The fav'rite theme, ſhe loves to chuſe!
So, too, the ſable ignorance of that age,
Like *foils*, which luſtre can, to diamonds, give,
Inſpir'd thy ſacred muſe, with that juſt rage,
Which greatly handing up to fame,
Thine, and thy ſov'reign's reſcu'd name,
Shall ev'n thy *Pindar*'s praiſe, but in thy works, outlive.

The Miracle *at* Cana.

WHEN *Chriſt*, at *Cana*'s feaſt, by pow'r divine,
Inſpir'd *cold water*, with the *warmth* of *wine*,
See! cry'd they, while, in *red'ning* tide, it guſh'd,
The baſhful ſtream hath ſeen its god, and *bluſh'd*.

On hearing a very dull Sermon.

IF, who would ſpeak things *well*, muſt mak
them *clear*,
And ſouls are touch'd, moſt ſtrongly, thro' the *ear*
If none *convince*, but they, who, firſt, *perſwade*,
Theſe preaching quacks, of heav'n, miſtake thei
trade:
Who cloak their brightneſs, with a cloud of *form*
And *freeze* the fancy, which they ought to *warm*

Arria *and* Pætus, *from* Martial.

WHEN, from her breaſt, chaſte *Arri*
dragg'd the ſword,
And, faintly, reach'd it her expecting lord;
My wound, ſaid ſhe, but waſtes unvalu'd breath,
'Tis thine, dear *Pætus*, gives the *ſting* to death.

An EPITAPH.

WHY in ſuch thoughtleſs haſte? O ſtay, and know,
The duſt, now mould'ring here, once hurried, ſo!
If *will*, to ſerve, or *art*, to pleaſe mankind,
If being mild, juſt, gen'rous, and kind;
If harmleſs mirth, free friendſhip, ſtingleſs truth,
Unſwerving judgment, and un-erring youth;
If theſe cou'd e're have brib'd the dart of *death*,
This grave's gay tenant ſtill had kept his breath:
Stay, then! and lend one ſigh, to mourn his fate,
So may *your* loſs be griev'd! ſo may your death be late.

Tereſa, *to* Du-Mont.

SUPERSCRIPTION.

Go, happy letter! go,
Into his hands, whom I adore, go, fly!
And, if he aſks for *me*, tell him I die!

The LETTER.

I.

I TOOK the paper, in my trembling hand,
Which, having writ your name, my pen confin'd:
And forc'd my haſty will, to make a ſtand,
While love's imperious tempeſt ſhook my mind.

II.

COLD, languid ſweats, fall, gently, from my brow,
And, while I ſtrive to write, I love you, well;
My conſcious heart whiſpers — thou know'ſt not how!
Alas! thou lov'ſt him more, than thou can'ſt tell.

III.

WHAT, then, remains, in this extreme, to do?
Say, trembling hand! cold, icy heart, declare!
You guide my fate: I'm bleſt, if you prove *true*,
And nothing, ſure! is *falſe*, that looks ſo *fair*.

SOME

IV.

SOME maids are ruin'd, and no *pity* find!
But their deceivers were not made, like *mine*;
Ah! who can ſee thy face, and not be kind?
Or ſtand the *charms* of ſuch a tongue, as *thine!*

Du-Mont *to* Tereſa.

SUPERSCRIPTION.

Fly, truth's ſad bearer, fly!
To her fair hands, who bleſt my hopes, too late,
And beg one tear, to mourn thy maſter's fate.

The ANSWER.

I.

I Read, with pleaſing pain, your letter o'er,
And when, beyond my hopes, I found you kind,
To think, I had ſworn, I ne'er wou'd ſee you more,
At once, ten thouſand paſſions tore my mind.

II.

THE anchor-bearing ſhip prepares to ſail;
The winds, malicious, ſing, at my diſtreſs;
The op'ning canvas hugs th'officious gale,
Did ever love chuſe ſuch a time, to bleſs?

III.

ILL-judging ſex! high-ſkill'd, in cruel arts,
To hide the joy, you give, in mingled pain!
Sportful, you toy, and fret your ſlave's fond hearts,
'Till oaths, or reaſon, break the galling chain.

IV.

THEN, when but one ſad choice remains to take,
To quit our honour, or wiſh'd love refuſe;
Too late, you ſigh, for your loſt ſervant's ſake,
And proffer treaſures, which he dares not uſe.

To Celinda, *deſiring him to deſcribe her.*

ALAS you know not what you bid me do!
He, who *loves* well, can ne'er diſtinguiſh, too.
To paint you, juſtly, aſks cool reaſon — I
Thro' paſſion's faithleſs glaſs, ſhould look too high.
If, when I trace you, abſent, killing fair!
I catch the aguiſh influence of deſpair;
To ſearch you, near, my ſoul cou'd ne'er endure,
Without diſſolving quite, in *love's hot calenture.*

On the Death of Prince GEORGE, *of* Denmark.

SINCE ſhe, by whom her people all live bleſt,
To ſorrow's reign, has giv'n her ruling breaſt,
Grief ſhould be loudly heard, as well as ſeen,
To noiſe his death, and mourn our widow'd queen.
The friends of *Anna* muſt not, ſilent, weep;
Of ſtreams, 'tis ſaid, the gentleſt are moſt deep!

But grief is *paſſion*, and, where paſſion reigns,
Nature ſcorns decency, and breaks her chains:
Like ſome fierce wind-driv'n ſhow'r, true grief appears;
'Tis but a *breeze*, that is allay'd, by *tears*.
She does, indeed, with ſighs, and tears, complain,
Like ſpring-born zephirs, mix'd, with ſprinkling rain!
But *we*, the cloud, with thunder charg'd, ſhould ſpread,
And gen'ral woe ſpeak big, to ſuit the virtue dead.
Great, as his mercy, ſhould our pity be,
Ah! who, unmov'd, can yon fair ſorrow ſee?
The royal *Dane* that treaſure long poſſeſt,
Dear, to her ſoul, and faithful, to her breaſt!
Free from ambition, innocently great,
'Twixt faction's ſhoals, he *piloted* the ſtate!
And temp'ring pow'r, tho' lord of ſov'reign ſway,
Shone bright, yet ſcorch'd not, like the ſun, in *May*.

PRO-

PROLOGUE,

Spoke by Mr. KEEN.

GRAVELY, inſpir'd, we find ourſelves, to-day,
As much inclin'd to preach, almoſt, as play.
What moral ſubject can we, then, advance,
More edifying, than the turns of chance!
All earthly bliſs rolls, unperceiv'd, away;
All mortal pow'r but proſpers, to decay!
Time was, when *Rome*'s wide zeal took in ſuch ſcope,
That kings, and emperors ſtood below the Pope;
But *holineſs*, ſoon growing out of faſhion,
Dominion thought it time to change her ſtation,
And ſnor'd an age out, with the *Spaniſh* nation.
That paſt, t'wards *France*, ſhe wing'd her dreadful way,
And flatter'd *Monſieur*, with all *Europe*'s ſway.
Now, we, bold *Britons*, claim her, as *our* right;
And, next, ſhe talks of turning *Muſcovite!*
Thus, favour'd, by the taſte of a late age,
The tyrant, *tragedy*, engroſs'd the ſtage:

Then,

Then, did the ſighs of dying heroes move,
And, then, you ſmil'd on honour, and on love:
But love, and honour, bear too ſtrict a ſway,
And our free *Britons* could not long obey!
So tragedy expir'd, with many a groan;
And *tragi-comedy* uſurp'd the throne:
This princeſs was, it ſeems, of mungrel nature,
Fair cauſe for *England's unmix'd* race to hate her!
She reign'd, but little time, and, when ſhe fell,
Briſk *comedy* roſe, rul'd, and govern'd well;
Yet, cou'd not independent pow'r maintain,
So, call'd in *farce*, co-partner of her reign;
The ſyren *op'ra*, next, uprear'd her head,
And, uncontroul'd, her wide dominion ſpread:
'Till *whim*, great *whim*, hurl'd pow'r, at one huge throw,
From *opera* — good Lord! to *puppet-ſhow*!
But 'tis mere folly, to recount paſt ills!
'Tis *ours*, to pleaſe your *taſtes*, not check your *wills*!
Do but, to-night, forgive our *comic* crime,
We'll get the dev'l, and *Punch*, to pleaſe, in time!
Cou'd you but one of our fam'd wits engage,
To write ſome *opera*, fit for *Punch's* ſtage;

The

The *wire-mov'd* heroes, here, ſhould *pipe* their *flames*,
And ſtride, in *jerks*, to *woo* their *wooden dames*;
So, might our ruin'd ſtage look big, again,
And break our *rivals*, in *St. Martin's Lane*.

PROLOGUE, *for a Friend.*

PROLOGUES were look'd upon, in former days,
But as the *porches*, not the *props*, of plays!
At firſt, confin'd, in humble tone, to pray,
They beg'd their hearers ſmile, upon the play:
Favour'd, in that, they climb'd, ſtill higher, and higher,
As riſing fortune much inflames deſire:
'Till now, our *poets* teach their *judges* ſenſe,
And damn the *audience*, in the *play's* defence.
Our author, leſs preſumptuous, bids me ſay,
He courts your favour, in a gentler way:
The untam'd genius of the *Britiſh* nation,
Diſdains conſtraint, but ſmiles on reſignation:
And when, in love, or wit, we take the field,
The ſureſt way to *conquer*, is to *yield*.

Not

Not but, our *brainleſs*, has good int'reſt, too,
And might, perhaps, claim *kin*, with ſome of you,
But he believes, he ſays, that, when we've ſhown him,
The *neareſt* to his *blood*, will, firſt, *diſown* him.

The EPILOGUE.

I HAVE been thinking, what *this houſe* muſt do,
To *ſhare* your envy'd favours, with the *new*:
But find, we ſtrive, in vain, their match to grow,
While 'tis not *they deſerve*, but *you beſtow!*
And no endeavours will advantage give;
Our *foes*, who, *cuckow-like*, can *ſleep*, and *live!*
You'll not be angry, gentle-hearted beaux!
'Tis natural, you know, to hate our foes!
The *he* controulers of our changeful ſtate,
With patient ſilence, bear their falling fate:
But *women*, wives or virgins, young, or old,
All claim one grand prerogative — to *ſcold*.
Long have we been neglected, *why*, heav'n knows,
For *tumblers—eunuchs*—fugh—and *puppet-ſhows!*

Ye

Ye gods! that all *new* things ſhou'd charm the mind!
New hopes, new cloaths, new faces, gull mankind.
Nay, could but *women* change as faſt as *you*,
Your very *wives*, in time, might *pleaſe* you, too:
Yet, there's one thing, that all the reſt ſurpaſſes,
That a *new houſe* ſhould *pleaſe*, ev'n with *old faces*.
Well, Sirs, theſe ſlights no *female* pride can bear,
That I, this houſe's championeſs, declare;
We do not only claim kind ſmiles, from you,
But muſt be own'd moſt worthy of them, too.
This, he, who dares deny, provokes my rage,
And I defy him, by this knightly gage:
[*throws down a glove*]
At twelve, to-night, I'll come, alone, to meet him,
And ne'er truſt *woman*, if I don't defeat him.

On the broad-brim'd Hats, *which were brought over, by the* French, *about the Time of the* Treaty *at* Utrecht

HOW comes it, *Meſſieurs!* that we ſee you wear
Hats, that ſo much out-ſwell your uſual air?
Had fam'd *Gertruydenburg* beheld this ſize,
Th' enormous *brims* had ſpoke the wearers wiſe,
While, there, proud conq'rors heard your monarch pray,
And, roughly, clipp'd the pinions of his ſway;
Then, loſt to fortune, and diſrob'd of fame,
They'd paſs'd for modeſt cov'rings of your ſhame.
But, now, you land, triumphant, on our ſhore.
And *Anna*'s thunder has forgot to roar:
While, here, you, ſmartly, give your maſter law,
And, from loſt battles, vict'ry's triumphs draw:
An *Engliſh cock*, methinks, with better air,
Wou'd grace the tranſport your glad eyes declare:
Change, change, your hideous brims, and timely chuſe,
To ſtrike a bargain, without fear to looſe:
There are, at court, they ſay, who needs muſt know,
Their heads will ſoon require a broad *chappeau*.

The SUN-FLOWER.

I.

A Week's long abſence had *Liberia* kept,
From thoſe bleſt floors, which us'd her feet to kiſs:
Returning, ſhe, to view the garden, ſtept,
The garden, which was half *Liberia*'s bliſs.

II.

THERE, while deſcending, 'twixt the terras walls,
She ſaw a ſun-flow'r hang its wither'd head;
To *Philip*, loud, the wond'ring charmer calls,
Tell me, ah, me! how came this ſun-flow'r dead?

III.

I know not, Madam, the prompt ſervant cry'd;
But, for this fortnight paſt, it ſtrangely pin'd!
I've water'd it, in vain, and all arts try'd;
'Twas, ſurely, blaſted, by ſome hurtful wind!

IV.

ALAS poor faded ſun-flow'r! anſwer'd ſhe,
And her fair fingers to the ſtalk directs;
Strait, from behind the leaves, out flies a *bee*,
And, humming round her, buzz'd its due reſpects.

V.

BRIGHT maid! it ſaid, diſdain not, tho' I'm
ſmall,
To be inſtructed, in your doubts, by *me*:
That old *waſp*, whom the *god of love* you call,
Is *wing'd*, and *ſting'd*, a little, like a *bee*.

VI.

YOUR pity ſeeks the mournful cauſe to know,
Why this departed flow'r, thus, hangs its head;
Since *Philip* can't, Oh! give *me* leave, to ſhow,
The unguefs'd accident, by which its dead.

VII.

SOME ten days ſince, when bolting from your
door,
On this ill-fated ſpot you fix'd your foot;
This ugly flow'r you cry'd, I can't endure;
And, ſtrait cold grief ſhot, tingling, to its root.

VIII.

SINCE, then, each hapleſs hour, in ſwift decay,
Has, more and more conſum'd the with'ring ſtalk,
And I, alas! muſt, now, be driv'n away,
To ſeek chance honey, in ſome leſs-lov'd walk.

BUT,

IX.

BUT, let me, fair deſtroyer! e'er I go,
One gentle caution, to your beauty, give,
Since what you diſapprove, muſt periſh ſo,
Ah! watch your words! and let the *captain* live.

The DISCOVERY.

I.

THIS comes to let *Liberia* know,
That beauty is ſo much heav'n's care,
That all, fine women ſay, or do,
Is mark'd, and treaſur'd, in the air.

II.

HENCE, I, a ſtranger to your ſight,
Whoſe hand, perhaps, you do not know,
Learn, all you do, by day, or night,
As by theſe preſents, I ſhall ſhow.

III.

YOUR memory cannot but retain
Some hint of little *Pope*'s bold muſe,
Who, made, by lady's ſecrets, vain,
Did, once, a tell-tale ſubject chuſe.

IV.

HAVE you not read him, where he prates,
Of *Arabella*'s raviſh'd hair;
And ſtories, of thoſe *ſilphs*, relates,
Whoſe ſweet taſk is, to guard the *fair*.

V.

I AM that happy *ſilph*, aſſign'd,
To ſcreen *Liberia*'s breaſt, from harms;
To flutter round her, in the wind,
And feaſt my fancy, with her charms.

VI.

I HAVE you, always, in my view;
And, t'other day, employ'd my wit,
With nameleſs lines, to puzzle you,
On the grief-wither'd ſun-flow'r, writ.

VII.

I, AT that time, in ambuſh, plac'd,
Snug, under *Mopſy*'s left ear, lay,
And laugh'd, to hear, how wrong you gueſs'd,
Who thought they came another way.

'TWAS

VIII.

'TWAS I, your faithful *ſilph*, 'twas I,
That, ever ſtudious of your eaſe,
My ſkill, in verſe, reſolv'd to try,
In verſe, which, moſt, the *fair* can pleaſe.

IX.

PERHAPS, 'twill ſtartle you, to hear,
How I, your actions, hourly, watch:
That, though you ſee me not, I'm *near*;
And fly, each ſtraggling ſigh to catch!

X.

SOMETIMES, in this ſhape, ſometimes that,
My various duties I perform;
Sometimes, aſtride your rambling *cat*,
I hide, in *fur*, and ſhade my *form*.

XI.

BUT, when your ſtroking hand I feel,
From the ſoft back, I leap, with joy;
My fairy fabrick, ſtill, conceal,
But *Puſs*'s active paws employ,
And, ſportful, with your milky fingers, toy.

XII.

OFT, as you ſit, to ſip your *tea*,
In a *fly's* ſhape, your charms to ſearch,
Seeking ſome place, where, beſt, to ſee,
I, on the lumps of ſugar, perch.

XIII.

THERE, while, one day, divinely pleas'd,
I gaz'd, in raptures, on your face,
Your ſugar-tongs the *Captain* ſeiz'd,
And me, between two lumps, he ſqueez'd,
Half dead, upon the place.

XIV.

BUT I was even with him, ſoon,
For, catching him, all gay,
At the *Park* door, one afternoon,
With hands, too full of play:
I took the figure of a *gnat*,
And, midſt his am'rous ſtrains,
Whiſk'd, from your boſom, where I ſat,
And ſtung his fingers, for his pains,

XV.

BUT, oh! I tremble, to relate,
How, by your ſmile-bleſt looks, bewitch'd,
I, lately, 'ſcap'd a far worſe fate;
While you, with red, and yellow, mix'd,
At work, on yonder threſhold, fix'd,
Your ſilky mazes ſtitch'd.

XVI.

THERE, I, again, a luckleſs *fly*,
Not dreaming any danger near,
Lay, baſking in your ſunny eye,
My little aking heart to chear.

XVII.

WHEN, on a ſudden, through and through,
YOUR piercing needle, careleſs, paſs'd,
And the drag'd ſilk, ſwift-following, too,
Bound down my tiny body faſt.

XVIII.

THERE, had I ſtay'd, transfix'd, 'till now,
Nor miſs'd, nor mourn'd, perhaps, by you!
But, that the ſtitch, the lord knows how,
You lik'd not, and, thank heav'n, withdrew.

XIX.

WHEN, once, with you, your ſiſter *Celia* ſtood,
Celia! that ſweet, and lovely maid!
Two thoughtleſs bold park-wand'ring fops were rude,
And you two charmers, both afraid,
Ruſh'd in, and fled, diſmay'd,

XX.

I, THEN, fair charge! unknown to you,
By love, and vow'd revenge, inſpir'd,
Did, like a *waſp*, the fools purſue,
And, ſlily, down their throats, retir'd.

XXI.

THEN, to their tongue's preſumptuous root, I flew,
And both, with tingling venom, fir'd;
Now learn, ſaid I, when, next, you ſee
Yon tempting pair adorn their gate,
How ſacred modeſt lovelineſs ſhould be,
And what the inſolent prophaner's fate!

THUS,

XXII.

THUS, all day long, is *Seraphil*,
Liberia's wakeful *ſilph* employ'd;
So rich a charge claims ten-fold ſkill,
And care, ſo charm'd, can ne'er be cloy'd.

XXIII.

BUT, when, at night, the happy bed
Receives her ſnowy limbs, to reſt,
I ſleep's ſoft miſt, about her ſpread;
Then, ſtretch me, bliſsful, on her breaſt.

XXIV.

THERE, 'till the full grown morning ſmiles,
In downy heavings, loſt, I lie,
Or, wander o'er thoſe charms, 'twixt whiles,
For which a thouſand lovers die.

XXV.

AT laſt, unwillingly, I riſe,
And ſeizing faſt her rubied lip,
In a ſharp-biting *flea's* diſguiſe,
I, from her breath, the nectar ſip.

XXVI.

AND, then, *Liberia*, ſtarting, cries,
Duce take this ugly ſharp-mouth'd flea!
But, now I'm wak'd, I think, I'll riſe:
So dreſſes—and ne'er dreams of *me!*

XXVII.

THUS, have I honeſtly, at laſt, confeſs'd,
What ſort of little ſcribbling thing I be;
Leſt, growing curious, you might wrong have gueſs'd,
And thought ſome *other* ſent, what came from *me*.

To LIBERIA, *with a* Squirrel.

THESE, my laſt lines, I write with bleeding heart,
For, oh! *Liberia*, and her *ſilph*, muſt part!
I muſt no more engroſs that envy'd care,
Which angels, now, in crowds, have beg'd to ſhare.
Now, I no more muſt flutter, in your ſight,
And, from your eye-beams, gild my wings, with light:

No

No more, in fields of air, when *ſilphs* rejoice,
Dance to the ſoft-tun'd muſick of your voice!
Liſten no more, while, in the *Mall*, you walk,
What the admiring crowds, that meet you, talk.
On your right ſhoulder's tip, no more, ſhall blaze,
Bright, with the flaſh of eyes, which, paſſing, gaze!
And, when, ſometimes, you're ſad, no more ſhall I
See myſelf weep, by peeping in your eye!
Theſe comforts paſt, and mention'd, now, in vain,
Serve but to make remembrance ake, with pain!
Little, alas! I thought, when laſt I writ,
That I, ſo ſoon, my boaſted charge muſt quit!
But our great king, whom all we ſilphs obey,
Wretch, that I am! commanded me away:
Far off, to eaſtern ſhores, I was to go;
Where the proud *turk* keeps love, and woman, low:
Where full twelve hundred rival beauties ſtrive,
To keep *one* lover's lazy flame alive:
Where female charms are taught the humble ſkill,
To court the fancy, and not bow the will:
To this new poſt preferred, I was to fly;
And paſs before the haughty *ſultan's* eye;
There,

There, in his glitt'ring palace, gay with ſtate,
On his new fav'rite *ſultaneſs* to wait:
But, ah, *Liberia!* by thy ſweetneſs won,
Thy doating *ſilph* was doom'd to be undone;
Theſe proffer'd honours had no charm for me
I cou'd not taſte a joy, remote from *thee!*
Thou art my *pride*, and, where thou art not ſeen,
Sorrow would catch me, tho' I ſerv'd a *queen!*
This, when I told our prince, he never weigh'd
My grief's juſt cauſe, but thought I diſobey'd.
Swift, he o'ertook me, with an angry vow,
And chang'd me to the ſhape I come in, now.
Scarce had I time, to write my wretched fate,
And beg'd a friend to bring me to your gate;
Helpleſs, and dum, ah! whither ſhould I go,
But to her breaſt, whoſe pitying ſoul I know?
She, who, to *Puſs* and *Mopſy*, kind can be,
Will, ſure! thought I, have ſome concern for me.
Weak, though I am, ſome gratitude is due:
I claim your care, for my paſt care of you.
Elſewhere, I will not my new wants ſupply,
And when *you* ſtarve me, 'twill be time to die.
I may, hereafter, ſome ſmall ſervice do,
For yet my body's weak, and form but new.

If

If you ſhall pleaſe to help me, thro' my youth,
And, with milk-ſoften'd biſket, ſave my tooth;
Grateful, when I grow up, I'll keep yours ſtrong,
And crack nuts, for you, all the glad day long;
If, kindly, you ſhall bleſs me, with your care,
And ſhield me, from the pinching wint'ry air;
Cloſe, round your neck, like ſome warm tippet, roll'd,
In froſty nights, I'll guard you from the cold;
And while, in your ſoft hand, you let me play,
I'll growl the *Captain's* rivals all away.
Refuſe not, then, tho' chang'd, to keep me, ſtill,
And, oh! remember, *Pug* was *Seraphil*.

The Motto *on* PUG's *Collar*.

I AM no common earth-born *Pug*;
My name is *Seraphil*:
Once, I was fair *Liberia*'s ſilph,
And am her ſervant, ſtill.

To my dear, and ever honoured Mother; *in Anſwer to ſome Verſes, which ſhe ſent me, about* Spirits, *from* Malmeſbury Abbey.

MADAM, your lovely muſe's late employ
Was read, with wonder, and a pride-mix'd joy:
Fortune, in vain, her batt'ring engines bends,
'Gainſt ſouls, which ſuch a wit-rais'd ſtrength defends!
Secure, within, you outward ſtorms defy,
And look, ſerenely, on a ruffled ſky:
So *Philomel*, by night, diſdaining reſt,
Sings, o'er the pointed thorn, which galls her breaſt.

THE buſy ghoſts, your fancy ſeems to hear,
Have no deſign to fright your liſt'ning ear:
Nor ſprings their reſtleſſneſs, from *Rome*'s old pride,
Nor vain regret, that, ſo long ſince, they dy'd:
A purer race theſe buſtling ſpirits are,
And a more noble aim inſpires their care!

Some

Some beauteous band of *Nuns* they ſeem to be:
Stript to the naked ſoul, and ſo ſet free.
Thro' death's dark ſhade your ſhining form they ſpy,
And trace your virtues, with a raviſh'd eye!
Hence, ev'ry night, allur'd, by freſh deſire,
They preſs to view the charms, they ſo admire.

An EPITAPH, *upon a* talkative Lady.

HOW apt are men to *lye!* how dare they ſay,
When *life* is gone, all *learning* fleets away?
Since this glad grave holds *Chloe*, fair, and young,
Who, where ſhe is, firſt *learnt* to hold her tongue.

A Dia-

A Dialogue *between* DAMON *and* PHILEMON, *concerning the Preference of a* Town Life, *to a* Country Life.

PHILEMON.

WHY does not *Damon*, unaſpiring ſwain!
Chuſe rather not to live, than live in vain?
From bright examples, thy ambition fire;
Let others honours whet thy dull deſire:
Let ruſtic ſports engage the lab'ring hind,
And cultivated acres plow his mind!
Let him, to unfrequented woods, repair,
And ſnuff, un-envy'd, his lean mountain air;
'Till death, unſought, o'ertakes his heavy pace,
And unfam'd duſt conſumes his mould'ring race.
Do thou to warmer joys, thy wiſhes raiſe,
And taſte the pleaſure of deſerving praiſe!
If ſparkling genius does thy fancy fill,
In muſe-led ſtages, try thy journeying ſkill:
Or, if thy ſoul, more roughly, is poſſeſt,
And ſtruggling valour ſwells thy glowing breaſt;
To war's red toils let glory call thee hence,
And draw thy untry'd ſword, in *Britain*'s juſt defence.

DAMON.

DAMON.

AND why, *Philemon*, to the vicious town!
Not that way lies the road to juſt renown;
No virtue proſpers, in that barren ſoil;
That nurſery of unregarded toil!
There, *fools*, and *knaves*, by *purchas'd* favour, riſe,
And ſhine, beyond the *valiant*, and the *wiſe!*
Shall hope allure me to the wretched ſtate,
Of cringing at the levees of the great?
With ſervile awe, to court a ſtately nod,
And treat ſome glorious folly, like a god?
No! ſooner, I'll the clown's free labours ſhare,
And, with their brutes, a nobler burthen bear!
The wars, I muſt allow, a gen'rous thought,
A glory, by fame-thirſty ſpirits ſought;
Who, ſcorch'd, *within*, by hot ambition's flood,
Quench paſſion's fever, in a lake of blood!
'Tis great, to ſee 'em march thro' cannon's roar,
While ſweat-waſh'd wounds all-gild their faces o'er:
To brave the northern blaſts, and, with ſwoln veins,
Bear ſcorchings, when the ſultry dog ſtar reigns.

But,

But, will your un-nerv'd youth encounter theſe
Ah, no! effeminate, they muſt, in eaſe!
And, ſhould our ſinewy hinds forſake the field,
France will ſtand high, when *Britain* learns t
yield.

PHILEMON.

CAN *Damon*, whoſe bright genius ſtrongly
ſhines,
Thro' the ſoft beauties of his tuneful lines;
Can he defend, or muſes bleſs the ſtrife,
Th' inglorious preference of a *country life*?
'Tis not, alone, for *honour*, or *renown*,
The ſeat of *wit*, and *pleaſure*, is the *town*:
To *her*, ungrateful! all thoſe darts you owe,
Which, now, againſt her battlements you throw:
For, ſure! no rural dictates cou'd inſpire
The rapt'rous energy of *Damon*'s fire!
The cot-bred ſoul, with ignorance, content,
Is meanly miſerable, by conſent:
Proud, in his native ſloth, he ſcorns to *think*,
And has no end, in life, but *meat*, and *drink*;
While the brave *learn'd*, whole knowledge bids
him try,
The myſtic gulph of deep philoſophy;

Wades

Wades 'croſs the narrow bounds, to reaſon, giv'n,
Spurns back the meaſur'd *earth*, and fathoms *heav'n!*
Had glory's props, in ages, long ſince paſt,
In the rough mould of country life been caſt;
A blind ſtupidity the world had ſway'd,
And mother ignorance been, ſtill obey'd:
No deathleſs wit had crown'd the *Grecian* ſtage,
Nor ſkill-mix'd courage grac'd the *Julian* age!
No ſun of thought had ſhin'd, with glorious beams,
No, ſeas of knowledge ſpread their ſilver ſtreams:
Then, *Damon*, come, to courtly pleaſures, fly,
Nor, thus, th' attractive charms of wealth, and pow'r, deny.

DAMON.

OH! wou'd this tuneful youth, whoſe numbers flow,
Soft, as the love-inſpiring zephyrs blow:
Sweet, as maids look, when, firſt, they own their loves,
Smooth, as the down, which feathers *Venus'* doves.
Sweet, as the dulcid ſtreams, from *Hybla* run,
Or, as the bloom, diſplaying to the ſun!

Oh! wou'd he to our ſilvan ſhades repair,
To taſte our wholeſome, our inſpiring air!
Wou'd he but leave that ſable-clouded ſoil,
On which *Aurora* never ſeems to ſmile;
What bright, what glorious images would riſe,
From all his thoughts, to emulate the ſkies!
For, if ſuch charms, *there*, in his numbers, ſhine,
Here, they would prove extatic, and divine.
But, why is *Damon* ſo ungrateful thought;
As if the town his humble ſallies taught!
What muſe cou'd e'er endure your ſmoke, and noiſe?
Your night-alarms, and your tumultuous joys?
No! 'tis the murm'ring brook, the ſhad'wy grove,
And flow'r-dreſs'd valley, that invite *their* love!
Then, haſte, *Philemon*, to our bliſsful ſtate,
And learn to live, before it grows too late.

PHILEMON.

IF truth, dear ſwain! with freedom, might adviſe,
Thou may'ſt be *happy*, for I know thee *wiſe*.
Quit, for a trial, once, this meagre air,
And, all impartial, to thy friend repair.

Then,

Then, wilt thou, ever, fix'd with me remain,
And envious ruſtics tempt thee back, in vain.
Thus, ſome raw youth, on a domeſtic ſhore,
With terror, hears th' encircling ſurges roar;
Trembling, he ſees the threatning tempeſt roll,
And ev'ry riſing billow lifts his ſoul:
But, when a riper age has call'd him o'er,
To try the pleaſures of ſome foreign ſhore,
Sad, he returns, nor will, at home, remain,
But pants, to taſte abandon'd joys, again.
Your muſe, in vain, of boaſted proſpects ſings;
Your flow'ry meadows, and your murm'ring ſprings:
Poor ſhort-liv'd ſcenes of ſhadow-ſkimming joy,
Whoſe pride a change of ſeaſon can deſtroy!
The riſing floods your valleys over-flow,
And winter ſpreads your hills, with ſheets of ſnow:
Autumnal winds ſtrip bare your gawdy trees,
And cold *December* nights your purling currents freeze.
But *we*, more happy, conſtant bleſſings ſhare,
Nor hang our comforts in the changeful air:
Our diff'ring ſeaſons have their different ſport,
The park, the play, the tavern, and the court!

Our rolling hours can ſweetly wear away
The utmoſt moments of the longeſt day:
When, tir'd with buſineſs, we wou'd care decline,
We drown the weight of thought, in gen'rous wine:
By that, made ſprightly, to the park repair,
And, eloquently ſilent, court the *fair*:
Thence, to the theatre, inſpir'd, we move,
And feaſt, at once, on mingled wit and love!
Theſe and a thouſand nameleſs new delights,
Make our days fruitful, and enrich our nights;
While you, 'midſt few repeated paſtimes, live,
Nor ever taſte the joy, which changing pleaſures give.

DAMON.

'Tis true, *Philemon*, our autumnal ſtorms
Diſrobe our trees, and ſtrip their quiv'ring forms:
'Tis true, our livelieſt beauties are but ſhort,
Short as the joys, which recommend your court:
But theſe *new* charms, in following ſprings, obtain,
While thoſe, once *ſet*, ſhall never riſe again.
In vain, your plays allure; all there, that's fine,
Does, faintly, to our artleſs beauties, ſhine.

Their

Their ſcenes, as groſſly, imitate our groves,
As their lewd actors, our ſoft paſt'ral loves.
Frequent, their *comedies*, to pleaſe the town,
Deſcend to borrow, hence, ſome wit-grac'd clown.
The *park*, their folly's larger ſtage, charms leſs;
An ill-mix'd ſcene, of noiſe, grimace, and dreſs!
The *court*, 'tis true, ſhines out, with tempting ſtate;
For *ruin*, angling, there, to catch the great,
Hides the hook, wiſely, with attractive bait!
The joy, which *wine* can give, like ſmoaky fires,
Obſcures their ſight, whoſe fancy it inſpires.
Thus, like old *Sodom*'s *fruit*, that ſeat of ſin,
Your pleaſures, fair, *without*, are worms, and duſt, *within*.

PHILEMON.

ASSIST me, ſacred ſiſters! aid my voice,
And guide loſt *Damon* to a nobler choice!
The crowds of ruſtics, who, to town, repair,
And quit, for vulgar hopes, their native air,
Are groſs-form'd vapours, heavily, exhal'd,
Where profit's ſunny influence has prevail'd;
But thoſe, alone, my friend! are beams, for me,
Which draw ſuch limpid innocence, as *thee!*

What pleaſures reap you, from the un-prun'd field,
Which cities cannot, more compleatly, yield?
If, to ſome peace-bleſt cot, we wou'd retire,
An hour's ſhort journey crowns the ſoft deſire:
There, ſtrait, we taſte the ſweets, ſo prais'd, by you,
And, then, return to thoſe, you never knew!
Ev'n heav'n approves not ſolitude; elſe, why
Did his great will direct ſociety?
Why did the antients, elſe, to towns repair,
And quit, for houſes, tents, and open air?
Would the great *Hebrew* favourite of heav'n,
To whom, both pow'r and wiſdom's charms were giv'n!
Wou'd he, on *Sion*'s hills, have fix'd his ſeat,
Had rural pleaſures been, in truth, moſt ſweet?

DAMON.

WHILE, here, the roſy-fronted morning's light
Shines o'er the hills, and charms the diſtant ſight;
While heav'n's gay choiriſters, in clouds, ariſe,
And, with harmonious warblings ſhake the ſkies:
While we our mirth, with moderation, crown,
And ſhun th' exceſſes of the dangerous town.

Why

Why wou'd *Philemon*, un-advis'd, obtrude,
On us, the unfelt woes of ſolitude?
What, tho' the *Hebrew*, whom you well call great,
Made *Sion*, for her temple's ſake, his ſeat?
What knowledge did his city life impart?
But, that 'twas empty all! and vanity of heart!
Cowley, that ſhining bard, had try'd, and known,
The whole heap'd pleaſure of your boaſted town;
And, finding all its beauties falſe, and baſe,
Retir'd, and, ever after, loath'd the place.
Great *Dioclefian*, when he reach'd the height
Of human glory, ſhook off cumb'rous ſtate,
Wak'd into man, and ſhun'd th' alluring bait.
To rural peace, his ſearch he, next, addreſs'd,
And, there, his crown-deſpiſing choice was bleſt.

PHILEMON.

IMMORTAL *Cowley*'s tuneful verſe I own,
Spoke pow'rful arguments, againſt the town!
So *Æſop*'s fox, in vain, exerts his pow'r,
And, then, like *Cowley*, cries—*the grapes are ſow'r.*
Had court indulgence ſmil'd, as he deſir'd,
He never had, to rural ſhades, retir'd!

Your *Dioclefian*, from plebeian birth,
Rais'd to the rule of a dependant earth,
Stagger'd, with giddy ſteps, beneath the weight,
And, trembling at his danger, caſt his ſtate!
But, if examples can thy genius fire,
And move the ruſty ſprings of dead deſire;
Behold great *Plato*, whoſe acknowledg'd fame
Has, from his worth, immortaliz'd his name!
Big, with town-hopes, to *Dionyſius*, fly,
And, to ambition, tune philoſophy.
Far-fam'd *Charibdis* threaten'd him, in vain,
Nor *Scylla*'s terrors fright him back again.
Sicilian grandeur, like the *Golden Fleece*,
Drew all the men of excellence from *Greece*;
Pythagoras, to town, invites his friends;
And *Socrates* our city life defends.
But, leſt you ſhould the pow'r of truth deny,
And, in a cauſe, ſo bad, unmov'd, reply;
Know, tho' aſſembled *nature's* ſweets combin'd,
And *art* the country's honour had deſign'd;
Their joint endeavours would allure, in vain,
While heav'n-ſought *Anna* does, with us, remain!
For, as thoſe parts, where *Phœbus* fulleſt ſhines,
Tho' rough, and wild, are ſtor'd with ſilver mines;

Whoſe

Whoſe wealth, attractive, draws, from lovelier lands,
Advent'rous thouſands, to thoſe barren ſtrands!
So, though the city no delights poſſeſt,
Did *Anna* chuſe it, for a place of reſt,
Millions wou'd hurry thither, and be bleſt.

DAMON.

FAREWEL! ye once-belov'd, retir'd abodes!
Ye murm'ring ſprings! and unfrequented woods!
Farewel, ye winged choirs! that warble there!
And fill with melody, the fluid air!
Ye ſoft amuſements, which indulge, and pleaſe!
And life's bent ſprings relax, with bliſsful eaſe!
Farewel, ye rural ſports! the eager chaſe,
The mountain falcon, and the nimble race?
Philemon calls; the charming ſwain invites!
And wakes my drowſy ſoul to new delights.
Impregnated, with fire, from his bright lines,
My mind unfreezes, and my boſom ſhines:
We not to all our country pleaſures, owe
Such ſoft delights, as, in thy numbers, flow:
Leſs bright the roſy bluſhes of the morn,
Than thoſe ideas, which thy thoughts adorn!

Not

Not tuneful *Philomel*, ſo muſical!
Nor murm'ring ſprings, with ſweeter accents, fall!
The god of oracles inſpires thy ſongs,
And all is truth, which, to that god, belongs!
Let others, then, th' unequal ſtrife maintain.
And, with *Philemon*'s muſe, contend, in vain:
I yield; and, in his conqueſt, take more pride,
Than if I'd conquer'd all the ſwains beſide!
Farewel, ye once-belov'd, retir'd abodes!
I'll to *Auguſta*, now, the darling of the gods.

PHILEMON.

WELCOME, dear *Damon*! in a high degree,
Welcome, ſweet ſwain! to *London*, and to *me!*
To love the late-ſhun'd field, I now begin,
For, yielding thus, you, more than conqueſt, win.
Such tender warmth, in thy ſoft ſoul, I ſee,
That I could dwell, in *woods*, to dwell with *thee!*
Secure of thee, I may, with eaſe, defy
Th' attempt of any future enemy!
Abandon'd nymphs will, now, forſake the plains,
And dew-drench'd valleys weep departed ſwains:
Envy ſhall leave the lonely cottage free,
For wit, and virtue, both, muſt follow thee.

A Dia-

A Dialogue, *between* DAMON *and* PHILEMON, *concerning the Preference of* Riches *to* Poverty.

DAMON.

ACCURSED gold! 'till thou begot'ſt offence,
All nature ſmil'd, with artleſs innocence:
Men's days ſlid, ſmoothly on, in ſoft delights,
Nor fear'd they villains, to diſturb their nights:
No blooming virgins, then, were baſely ſold,
Slaves, to the ſordid tyranny of gold!
But ſwains, with honeſt hearts, kind truths expreſs'd,
And nymphs, un-bluſhing, their felt flames confeſs'd:
Aſtræa, then, with un-ſtain'd glory, reign'd;
The *judge's* ear, by brib'ry, yet ungain'd.
No avarice, with her foul train, was known,
But *his* was *theirs*, and *ours* was no man's *own*.
War had not, yet, with ſtains of blood, and rage,
Her mangled offspring brought upon the ſtage;
But all, beneath the peaceful olive, ſate,
Fill'd, and delighted, with their bliſsful ſtate.

But,

But, when thy birth, O Gold! diſturb'd the world,
Nature was into ſwift confuſion hurl'd:
Her charms were loſt, and her all-pleaſing forms,
O'erwhelm'd, by tempeſts, or diſguis'd, by ſtorms:
Noiſe, and deſtruction, with gigantic ſtrides,
And all their horrid children, at their ſides,
March'd round the frighted globe, in ſearch of thee,
And plow'd up murder, ſhame, and perjury!
Philemon! then, th' inglorious chace refrain;
Nor waſte thy life, in ſearch of ſordid gain.

PHILEMON.

GOLD! thou gay quinteſſence of earth refin'd!
Which heav'n, to balance ſtruggling pow'r, deſign'd!
'Till thy deciſive weight depreſs'd the ſcale,
Contenders did, alternately, prevail!
Now, reign'd, as lord, ſome chance-aſcending ſwain;
Another conquers *him*, yet wins, in vain;
A *third* dethrones 'em both, nor can his pow'r maintain.

Each

Each wou'd be chief, but all un-help'd by thee,
Stick, in the mire of mean equality.
Gold, firſt, the famiſh'd mouth of learning fed,
And drew the curtain, which dark ignorance ſpread.
No lab'ring induſtry alarm'd the day,
For there was no reward, ſuch toil to pay.
None, to the ſearch of knowledge, would aſpire,
Since wit's increaſe could raiſe their wealth no higher:
Supine ſtupidity forbad all ſtrife,
And ſleep refreſh'd not, but impriſon'd life!
But, ſince thy worth, O Gold! was greatly known,
Arts have ſprung, thick, and hope is wider grown.
Men, bleſt with thee, the murm'ring world command,
And tread down diſcord, in each rebel land:
In hopes of thee, the *ſtupid* aim, to *think*,
And ſin's broad eye, for profit, learns to wink.
The ſea's vaſt depth, for thee, we boldly ſound,
And ſleep, un-dreading, upon hoſtile ground.
For thee, the *hind*, with plenty-ſpreading hand,
Lifts lazy nature, from his ſluggiſh land:

Thou,

Thou, Gold! can'ſt melt the froſty-breaſted fair
And dry damp ſorrows, and ſoul-drenching care
In ſhort, by gold alone, we happy live;
O, *Damon!* joys are goods, which only gold can
give!

DAMON.

Thus, does the glitt'ring fiend debauch our
wills,
And ſmiles, to ſee us ſtroke his ſting-hid ills:
Baſe dirt! the fools, who are enſlav'd, by thee,
Slaves to a ſlave confeſs themſelves to be!
'Tis true, thou art the origin and ſource,
Whence pow'r firſt roſe, and which maintains
her courſe!
But, what is pow'r, which wealth, not juſtice,
gives?
How ill-diſtinguiſh'd ſuch a ſov'reign lives!
Could men but read the *Gallic* monarch's breaſt,
And trace ſwift tumults thro' his broken reſt,
How would they curſe his ſhadow-circled ſtate,
And laugh at envy, which maligns the great!
Sometimes, O ſhame! the *fair* thy pow'r adore,
And feign to love, where they diſdain'd, before.

But,

But, ah! the tempters, who this charm have try'd,
Gain'd not the *woman*, but the woman's *pride!*
Can, then, *Philemon*, whoſe alluring ſtrains,
Lov'd by the nymphs, and envy'd, by the ſwains,
Might reconcile antipathies, and move
The cruel hearts of ſavages, to love!
Can *he* eſteem that baneful oar *divine?*
Or kneel, diſhonoured, at blind fortune's ſhrine?
No -- rather in her lewdeſt form, deſcribe
That ſtain-affixing foe, to virtue's ſnow-waſh'd tribe.

PHILEMON.

DAMON, I love thee! and thy welfare ſeek;
Thence, lend my truth the liberty to ſpeak:
Juſt as I wiſh, my friendſhip wou'd adviſe,
And have thee rich and mighty, as thou'rt wiſe:
Thy keen-wrought edge of ſatire, cuts *too deep*,
Not always *ill*, we, from *wealth's* harveſt, reap.
Gold is the gift of *heav'n*; and heav'n is *wiſe!*
And knows the worth of virtue's far-wiſh'd prize.
The ſtarts, which ſhake the *Gallic* monarch's breaſt,
Thoſe night-born tumults, which diſtract his reſt,

Spring

Spring not from *gold*, my *Damon*, but, from *pride*,
Which ſwell'd ambition, with too high a tide.
Had he been pleas'd, with glories gain'd before,
Fate had not daſh'd his hopes, in ſearch of more:
Tho' gold the engine of man's fortune is,
The pilot wiſdom muſt direct the bliſs:
Calm moderation ought to meaſure choice,
And high-flown wiſhes ſtoop, at reaſon's voice.
The *ſun*, which, at ſuch diſtance, *paints* the year,
Would *ſcorch* it, *Damon*, if it came too near.
You may, with eaſe, o'er ſhining millions reign,
And never be a ſlave to flowing gain.
But he, whoſe birth-directing ſtars decree,
That he ſhall wear out life, in poverty;
Let him be caſt in nature's choiceſt mold,
And lord of every gift of heav'n, but gold;
While that, alone, he wants, to crown the reſt,
Not all his other charms can make him bleſt.

DAMON.

PHILEMON's lines do gold ſo far outſhine,
So far more radiant, dazzling, and divine!

That

That ev'n the praiſe, he gives it, ſerves to ſhow,
What more, to wiſdom, than to wealth, we owe!
But, oh! 'tis falſe, that gold can give us friends,
Flatt'ry and friendſhip, have wide-diff'ring ends:
They, who crowd round us, while our hopes look gay,
Will, in the duſk of fortune, ſhrink away.
Timon, the brave! the gen'rous! and the great!
Timon, the wiſe! but wiſe, alas! too late!
Who dragg'd, of wealth's proud droſs, a mighty load,
And ſhed his bleſſings, round him, like a god!
Timon, who heal'd the woes of half mankind!
What curs'd returns did wretched *Timon* find?
Content is bliſs, I'll, with *Philemon*, hold;
But *that* was never purchas'd, yet, by *gold:*
Our affluence but ſerves to ſpur deſire,
And dang'rous flights attain'd, but tempt us higher.

PHILEMON.

OH! let me triumph, in a golden fate!
If I am *rich*, I can be, wiſely, *great*.
With nice-tim'd aids, can fainting worth aſſiſt,
And make the wretched happy, when I liſt:

But, if on fortune's barren ſtrands, I lie,
My fruitleſs pity ſhall, unpity'd, die!
You tell me, *Damon*, friends are bought, and ſold,
And that aſſiſtance comes, and goes, with *gold*.
If help, in life, affords the greateſt bliſs,
Sure! *that*, which buys that help, the greateſt comfort is.

DAMON.

ALL your ſtrong arguments no proof produce,
Of gold's intrinſic value, but its uſe!
Your generous ſoul, your friends would entertain,
And general bliſs, with wide-ſpread aids, maintain;
Call forth dim virtue, on the world to ſhine!
'Tis great! 'tis wond'rous great! 'tis all divine!
But ſtill, *Philemon*, this ſublime delight,
Springs not from gold's acceſs, but from its flight!
You praiſe the *uſe*, yet cannot bear the *ſight*.
Shou'd villains aid me, ſome worſe foe to kill,
I'd love the *act*, but hate the *villain*, ſtill!
I'd prize a *truth*, ſent in the *Devil*'s name,
But ſtill abhor that *Devil*, from whom it came.

So,

So, gold, pernicious in its nature, may,
By ſouls, like yours, be bent a nobler way:
Thus, as the needle, by magnetic force,
Once touch'd, ſtill, to the magnet guides its courſe.
Trembling, while wand'ring thence, and finds no reſt,
'Till claſp'd, and faſtened, to its darling breaſt.
So, tho' our thoughts, on diff'rent points, deſign,
Meeting, at laſt, we, in one center, join,
And, in the union, loſe the terms of mine and thine.

PHILEMON.

I PRAISE, dear ſwain, the *uſe* of gold, 'tis true;
But *uſe* includes *intrinſic* value, too;
Whence, but from *uſe*, does *eſtimation* riſe?
And ev'ry thing is worth, what ev'ry thing ſupplies.
'Tis true, a *diamond* cannot keep out *cold*,
Nor can we *eat* or *drink* our heaps of *gold*:
Yet, bleſs'd with either, *Damon*, we can buy,
What neither, in their nature, can ſupply.
And ſince, for wealth, the joys of life are ſold,
There's an intrinſic value, ſure, in gold!

I hold, with *Damon*, gold ſhould be a ſlave;
I treat, as ſuch, the moderate ſums I have.
And, as kind fortune ſhall encreaſe my ſtore,
I'll make a ſlave of *that*, and ten times more.
Yet, gold poſſeſſes every healing pow'r;
Not love, alone, falls in a golden ſhow'r.
Gold makes men *wiſe*, as well as gives 'em *rule*;
For who e'er knew a *wealthy* man a *fool?*
Ev'n in the *ſhades below*, the *rich* were bleſt,
And borne, by *Charon*, to the fields of reſt.
While the poor *beggar*, ſhiv'ring, on the ſhore,
Wanting his *penny*, found no paſſage o'er.
So, *poverty*, with ſhame, to death, was hurl'd,
And drew down ſcandal to the other world!
But, ſince my *Damon*, whom the muſes bleſs,
Affects not gold, and bids me love it leſs,
I'll liſten to his ſweet bewitching voice,
And guide my ſoul, to meet him, in his choice.
Since, then, nor you, nor I, can happy be,
You, with much gold, nor I, with poverty,
Let's bend our ſearch, to find ſome freer fate,
And crown our wiſhes, in the middle ſtate.

To a Lady, *desiring to know, what* Love *was like.*

LOVE is a treacherous heat, a smothering spark,
Blown up, by children's breath, who shun the dark:
At first, the fire is innocently bright,
Glows gently gay, and scatters warm delight:
But left, neglected, and unquench'd, too long,
The nourish'd flame grows terrible and strong;
'Till, blazing fierce, it spreads on every side,
And burns its kindler, with ungrateful pride,

PLAIN TRUTH.

CHLOE, you talk, with joy, of *Celia*'s face,
Admire her wit, and ape her fancy'd grace;
The praise, you give is, sure! sincere respect,
Your practice proves, what airs your thoughts affect.

But, ſince you know, that friendſhip ſhould be free,
Give her this hint, and ſay—it came from me.
A face, like hers, if manag'd well, might pleaſe,
But no charm ſtrikes, that is not arm'd with eaſe,
Striving too eagerly, ſhe ſtrives, in vain:
Theſe ſtudied airs put beauty to the ſtrain:
Wou'd ſhe wound ſure, and conquer, with a grace,
Tell her, the careleſs runner wins the race.

CELINDA, *in the Snow.*

I.

CELINDA, riding, in a ſnowy day,
The wind-driv'n flakes, about her, hov'ring flew,
Some to her tempting boſom, made their way,
And, melting, chill'd her beauties through and through.

II.

Some, aiming with leſs art, her cloaths beſet,
And froze to little buttons, as they fell;
Others, which could not ſuch fair quarters get,
Flew by, unbleſt, and miſs'd the ſhiv'ring *belle.*

III.

QUITE tir'd, at laſt, and, freezing, as ſhe rode,
Her ivory teeth all chattering, in her head;
Was ever ſuch a day, ſhe cry'd? good God!
If it much longer ſnows, I ſhall be dead.

IV.

MADAM, ſaid I, 'tis true; your lovely breaſt
Is far more us'd to give, than ſuffer pain;
Yet, of this accident, to make the beſt,
'Tis better I ſhould *preach*, than you *complain*.

V.

ALL nature's works, in ſome degree, *alike*,
Confeſs the wiſdom of their maker's will,
And bear hid meanings, man's dark mind to ſtrike,
With myſtic hints, that try comparing ſkill.

VI.

THUS, ſome, with envy fill'd, envenom'd look,
And gnaw *themſelves*, when *happier* men they ſee!
Some can ſucceſs, in others, gladly brook,
Tho' they, perhaps, ſteep'd o'er, in miſery, be.
Others, again, by outward winds, unſhook,
All chances, but their own, indifferent, ſee.

VII.

So, my *Celinda*, 'tis, with this ſharp *ſnow*;
Thoſe feath'ry flakes have, each, a ſev'ral aim;
The envy-acted ſee your boſom glow,
And ruſh, malicious, to aſſault the flame.

VIII.

BUT, ſhock'd, to find themſelves, when neſted there,
So far exceeded, in their boaſted white;
With melting grief, their humbled pride they bear,
And weep themſelves to death, to ſhun the ſight.

IX.

OTHERS, of this white tribe, that ſee, and know,
With rev'rence, ſhun that bliſs-warm'd breaſt of thine,
But ſtrive t' adorn thy dreſs, with ſome new ſhow,
And, froze to glitt'ring gems, about thee ſhine.

X.

A THIRD ſort, unattracted ev'n by *thee*;
And cold, indeed, ſuch ſnow we ought to call;
With dull *indiff'rence*, all thy charms can ſee,
And, diſregardful, round thee, ſcatt'ring, fall.

Celinda,

XI.

Celinda, liſt'ning, anſwer'd, with a ſmile,
You *Poets* keep your fancies always warm;
Could but this inward heat the froſt beguile,
We need not ſtop, at yonder ſmoaky *farm*.

The WINDFALL.

I.

A PREACHING brother of that clan,
Whoſe holineſs is *form*,
Had gravely cloak'd his *outward* man,
His *inward* fear'd no ſtorm.

II.

WITH ſanctify'd, and meaſur'd tread,
And conſcience-ſtrutting ſtalk,
His rev'rence brimm'd his ſolid head,
And took a lonely walk.

III.

As thro' a wood, he bent his way,
A ſiſter of his flock,
Accoſted him, and *beg'd his ſtay*,
Her boſom to unlock.

IV.

SURE, Sir, ſaid ſhe, from heav'n, you came,
To this convenient place,
Where I, in private, with leſs ſhame,
May open you my caſe.

V.

OFT have you, from the pulpit, told,
That it ſhould be our care,
To keep our *fleſh* from growing bold,
By *faſting*, and by *pray'r*.

VI.

Good god, he knows, what pains I take,
To mortify, in vain;
Faſting, ſometimes, makes ſin's heart ake,
But *eating* ſets all wrong again.

VII.

ALAS! reply'd the holy man,
And turn'd up both his eyes!
We *are* to do, but what we *can*,
The reſt heav'n's grace ſupplies!

So

VIII.

So frail, dear lamb, our natures are,
That, in things, moſt forbid,
We're apt to fancy joys moſt rare,
Moſt worth our taſte, are hid!

IX.

THOU, pretty worldling! I dare ſay,
Art, yet, an untouch'd maid?
O dear, ſaid ſhe, I hope ſo, pray;
You think *not*, I'm afraid?

X.

WHY doſt thou wrong me, anſwer'd he,
And ſlyly look'd about;
To judge if any eye might ſee,
Ere, thus, he ſolv'd her doubt.

XI.

PURE innocence! thy pray'rs are heard,
The ſpirit ſwells *within*;
Means offer, how thou may'ſt be clear'd,
From this deſire to ſin.

IN-

XII.

INSPIR'D with ſudden pow'r and will,
In this alluring place;
I'll give thy erring wiſh its fill,
To prove 'tis frail and *baſe*.

XIII.

WHEN thou ſhalt taſte this fancy'd joy,
Which, now, thou dream'ſt ſo great;
Thou'lt find it but a tranſient toy,
And grace gain future weight.

XIV.

COME cloſer, child! but hold, 'tis fit,
That what's intended well,
Should have ſome form, to differ it,
From wiſhes, where ſins dwell.

XV.

I WILL not, therefore, throw thee down,
Nor ſhalt thou, willing, fall:
Let's ſee—ay, thus, I'll blow thee down,
And, then, thou haſt a call.

So

XVI.

So done, ſo ſaid, the brother blew,
And down the ſiſter fell:
Such bliſs, unhop'd, and lawful, too!
She thought, 'twas mighty well!

XVII.

BUT mark the chance — a *wood-man*, nigh,
Had heard, and ponder'd all:
He ſaw the damſel, paſſive, lie,
And bleſs'd the well-tim'd fall.

XVIII.

OLD *Reverence*, not too well prepar'd,
Stoop'd low, to ſeize his prey;
When out the *wood-man* jump'd, and ſtar'd,
And puſh'd him, bluff, away,

XIX.

BEGONE, ſaid he, thou form-dreſt thief!
All *Wind-falls*, here, are mine:
So, on he fell, and, to be brief,
Made good the holy man's deſign.

To Celinda, *in Excuſe for looking on her at Church.*

IF, fix'd on yours, my eyes, in pray'r, you ſee,
You muſt not call my zeal idolatry!
For, ſince our maker's throne is plac'd ſo high,
That only, in his works, the god we ſpy:
And what's moſt bright, moſt gives him to our view,
I look moſt *near* him, when I look on *you*.

Chloris *to* Aminta.

I.

COME, *Chloris*, to *Aminta*'s breaſt retire;
Let thy ſoft ſorrow's ſympathetic dew,
Shed its damp influence on love's ſmoaky fire,
In both our boſoms, the ſame end purſue,
And both, at once, with purer flames inſpire.
Let it, miraculouſly ſtrong, this double wonder do!
At once, quench *love*, and light up *friendſhip*, too.
Since tender paſſions prove too weak,
To lift thy ſinking hope;

And

And ev'n thy downy nature cannot break
That ſtubborn flint, which binds, with narrow ſcope,
Philander's rocky heart.
Bid thy ill-entertain'd, unwelcom'd gueſt, depart,
And do not own the wound, at leaſt, tho' ſtill thou feel'ſt the ſmart.
Beauty muſt bluſh with burning ſhame,
To ſee the frozen ſalamander lie,
Inſenſible of heat, amidſt ſuch flame,
And all love's penetrating fires defy:
See, with diſdain, how cool he ſits, and ſlights thy proffer'd charms,
Nor offers, once, to ſtretch his icy arms.

II.

COME to my ſofter graſp, thou lovely maid!
Too innocent, to hope for fortune's aid!
And too, too ſweet, to be betray'd!
Come, *Chloris!* to *Aminta*'s cloſe embrace,
Her breaſt will take thee in, and give thee ſpace!
There thou, and only thou, can'ſt claim a place.
I'll claſp thee faſt, and, if I cannot pleaſe,
Thy every wiſh, to give thee perfect eaſe,

I'll

I'll labour, ſlow, by ſafe degrees,
To crown as many, as I can :
For I am not that able *ill*, that undertaker, *man!*
Yet, if I fail, like man, throughout to pleaſe,
This, *Chloris*, let me urge, in recompence ;
Ruin might flow, from *man*, in vows, like theſe,
Mine carry innocence.

III.

FLY, careleſs, kind, unwary wantons, fly!
When man, the ſmiling miſchief, man! comes nigh,
He, the envenom'd viper, bites our poiſon-trifling ſex ;
While they, with fancy's tickling twigs, ſeek all the time to vex,
And think, vain fools! they him perplex!
How do the ſkill'd deceivers put on pain!
How feelingly they feign!
How do they tempt, ſwear, promiſe, plead, and pray?
How do they melt, in ſoft-diſſembled grief?
'Till air-built vows our yielding hearts betray,
And pity gives us up to vain relief :

Then,

Then, ſmiles the wretch, at what his arts have done,
Proud of the conqueſt, though ſo baſely won.

IV.

DESPISE we, then, all hopes, ſo falſe, as theſe,
Fruitful proſpects moſt ſhould pleaſe:
High-flooding joys, which come, without degrees,
Like ſummer torrents, riſe o'er hills and trees;
But, ſwiftly ſweeping back again, bear, with 'em, all our eaſe.
Give me the cooler wint'ry flood,
Which, not ſo pleaſant, does more good;
Riſes gently, makes long ſtay,
And when, at laſt, it creeps away,
Enriches all the ſoil, it leaves, with fertilizing mud.
Come, then, *Chloris!* fill my arms!
There, taſte paſſion, void of harms!
And, oh! if female graſps inſipid ſeem,
To you, who of more ſolid raptures dream,
Think, and thinking, you'll be wiſe,
And back departed judgment bring:
The noiſy *bee*, that, humming, flies,
And boaſts what *honey* he ſupplies,
Says nothing, of his *ſting*.

GOOD-FRIDAY.

I.

AM I awake? or, is my ſoul miſled,
Thro' the bold tracks of mem'ry's mazy deep?
The empty realms of mimic ſleep,
Horrors, by wild imagination, bred,
Skim ſhadowy, and, about me, circling, ſpread!
Oh! who can tell the cauſe of theſe new fears?
Whence theſe loud groans, which tortur'd fancy hears?
Whence this thund'ring, in my ears?
Why ſeems the ſtarting *ſun* to hold back *day*?
Why does he leap, at once, out of his fire-pav'd way?
And, half-extinguiſh'd, upward fly,
To ſhroud his beams, behind a fabled ſky?
Why, every way, at once, are thoſe ſwift lightnings hurl'd?
Trembling nations to amaze,
And terribly adorn, with quiv'ring blaze,
The horrors of a ſhade-benighted world?

WHY

II.

WHY breaks yon riſing ocean o'er the lands?
Diſdainful of its old appointed bounds:
Why does it open, far behind, its brine-delighted
ſands;
And, leaving dry its roomy bed,
Let looſe, at once, high lift its frightful head;
To ſeek forbidden grounds?
And, hugely ſwelling, from a-far, with earth-
aſſaulting roar,
Riſe o'er the ſwallow'd mountain tops, and ſweep
the kingdoms o'er:
Why does this circle-ſpreading earthquake ſwell,
Deep-flowing, like a ſubterraneous tide?
Frighted fancy! can'ſt thou tell,
Why this ſtrong foe, aſham'd, his face ſhould
hide?
'Tis not, ſure! for want of pride,
He ſhakes down cities, with his mildeſt ſhocks;
Plows *in* the hill, he rolls beneath, and harrows
up the rocks!
Unſeen, he, dreadful, does appear;
The marble-hearted mountains quake for fear!
And, as they find the danger drawing near,
With huge unweildy terror, leap aſide,
And, ſhook with agues, caſt their ſnowy pride.

III.

THE dead, themſelves, by nature's charter, bleſt,
With promis'd beds of laſting reſt,
Are, from their graves, their dark long homes,
thrown up, and diſpoſſeſt.
See the pale ghoſts of our forefathers riſe!
Horribly ſerene, they glide,
And ſnuff, with ſhadowy noſtrils, ſcents of day,
Which fled ſo lately, all at once, away!
See! how to earth, they bend their beamleſs eyes,
And ſeem to wander, guideleſs, every way,
Unwilling, thro' our hated world, to ſtray!
In ſearch of the forgotten graves, where, once,
their bodies lay!
Too conſcious ſoul! I feel it now!
Well may the ſtubborn pride of nature bow!
Well may trembling nations moan,
And mem'ry, ſick with conſternation, groan!
God, who to *man* his ev'ry bleſſing gives;
From whom, ungrateful, he receiv'd his breath:
That God, by whom, alone, *man* lives,
That very God, this day, by man, met death

To

To a Reverend Friend, *on his firſt Promotion in the Church.*

WHILE eaſy, now, you, to cool ſhades, retire,
Soft, as the innocence of your deſire;
Refin'd, as your well-govern'd paſſions are,
And, ſharply gentle, like your worldly care:
I, toil'd with life's fatigues, ſtick faſt, in town,
And waſte ſlow hours, in ſearch of vain renown.
Snatch at coy fortune, ſtill, as ſhe appears,
And wear out chequer'd time, in *hopes*, and *fears*.
But tir'd, at laſt, with the beſpotted ſcene,
More pleas'd, I, toward your brighter proſpect, lean,
And, while your glitt'ring ſtars ſhine out ſo clear,
I half forget the pains, which gall me, here.
Methinks, I ſee you far-advancing, ſtill,
I ſee you, on religion's mightieſt hill!
Your ſleeves of lawn I ſee! and mitred head!
And crowds, that kneel before your reverend tread!
Then, aw'd with pious love, my raviſh'd eye
Akes, for your bleſſing, as you paſs me by.

'Twill be! the watchful ſaviour wakes above,
Still views his church, with a paternal love!
He weighs the zeal, which his lov'd laws inſpire,
And having *mark'd* you, of his holy choir,
Will *lift* you to behold your virtues *nigher*.
Oh, happy ſhe! who, bleſt, for both your ſakes,
In your pure breaſt, her earthly heav'n partakes!
And when, at laſt — long may it be! ſhe dies,
May plead your *paſsport*, as ſhe upward flies!

The DISPARITY.

From a Hint of Sir HENRY WOTTON.

I.

YE *ſtarry* ſparks, on which, by *night*, we gaze,
That meanly ſatisfy our diſtant eyes,
More, by your *number*, than your *blaze*,
Ye *common people* of the ſkies!
What are ye, when the *ſun* ſhall riſe?

II.

YE warbling rangers of the groves!
That ſweetly ſtrain your little throats:
And, perch'd on boughs, to ſing your loves,
Charm the ſtill foreſt, with your notes;
Who will admire *your* tuneful lays,
When *Philomel* her voice ſhall raiſe?

III.

YE *violets*, that, in early ſpring, appear,
And, cloath'd in purple, wait upon the ſun;
Adorning earth's damp face, with blooming chear,
And making ev'ry verdant bank your own,
What are ye, when the *roſe* is blown?

IV.

So, when my *charmer* ſhall be ſeen,
Gaz'd on, and wonder'd at, by all!
Beauty muſt own her rightful *queen*,
And ev'ry fair uſurpreſs fall:
For ſhe was, ſure! by heav'n, deſign'd,
Th' *eclipſe*, and *glory*, of her *kind*.

Martial *Epig.* 59, *Lib.* 7.

Ad Jovem Capitolinum.

GREAT *Capitolian Jove!* thou God, to whom,
Our *Cæſar* owes that bliſs, he ſheds on *Rome!*
While proſtrate crowds thy daily bounty tire,
And all thy bleſſings, for themſelves, deſire:
Accuſe me not of pride, that I, alone,
Put up no pray'r, that may be call'd *my own:*
For *Cæſar*'s wants, O *Jove!* I ſue to thee,
Cæſar himſelf can grant what's fit for me.

In Pompeios.

GREAT *Pompey*'s aſhes, in vile *Egypt*, lie;
His ſons, in *Europe*, and in *Aſia*, die:
What wonder, that theſe three, ſo diſtant, dy'd,
So vaſt a ruin could not ſpread leſs wide!

BELINDA,

Belinda's *Grave.*

HERE, woe-mark'd ſpot! once, dear *Belinda* lay;
Here, her cold boſom mix'd with colder clay:
And, here, deſpairing, and afflicted, I
Planted this tree, which now makes haſte to die.
While this lov'd *cypreſs* a ſad ſhelter made,
Oft wou'd I loſe myſelf, beneath its ſhade:
Guide, with a painful pleaſure, each dear ſhoot,
And *water*, with my *tears*, the rich-fed root.
Sigh, through the boughs, like ſome moiſt *April* breeze,
And the graſp'd trunk, in am'rous rapture, ſqueeze.
And when ſome warbling ſongſter, neſted there,
Belinda's voice, methought, ſhook ſoft the air!
The murm'ring branches, bending, from the wind,
Breath'd a cool comfort o'er my love-ſhook mind.
Thus, ſev'n long years, I learnt to hear, and ſee,
My loſt *Belinda*, in her funeral tree!
But mad, at laſt, and all impatient grown,
To make my fruitleſs paſſion ſtill more known:

Fatally

Fatally fond, I cut a cruel mark,
And carv'd my *name*, upon the ſhrinking *bark*,
Wretch that I was! the tree, from that curs'd day,
In ſad reſentment, pin'd itſelf away!
And that new life, which dead *Belinda* gave,
Wither'd, with pain, crept, downward, to her grave.

The Royal Sepulchre.

IS this the boaſtful pride of mortal ſtate?
Is it for this we covet to be great?
What ſhort-liv'd bliſs, from envy'd grandeur ſprings,
When theſe poor reliques, once, were mighty kings!
O frail uncertainty of earthly pow'r!
Where graves can majeſty itſelf devour!
How naked, now, does royalty appear!
Alas! how vaſt, how ſad a change is here!
Tell me, dumb duſt? how wide was thy command?
Where's, now, the ſceptre, that once fill'd this hand?

Where

Where are thoſe brawny guards, which aw'd thy
ſtate?
Where the gay crowds, which, once, were proud
to wait?
Can narrow limits, dark, like theſe, contain
The chang'd extent of thy contracted reign?
Canſt thou, at whoſe leaſt frown, a nation ſhook,
And, trembling, watch'd the light'nings of thy
look:
Canſt thou, at laſt, grown humble, be content,
To let bold ſearch prophane thy monument?
And common men, grown rude, and wanton, too,
Thus poize your duſty bones, and wonder at
the view.

MAY-DAY.

WELCOME, dear dawn of *ſummer's* riſing
ſway,
Fair *fav'rite* of the year! ſoul-ſoft'ning *May!*
Late, I have learnt, by *love's* ſweet *Queen*, inſpir'd,
Why, from my youth, *this* day my boſom *fir'd*;
'Twas for her *birth*, that blooming nature ſprung,
'Twas in her *notes*, the ſky's ſoft rangers ſung!

The

The breeze blew ſoft, to ſigh her ſoul's ſweet frame,
And the boughs bent, in *homage* to her name.
Thick ſhot the *meads*, to paint her fruitful mind,
And flow'rs, that roll'd her *breath*, enrich'd the wind.
For *her*, the *ſun* wake'd out, to bleſs our iſle,
And lighted up half heav'n, to *paint* her *ſmile*:
Oh! we are *lovers* all! our *Celia* reigns,
And the warm'd world is ſick, with my ſweet pains.

PROLOGUE.

Deſigned for a Tragedy, *yet unpubliſhed, called* the Roman Revenge.

[*After a ſhort flouriſh of Muſick, enter* FANCY, *rob'd in white, her hair looſe and flowing.*]

FANCY.

FANCY, an airy form, of turn, too *gay*,
Acts not a PART, in this *diſtreſsful* play:
Yet, to your *aid* ſhe comes, in each *new* ſcheme,
And, *thus*, *invokes* a pow'r, that *ſuits* the theme.

Genius

GENIUS of LIBERTY! this night attend;
Hear, from thy ſilent ſhades, and, rous'd, *aſcend*.
When *Cæſar bleeds*, 'tis thine, to *fear diſgrace*;
Or *juſtify* a *death*, that *ſtains* thy race:
Genius of LIBERTY! thy fame defend:
Genious of LIBERTY! thrice call'd, *attend*.

[*To an overture of warlike muſic, heard at a diſtance, under the ſtage, ariſes, thro' the large* central opening, *the* Genius *of* LIBERTY, *reclining on the ſide of a* rock, *as juſt wak'd, by the ſound of the* melody.]

Genius *of* LIBERTY *ſpeaks*.

FROM a *long ſleep* of twice nine hundred years,
Smiling, behold! the ſummon'd pow'r *appears*!
Pleas'd, to congratulate, by *heav'n's* command,
Lengths of *new greatneſs*, for this *free-born* land,
[*Exit* FANCY.]

IN GREECE, and ROME, friends to the *muſe's* art,
The *ſcene* ſuſtain'd my *pow'r*, and breath'd my *heart*:
'Till POORER *paſſions*, dark'ning many an age,
Erring, defac'd the *ſtate*, and ſham'd the *ſtage*:
Then,

Then *ſpleen*, and *vengeance*, miſ-aſſum'd *my* name;
And *mercy* fell, and *malice* roſe to *fame!*

ALL things were *chang'd*, *religion* was *pretence*;
Law was *oppreſſion*; *reaſon*, *violence*:
Jocky'd, by ſharpers, *honeſty* diſtreſt,
Politely laugh'd at! grew the great man's *jeſt*.
Valour was loſt, in *ſtate-craft*—ſolid *ſenſe*,
In *ſound*; — and *modeſty*, in *impudence*.
Then *genius* SUNK, and *dullneſs* raviſh'd praiſe,
And *laureat brows* UNDIGNIFY'D the *bays*.

FOE to ſuch *taſteleſs* times, I ſhun'd to riſe;
For *Freedom* cannot *live*, where *virtue dies*:
Here, *tempted*, gladly, I obey the call,
And breathe my *Roman ſpirit* o'er you, all.

HENCEFORTH, be *Britain* BLESS'D; from LICENCE, *free*,
Let her *deſerve*, and *hold faſt* LIBERTY!
Let her brave ſons diſdain *their* ſons to SELL;
And *taſte* of *freedom*, thirſt of *bribes* expel;
Let her, abroad, *command*, at home, *obey*;
And love of *glory* be her *ſtateſmen's* PAY;

Let

Let her, no longer, languiſhing, and loſt,
Feed *muſick's* indolence, at *meaning's* coſt:
Let manly *reaſon*, *pantomime* o'erturn;
Let *Shakeſpear* triumph, and let *opera* BURN.
Such is the charmful *change*, I riſe, to bring;
What more remains—*two* of my *ſons* ſhall *ſing*.

Replaces himſelf on the rock. Then riſes (to briſk muſick) the Genius *of* GOOD SENSE, *on one ſide, and the* Genius *of* GOOD-NATURE, *on the other.*
[N. B. *Theſe two were to be repreſented by the two little* Hamiltons.]

The following SONG,
To the Tune of Jolly Watermen.

GOOD SENSE.

D'YE *know* me! *yes*, *Good Senſe*, my name;
Deſpiſe me not, though *ſmall*;
For wou'd the *pit* grow *kind* to *wit*,
You'd ſee me, *ſoon*, grow *tall*.
Toll loll, &c.

GOOD NATURE.

FOR *me*, my name's *Good Nature*,
The *tinyeſt* thing alive;
But wou'd you be, from *faction*, free,
Good Lord! how I ſhould *thrive*!
Toll loll, &c.

GOOD SENSE.

WOU'D handſome *wives* be rul'd by me,
They ſhould, with kindneſs, kill;
In *joy*, grow *old*, and never *ſcold*,
And *pleaſe*, without QUADRILLE.

Toll loll, &c.

GOOD NATURE.

THEIR *huſbands*, then, ſhould learn to *love*,
And lead the *happieſt* lives:
Forbear to roam, and find, at home,
Whate'er they *want*, in *wives*.

Toll loll, &c.

GOOD SENSE.

THE *Courtier*, he ſhould learn from *me*,
To hope no *comfort*, there:
And he, whom *fate*, has made not *great*,
Should *bleſs* his *'ſcape*, from *care*.

Toll loll, &c.

GOOD NATURE.

To painful *prudes*, and light *coquetts*,
I'd give theſe ſafe *alarms:*
That *art* is baſe, and *ſpoils* a face,
While *goodneſs*, always *charms*.

Toll loll, &c.

GOOD SENSE.

POETS ſhould fall in love, with ME,

GOOD NATURE.

With ME, the dreadful *pit*:

GOOD SENSE.

Good ſenſe combin'd ——

GOOD NATURE.

Good nature join'd,

BOTH.

Then, hey boys, *up* goes *wit*.

Toll loll, &c.

Genius of LIBERTY.

Enough, my children; come, attend me, *near*;
And, *going*, leave, *behind*, your *influence*, here.

[*All deſcend into the Places they roſe from.*]

MOSES's *Song of* THANKSGIVING.

On the Overthrow of PHARAOH, *in the* Red-ſea, *from* Exodus *Chap.* XV.

The firſt Part only.

I.

TEMPLES, and altars, let us raiſe,
Ours, and our father's *God*, provokes our praiſe.
God is our ſtrength, *God* is our theme:
Where is *Egypt*'s fall'n eſteem?
Pharaoh wakes, from his proud *dream:*
Wakes, to feel a warrior's hand.
Lord of a pow'r more vaſt, than *his*, that ſhakes his wond'ring land!
Vainly, the following foes our God defy'd,
Their rapid wheels, in vain, tore up the ſtrand:
In vain, they *mock'd* the waving wand;
Not all their noiſe could the loud *ſea* withſtand;
The *wat'ry world* flow'd, fearleſs, o'er their pride,
A *drowning army* beat th' involving tide.
On *wave-waſh'd chariots*, half-ſuſtain'd, the trembling captains ride.

Up-lifted

Up-lifted *hoofs* paw'd, looſe, the liquid way;
And, round 'em, *black'ning* thro' the foam, the
floating legions lay.
Down, down, th' ungrounded footſteps go;
Strain'd, to feel for *ſands*, below,
Sands, where *wat'ry mountains* flow!
Sinking, like rocks, they clog the deep, with prey,
High-cov'ring, roſe the *briny* flood, and ſwept
their rage away.

II.

SAVING *God!* thy hand was, here!
Thou protecting, *who* can fear?
Threat'ning aloud, the thund'ring legions roſe,
And, at thy *choſen*, ſhook th' extended ſpear:
Behind, amaz'd, we ſaw th' o'ertaking foes,
Hearts *anticipating* blows.
But, while thy blaſt, O baſe deſpair! blew keen,
Safely, from heav'n, ſhot down, between!
Dreadful, in wrath, thy lifted arm but ſhone,
And, all th' unnumber'd thouſands melt away:
O'er ſtubbly fields, ſo, wind-driv'n *fire* rolls on,
And ſweeps the *blazing* breadth, with *crackly* ſway.

III.

TH' almighty's voice but ſpoke a loud command,
And, ſtrait, th' unlinking ſurges, backward, riſe.
High-climbing waves, in *quiv'ring* mountains, ſtand,
And hang their *billowy* horrors, in the *ſkies.*
In murm'ring *cleft*, th' obedient deep yawns wide,
And ſhad'wy *glooms* loure dark, from either ſide!
Down, thro' the horrid *vale's* moiſt concave, led,
Safe, and dry, bold *Iſrael* tread;
Gay, 'twixt terrors, round her, ſpread,
Her tearful eye, now, ſmil'd, once more, and hail'd her guardian *God.*

IV.

HARK! aloft, the wond'ring foe!
Look! they cry'd, all *pointing low*,
Shall the cowards 'ſcape us, ſo!
'Twixt the *dividing waves*, they go!
Their *forc'rer* cleaves the ſea, with *magic* ſkill:
Haſte, prevent, o'ertake, and *kill.*
They hear, they march—they dare the mad command;
The ſhouting *ſquares* invade the cover'd ſtrand;
Chariots, impell'd on fiery wheels, gore wide th'
encumber'd ſand. Mix'd

Mix'd horſe, and foot, in *bann'ry pomp*, deſcend:
See! from each horn, th' *inclining length'ners* bend,
Looſe, ſlides the weeping *Ooſe*, to ſhun their weight,
And the deep, *murm'ring*, mourns th' *unuſual ſtate*.

V.

HARK! the burſting thunder *ſpeaks!*
Waves, your wat'ry ranks diſband!
Oh, behold! how *vain*, how *weak*,
Strength, that dares its *God* withſtand!
Down, at once, from either hand,
Hoarſe-ſounding hills, o'er hills let looſe, devour the vaniſh'd ſand!
Helpleſs, engulph'd, th' immerging ſquadrons roll:
Pharaoh, proud-ſinking, drinks down *brine*, that chills his fiery ſoul.
Mix'd, on th' evolving ſurge, a-while, they ſtrive,
Then, like ſunk plumbets, to the bottom, dive.
Of all the Gods, no God, like *ours*, is found!
Join, heav'n, and earth, applauſe like *his*, let *men*, and *angels*, ſound.

David's Elegy, *for the Death of* Saul *and* Jonathan. (2 Kings, *Chap.* i.)

I.

O ISRAEL! how does all thy beauty fade!
How are the mighty *fall'n!* the ſtrong betray'd!
Ne'er may this woe, in *Gath*'s full ſtreets, be told;
Never let *Aſcalon* our fate unfold.

II.

MOUNTAINS of *Gilboa*! may ye drink no dew!
Let rain's mourn'd want turn *red* the verdant hue!
Let your *vines* wither, and your *olives* die.
And your *parch*'d fields no *grainy wealth* ſupply.
For, *there*, abandon'd *Saul*, brave monarch, bled,
As if no aweful *oil* had hemm'd his head.

III.

NEVER, in vain, drew *Jonathan* his *bow*;
Never, *Saul*'s *ſword* fell, fruſtrate, on a foe:
Lovely, and loving! one dear life they led,
Nor parted, *dying*, but *together*, bled.
Swifter, than *eagles*, to the *fight* they flew,
Stronger, than *lions*, they could foes purſue.

Daughters

IV.

DAUGHTERS of *Iſrael!* weep the loſs of *Saul:*
In *ſcarlet*, and in *gold*, he cloath'd you, all:
Peaceful, beneath his *warlike* ſhade, you ſmil'd;
And triumph'd, by their toil, whoſe hoſts he *ſpoil'd.*

V.

THEE, *Jonathan*, my brother! thee, I mourn,
With *grief*, ſtill *growing*, muſt thy *loſs* be borne:
Soft, and delightful *partner* of my ſoul!
Two halfs, *divided*, made us *one* dear whole.
Vaſt was thy love, and wonderful, to me;
And never *woman lov'd*, as I lov'd thee.

To CELIA.

OH! thou *eclipſe*, and *glory*, of thy kind!
Thou *vaſt o'erwhelmer* of the drowning mind!
Bid me not *write* my thoughts, or *ſpeak* my pain,
'Till thou haſt giv'n me back my ſoul, again:

As well might *ſhipwreck'd* ſlaves, who, *floating*, lie,
Swim, through the *billowy ſtorms*, which *ſweep* the ſky,
As my poor *ſighing* breaſt its *torments* ſhow,
And paint, in *cool* deſcription, *burning woe*.
Loſt to *ſenſe*, *mem'ry*, *meaning*—all, but *thee!*
I *drag on* life's dull load, in *miſery*,
Abſent, from thoſe dear eyes' *deſtructive* ſhine,
I pant, methinks, to tell thee, why I *pine*.
But, when I touch my *pen*, my flaming *heart*
Burns up, at once, and *dazzles* trembling art.
Love's ſcatt'ring *ſparks*, on my *full* boſom, fall,
And, kindling wild reflection, blows up all.

To a Lady, *on calling me* Jealous.

I.

HE, whoſe whole treaſure *one* dear veſſel bears,
Thro' ſeas, on which deſtructive *pirates* ſwarm.
Muſt be *excus'd* a thouſand *fears* and *cares*,
And bend his *ſoul* to ev'ry ſtrong *alarm*.

II.

Ill do they *love*, and *feel* thee, at their *heart*,
Who ſeem *unmov'd*, while others hope thee *theirs*;
My kindling boſom burns, with open *ſmart*,
For my proud ſoul her *unveil'd* meaning wears.

III.

NICE, as thy own, and all refin'd, as thine,
My *tow'ring* paſſion *climbs*, with gen'rous flame;
But, ſhrinking from *neglect*, in ſad decline,
Burns downward, and forgoes a fruſtrate aim.

IV.

TENDER, as *infant* ſighs, in ſlumb'ring eaſe,
My ſoft'ning ſoul admits, and owns thy *ſway*:
'Tis my life's *ſweeteſt* care, thy *taſte* to pleaſe,
And, in thy *ſunſhine*, melt my *griefs* away.

V.

WOES are too weak, to *wound* me, thro' thy *ſmiles*,
The *pole's* fix'd froſt were warm, as heav'n, to me;
I tread down *malice*, thro' her mazy *wiles*,
And triumph over all things, *charming thee*.

What

VI.

WHAT taſk ſo *dang'rous*, or, what toil ſo *vaſt*,
Would not thy love inſpire me to defy!
Soul'd, with immortal fire, my flame muſt laſt;
And I ſhould conquer worlds, beneath thy eye.

VII.

OH! that my ſtruggling *thoughts*, which heave, *within*,
Cou'd borrow but a *voice*, and ſpeak my *ſoul*;
Then, would this heart thy grateful paſſions win
'Till—oh! *vaſt empire!* I ſhould claim the *whole*.

VIII.

YET, as it is, indulge my trembling fear,
And give thy *lover's counſel* leave to ſpeak:
Fools are all *falſe*, nor, long can hold thee *dear*,
For ſoon they find, whate'er they know to ſeek.

IX.

Boaſtful, *ungenerous*, *vain*, and groſsly *mean*;
On all thy *charms*, they only feed their ſenſe;
Thou art, by *them*, but as meer *woman* ſeen,
Blind to thy heav'n, of *inward* excellence.

SUDDEN,

X.

SUDDEN, the wretches' *ſmoaky* flames *expire*;
Such *earthy fuel* muſt, of courſe, *decay*;
But I, while *adoration* lifts *deſire*,
Light up a love, that ne'er can *burn away*.

Alone, in an Inn, (*at* Southampton.) April *the* 25th, 1737.

TWENTY *loſt* years have ſtoln their hours away,
Since, in *this inn*, ev'n in this *room*, I lay:
How chang'd! what, *then*, was *rapture*, *fire*, and *air*,
Seems, *now*, ſad *ſilence*, all, and blanc *deſpair!*
Is it, that youth paints every view too bright,
And, *life* advancing, *fancy* fades her light?
Ah! no—nor, yet, is day ſo far declin'd,
Nor can *time's* creeping coldneſs reach the *mind*.

'TIS---that I miſs th' *inſpirer* of that youth;
Her, whoſe ſoft *ſmile* was *love*, whoſe *ſoul* was *truth*.

Her

Her, from whoſe pain, I never wiſh'd *relief*,
And, for whoſe *pleaſure*, I could ſmile at *grief*.
Proſpects, that (view'd with her) *inſpir'd*, before,
Now, ſeen without her, can delight no more.
Death ſnatch'd my *joys*, by cutting off *her* ſhare,
But left her *griefs*, to multiply my *care*.

PENSIVE, and cold, this room, in each chang'd part,
I *view*, and, ſhock'd, from ev'ry object, ſtart:
There hung the *watch*, that beating hours, from day,
Told its ſweet *owner's* leſſening life away.
There, her dear *diamond* taught the ſaſh my name;
'Tis gone! frail *image* of *love*, *life*, and *fame*.
That glaſs, ſhe dreſs'd at, keeps her form no more;
Not one dear foot-ſtep *tunes* th' unconſcious *floor*,
There ſat ſhe---yet, thoſe *chairs* no ſenſe retain,
And buſy *recollection* ſmarts, in vain.
Sullen, and dim, what faded ſcenes are here!
I wonder, and retract a ſtarting tear.
Gaze, in attentive doubt---with anguiſh, ſwell,
And o'er, and o'er, on each weigh'd object, dwell.
Then, to the window, ruſh, gay views invite,
And tempt *idea*, to permit *delight*.

But

But unimpreſſive, all in ſorrow, drown'd,
One void forgetful deſert glooms, around.

OH life! --- deceitful lure of loſt deſires!
How *ſhort* thy *period*, yet, how *fierce* thy *fires!*
Scarce can a paſſion ſtart, (we *change* ſo faſt)
E're *new* lights ſtrike us, and the *old* are paſt.
Schemes following ſchemes, ſo long life's taſte explore,
That, e'er we learn to live, we live no more.
Who, then, can think--yet ſigh, to part with *breath?*
Or ſhun the healing hand of friendly *death?*
Guilt, penitence, and wrongs; and pain, and ſtrife,
Form thy whole heap'd *amount*, thou flatterer, *life!*
Is it for *this*, that toſs'd, 'twixt hope, and fear,
Peace, by new ſhipwrecks, numbers each *new year?*
Oh, take me, *death!* indulge deſir'd *repoſe*,
And draw thy ſilent *curtain* round my woes.

YET, hold--*one* tender pang revokes that *pray'r*,
Still, there remains *one claim*, to tax my *care*.
Gone, tho' ſhe is, ſhe left her *ſoul* behind,
In four dear *tranſcripts* of her copy'd *mind*.

They

They chain me down to life, new task ſupply,
And leave me not, at leiſure, yet, to *die!*
Buſied, for them, I, yet, forego releaſe;
And teach my wearied *heart*, to wait for *peace*.
But, when their day breaks broad, I welcome *night*,
Smile at diſcharge from *care*, and ſhut out *light*.

EPILOGUE, *to* EURIDICE;

Spoke by Miſs Robinſon, *in Boy's Cloaths.*

OH, Gentlemen! I'm come --- but was not ſent ye;
A *voluntier*---pray, does my *ſize* content ye?
Man, I am yours: ſex! bleſt, as heav'n can make you,
And, from this time, weak *woman*, I forſake you.

WHO'D be a *wife?* when each *new play* can teach us,
To what fine *ends*, theſe *lords* of ours beſeech us,
At firſt, whate'er they *do*---they do *ſo charming!*
But mark what follows---frightful, and alarming!
They

They feed, too faſt, on *love*—then, *ſick'ning*, tell us,
They can't, forſooth, be *kind*, becauſe they're *jealous*.

Who wou'd be *woman*, then? to ſigh, and ſuffer?
And wiſh, and wait, for the *ſlow-coming proffer*?
Not I—farewel to *petticoats*, and *ſtitching*,
And welcome dear, dear *breeches*, more bewitching!
Henceforth, new-moulded, I'll rove, love, and wander,
And fight, and ſtorm, and charm, like *Periander*.
Born, for this *dapper age*, pert, ſhort, and clever,
If e'er I grow a *man*, 'tis now, or never.

WELL, but *what conduct* ſuits this transformation?
I'll copy ſome ſmart *ſoul* of converſation:
Shou'd there be *war*, I'd talk of *fields*, and *trenches*;
Shou'd there be *peace*, I'd toaſt ten fav'rite *wenches*.
Shou'd I be *lov'd*—'gadſo—how then—no matter,
I'll bow, as *you* do—and *look fooliſh*, at her.
And ſo, who knows, that never meant to *prove* ye,
But I'm as *good a man*, as any of ye.

WELL

WELL, 'tis a charming *frolick!* and I'll do't!
Sirs, have I your *conſent?* what ſay ye to't?
Yet, hold—perhaps, they'll dread a *rival beaux*;
I *may* be what I *ſeem*, for ought *they* know.
Ladies, *farewel!*—I ſhou'd be loth to *leave* ye,
Cou'd an *increaſe* of *pretty fellows* grieve ye:
Each, like myſelf, devoted ne'er to *harm* ye,
And full as *fit*, no doubt, to *ſerve*, and *charm* ye.

The SHIPWRECK.

'TWAS on the day, whoſe unauſpicious fate,
With diſmal *news*, alarm'd *Britannia's* ſtate;
And, in our *admiral's ſhipwreck*, let us ſee,
That *courage* cannot *ſtem* mortality!
The *ſea's* grim *ſov'reign*, in a calmer place,
Unbent the *wrinkly terrors* of his face:
Where, ſtretch'd at eaſe, the wanton *monarch* lay,
And, hem'd with *Nerëids*, laugh'd the hours away;
Soft knots of unform'd *coral* ſwell'd his bed,
And *oozy ſamphire* crown'd his buſhy head.
A watchful *guard* the beſt-arm'd *fiſhes* keep,
And wind-rock'd *billows* lull'd their *lord* to ſleep.

WHILE

WHILE thus he lay, thick-gathering ſhouts were heard,
From ev'ry part, the *ſcaly nation* ſteer'd;
With ſudden *force*, the ſwelling *ſea* ran high,
And *moving mountains* ſwept the darken'd *ſky*.
Diſturb'd, the *monarch* rais'd his wond'ring head,
And ſtarted, doubtful, from his *briny* bed:
Angry, his aweful *trident*, thrice, he ſhook,
And ſwift *poſſeſſion* of his chariot took:
Fix'd, in the ſtately ſeat, he drives, he raves!
The frighted *ſteeds* divide the foamy waves;
And plunging, fiercely, thro' retorted *tides*,
Daſh the drops, both ways, from their panting ſides.

SOON, he arriv'd, where ſhoals, on ſhoals, amaz'd,
In gath'ring *ſwarm*, as on ſome *wonder*, gaz'd:
Triumphant tumult ſpoke *unuſual* joys,
And growing numbers ſwell'd the ſavage noiſe.
The *God* advanc'd; and, as he nearer drew,
The ſhooting *fiſhes* fled his aweful view!
He came: and *curious*, what the *cauſe* cou'd be,
That had, at once, alarm'd th' aſſembled ſea!

He ſaw — and, ſtarting back, declin'd his head,
The well-known *Clou'ſly*, *Britain*'s *admiral*, dead!
Stretch'd on the ſands, the wave-ſwoln warrior lay,
To *death's* wide jaws, an unexpected prey!
Swift, he deſcends, o'erjoy'd, at what he found,
And rais'd the *body*, from th' unwilling ground:
Invok'd the *ſoul*, to re-inform his breaſt,
The late-ejected ſpirit, greatly bleſt,
Return'd, and joyful, its old ſeat poſſeſt,
The waking hero felt a ſtrange ſurprize,
And, ſtarting, open'd wide his ſea-waſh'd eyes:
Look'd round, with curious horror, all amaz'd,
While, thus, the *God* beſpoke him, as he gaz'd.

ILLUSTRIOUS *rival* of my *wat'ry throne!*
Welcome, to *regions*, more than *half* your own!
Long have my *ſeas* been practis'd to your ſway,
Scarce wou'd my doubtful ſlaves my laws *obey*,
Unknowing, 'till, ſurpris'd, they ſaw you *die*,
WHO was moſt *God of oceans*, *you*, or *I!*
Live, now, confeſs'd, from this propitious hour,
Imperial partner of divided *pow'r*.

GRATE-

GRATEFUL, the *chief* bow'd low, un-mov'd, with *pride*,
And, to the gen'rous offer, thus, reply'd:
You *tempt* me with a pow'r, I would not *loſe*,
Had I my *queen's conſent*, that pow'r to *uſe*.
She bid me *rule* the *ſeas*, to my laſt breath,
But gave me *no commiſſion after death*.

The French Prophets.

PROPHECY! no — 'tis luxury of *ſoul!*
No *Cataracts*, down *religion's* rivers, roll!
Her ſtreams, tho' *deep*, are ever, ſmooth, and clear,
And, from their *bottoms*, all things *plain* appear:
On *Superſtition's ſea*, theſe veſſels ride,
Foul, with the *daſhings* of her *muddy tide*.
What *marks?* what *tokens?* can they boaſt, from heav'n?
Knowledge is, ſtill, with *inſpiration*, giv'n!
While *theſe* the duſky paths of *ignorance* tread,
And impudently prophecy, for bread!
With counterfeited ſhocks of ſoul, they ſwell,
And, in forc'd *ſweats*, convulſive *falſehoods* tell.

To heights, like this, *religion* wou'd not fly;
Ev'n *zeal* grows *madneſs*, when 'tis ſkrew'd too high.

Now *law*, methinks, moſt wholeſomely ſevere,
Might *truth's* fair garden, from this *rubbiſh*, clear,
Which, long deſpis'd, may ſtrike too vig'rous *root*,
And, into *groves* of *godly error*, ſhoot!
'Twere eaſy, *now*, to ſweep looſe *weeds* away,
Which may deſtroy the *flow'rs*, by ſhort *delay*.

So, in the *bottom* of ſome goodly plain,
Flows a ſmall *rill*, encreas'd, by caſual rain;
Near which, with careful ſteps, and *ſounding* hands,
Some cautious clown, with needleſs terror ſtands!
Loth to attempt a nimble paſſage o'er,
While, ſtill, the ſwelling ſtream encreaſes more:
'Till faint eſſays, protracting time, in vain,
The riſing *river* drowns the cover'd *plain*;
Then, ſtagg'ring, with *affright*, he gazes round,
And, forc'd to paſs, at laſt, miſtakes his ground:
'Till, deeply *wading*, to'ward the wide-miſs'd ſhore,
The current ſweeps him, and he's ſeen no more.

Celia

Celia *to* Amintor.

I.

SINCE *God*, whom we continually *offend*,
Is ſtill ſo *merciful*, that he *forgives*,
Man, ſure! a pitying ear may juſtly lend,
When *Woman*, penitent, in ſorrow, lives.

II.

THE mournful *dove*, when abſent from her *mate*,
Sits, brooding *melancholy*, all alone;
Pines, and bemoans, her ſeparated ſtate,
And all the groves can ne'er the loſs attone.

III.

So, I, depriv'd of all, I hold moſt dear,
My much-mourn'd *lover*, and my tend'reſt *friend*;
Hear *reaſon* whiſper, in my conſcious ear,
That only your bleſt *ſight* my grief can end.

IV.

SURE, if I ſee you not, before I *ſleep*,
A ſecond *Niobe* I ſhall become;
Fly, then, *Amintor*, give my *woe* relief,
Rather, than *vex* you, I'll be always *dumb*.

Amintor's *Anſwer.*

I.

IF you, too frequently provoke your *God*,
That God, who, *merciful*, forgives you, ſtill,
You muſt expect, at laſt, to *feel* his rod,
His rod, the fitteſt ſcourge of head-ſtrong *will*.

II.

BUT I, long vers'd, in *women's* winding ways,
Unmov'd, with patient *phlegm*, their *follies* ſee;
And, like men, tir'd with dirty, wint'ry days,
Wou'd *wiſh* 'twere *ſpring*, but *know* it cannot be.

III.

No longer, then, in ſpite of *nature*, pine;
Thoſe *tiny eyes* can ſpare no room for *tears*;
Your wand'ring *dove* has ſnatch'd the firſt glad *ſign*,
And, with the peaceful *olive-branch*, appears.

IV.

FOR, ſhou'd your *tuneful clack* be ſtricken *dumb*,
More *wonders* wou'd ariſe, than you have ſhown;
Not *Celia*, only *ſtatue*, would become,
But all th' aſtoniſh'd town wou'd turn to *ſtone*,

To MIRANDA, *after Marriage*; *With Mr.* Lock's *Treatiſe on* Education.

SINCE, every day, with *new delight*, I ſee,
Theſe lively little images of thee;
I would their tender minds to *virtue*, bow,
And have 'em *never* leſs belov'd, than *now*,
Take then, thou gentle partner of my care!
A *glaſs*, to ſhow thee, what theſe *infants* are:
By this juſt *light*, direct their opening way,
Leſt road-met *folly* lead their ſteps aſtray:
Firſt, teach 'em, what, to heav'n's high throne, they owe,
Then — whence, on *earth*, the *wiſe man's* comforts flow:
Teach 'em, while *fortune* ſmiles, to uſe her *right*,
And nobly *ſcorn* her, when ſhe takes her *flight*.
The *rare-found charms* of *friendſhip* let 'em know,
And learn, that *love's* ſoft dreſs is lin'd with *woe*.
Form, with progreſſive care, the wid'ning mind,
And, growing, bid 'em leave the world behind:
'Till, having learnt, whate'er becomes the *free*,
You, laſtly, teach 'em, how to *charm*, like thee.

EPITAPH, *on a young Lady, who died* unmarried.

I.

RIPE in virtue, *green* in years,
Here, a matchleſs maid lies low;
None cou'd read, and ſpare their tears,
Did they but her *ſweetneſs* know.

II.

HUMBLY wiſe, and *meekly* good,
No *earthly lover's* arms ſhe bleſt;
But, full of *grace*, her *Saviour* woo'd,
And hides her *bluſhes*, in his breaſt.

Blowing Kiſſes, *at the Play-houſe.*

NO more, vain wretch! ſuch *trifling arts* purſue,
Theſe public fooleries will never do!
Love's ſecret flames, like lamps, ſhou'd bury'd lie,
The very moment they take air, they die.

Women,

Women, thro' *crowds*, can unfeign'd paſſion ſpy,
Skill'd, in the *rhet'ric* of a ſpeaking eye:
But when, regardleſs of their fame, you move,
Your *glare* of *folly* blinds their *eye of love*

Auguſta's *Complaint to her* Thames.

NEAR the ſoft ſolitudes of *Hampton*'s plain,
Where the moiſt banks perpetual ſpring maintain;
The gentle *Thames* has form'd a deep'ning bay,
Where ſportful ſtreams, in wanton whirlpools, play:
In this ſweet place, the clouds no terrors wear;
Here, no bold tempeſts diſcompoſe the air:
No ruffling billows, here, aſſault the ſhore,
Nor wint'ry floods, with ſwell'd ambition, roar;
But all ſerene, and calm, is form'd to *pleaſe*,
And the ſmooth ſtream *reflects* the bord'ring trees.
Hither no winds, but zephyrous breaths repair,
Soft, as the *ſighs* of love-ſick *virgins* are!
Here, *ſafety* reigns, and, on the ſilent brink,
Cud-chewing cattle watch their fleeting drink:

While

While fiſhes, conſcious of no foes to ſhun,
Turn up their *ſcaly noſes* to the ſun.

HERE, ſick with grief, which *Anna*'s abſence bred,
AUGUSTA's genius hid her mournful head:
And, with low accents, ſpeaking inward pains,
Thus, to the gliding river, ſhe complains:
When, gentle ſtream, to ſhun the *briny* tide,
Anon, thy *ſea-met waves* ſhall, backward, glide;
Then, gentle ſtream, be kind, one moment ſtay!
And, on thy ſurface, bear my ſighs away:
Tell the great miſtreſs of this happy iſle,
Auguſta, ſtript of *joy*, forgets to *ſmile*:
What, tho' yon tow'ring ſpires have ris'n in ſtate,
The city's *genius* feels an humbler fate!
Shou'd *art*, and *nature*, toil, to make me fair,
Cou'd I taſte glory, and my *queen* not there?
But oh! too fondly, I, to thee, complain!
Thou know'ſt, unkindly know'ſt, 'tis all in vain!
Thy ſtreams their eye-bewitching pleaſures join,
To raiſe thy *Windſor*'s ſtate, to ruin *mine!*
Windſor has other *boaſts*, but, help'd, by thee,
Grows proudly charming, and out-rivals me.

But

But turn, ſweet *current!* bid thy waters ſtray,
And guide their mazy bends, ſome other way.
Strip the gay *cottage*, of its boaſtful pride,
Nor longer, thro' th' imperious proſpect, glide!
So, to thy care, this glory ſhall remain,
T' ave given *Auguſta* back her *queen*, again.

GRAVE *Thameſis*, thrice, ſhook his dripping head,
And, ſlowly riſing, from his *oozy bed*,
While the huſh'd ſtream, with awful ſmoothneſs ran,
He, to the mournful genius, thus, began:

YON *Queen of cities* ought to learn content;
Her *gratitude* ſhou'd theſe *complaints* prevent.
Have I not rais'd her, to an envy'd ſtate?
Is ſhe not *rich*, *licentious*, *pow'rful*, *great?*
And wou'd ſhe, thus, make *every* bliſs her own?
And muſt our *Anna* live, for *her alone!*
Do not yon *ſun-beams*, with unwearied race,
Whelm their enliv'ning light, from place to place?
Why, then, muſt *Britain*'s glory ceaſe to move,
And bleſs her world, with her divided love?

He

Go, go, retire! your tears, with pain, I ſee,
And this *complaint*, renew'd, ſhall *dang'rous* be!
He ſaid: and, gliding, from her preſence, went,
And ſad *Auguſta* ſtrove, but could not be *content*.

To the unknown Author of the beautiful new Piece, *call'd* PAMELA.

BLEST be thy pow'rful pen, whoe'er thou art!
Thou ſkill'd, great *moulder* of the maſter'd heart!
Where haſt thou lain conceal'd? or why thought fit,
At this dire period, to *unveil* thy wit?
O! late befriended iſle! had this broad blaze,
With *earlier* beamings, bleſs'd our *fathers* days,
The *pilot radiance* pointing out the ſource,
Whence *public wealth* derives its vital courſe;
Each timely draught, ſome healing pow'r had ſhown,
E're general *gangreen* blacken'd, to the *bone*.
But *feſt'ring*, now, beyond all ſenſe of pain,
'Tis hopeleſs, and the helper's hand is vain.

SWEET

SWEET *Pamela!* for-ever-blooming maid!
Thou dear, unliv'ning, (yet immortal) ſhade!
Why are thy *virtues* ſcatter'd to the wind?
Why are thy beauties flaſh'd upon the blind!
What, tho' thy flutt'ring ſex might learn, from thee,
That *merit* forms a rank, above *degree?*
That *pride*, too conſcious, falls from ev'ry claim,
While *humble ſweetneſs* climbs beyond its aim?
What, tho' *religion*, ſmiling, from thy eyes,
Shews her plain pow'r, and charms, without diſguiſe?
What tho' thy warmly-pleaſing *moral* ſcheme
Gives livelier rapture, than the *looſe* can dream?
What, tho' thou build'ſt, by thy perſuaſive life,
Maid, child, friend, miſtreſs, mother, neighbour, wife?
Tho' *taſte*, like thine, each *void of time* can fill,
Unſunk by *ſpleen*, un-quicken'd, by *Quadrille?*
What, tho' 'tis thine, to bleſs the lengthen'd hour,
Give *permanence* to joy, and *uſe* to pow'r?
Lend late-felt bluſhes, to the vain, and ſmart,
And ſqueeze cramp'd pity, from the *miſer's* heart?

What,

What, tho' 'tis thine, to huſh the marriage breeze,
Teach *liberty* to tire, and *chains* to pleaſe?
Thine, tho' from *ſtiffneſs*, to diveſt *reſtraint*,
And, to the *charmer*, reconcile the *ſaint*?
Tho' ſmiles, and tears, obey thy moving ſkill,
And paſſion's ruffled empire waits thy will?
Tho' thine, the fancy'd fields of flow'ry wit,
Thine, *art's* whole pow'r, in *nature's* language, writ?
Thine, to convey ſtrong thought, with modeſt eaſe,
And, copying converſe, teach its ſtile to pleaſe?
Tho' thine, each *virtue*, that a *God* could lend?
Thine, every help, that every heart can mend?
'Tis thine, in *vain!* thou wak'ſt a dying land:
And lift'ſt *departed hope*, with fruitleſs hand.
Death has no *cure*—thou haſt *mis-tim'd* thy aim;
Rome had her GOTHS — and all, beyond, was *ſhame*.

On Corinna's *firſt Attempt in* Poetry.

WITH eyes, un-brib'd, by your enchanting view,
I trac'd, impartial, your ſoft numbers thro' ?
Your looſe-dreſs'd *fancy*, in each ſparkling line,
Gilds the gay current of your deep deſign.
Your poem, ſtrongly fine, and ſoftly bold,
Is *ſilkworm's* labour, ſpun, with threads of gold.
Go on, bright maid ! nor doubt the world's applauſe ;
Wit, arm'd with *looks*, like yours, the critic awes !
Tho' years may knit, and lengthen your ſucceſs,
Think not your *youth* will your due praiſe *oppreſs* :
Ev'n the broad *ſun*, when, firſt, his glories riſe,
With ſtruggling tincture, ſtreaks the eaſtern ſkies,
But ſoon, thro' heav'n's enlighten'd *orbs*, the conquering *luſtre* flies.

The Valentine.

WHY, be it ſo! it matters not what name
Yon *river* bears, ſince, ſtill, it flows the ſame!
Whate'er I *call* you, this, I'm ſure, I feel,
No name can ſpeak of you, with half my zeal!
In vain, *love's* meaning, *this* or *that*, we call,
The comprehenſive lover takes in all!
Yet, ſince, to *cuſtom's* bent, we all incline;
You ſhall, to pleaſe you, be my *Valentine*.
And, ſince my *charming trifler* aſks a gift.
The *myſtic* value of this preſent, ſift.
Accept theſe *gloves*, and, if they worthleſs ſeem,
Learn, thus, what *pleas* they bring, for your *eſteem*.
Their ſpotleſs *white* prefer'd their choice, to me,
As the beſt *emblem* of your *chaſtity*.
Their *ſmoothneſs* may, almoſt, the honour win,
To repreſent the *velvet* of your *ſkin*:
Their *ſuppleneſs*, which, join'd with ſtrength, you find,
Is the juſt fabrick of your well-mix'd *mind*.

The

The *kid*, that wore 'em, had ſome faint pretence,
To be the *type* of your ſweet *innocence*:
How, then, can I a fitter preſent chuſe?
Or you theſe *emblematic gloves* refuſe?
One ſtronger reaſon, too, my *fear* has found;
Women, they ſay, oft *ſlight* the breaſt they *wound*:
And, when *dark abſence* ſhades us, from their view,
They look not after *us*, but ſeek out *new*:
To ſhun this *fate*, theſe *gloves* your lover ſends,
That you may *have* him, at your *fingers ends*.

The REVENGE.

HIGH, on the *ſummit* of a craggy *rock*,
Whoſe harden'd ſides reſiſt the billows' ſhock;
Whoſe cliffy brow, mens eyes, with horror, view,
O'erlooking, proudly, *land*, and *ocean*, too:
There ſtands a roomy *cave*, by nature, made,
To *knit*, in juſt embraces, *light*, and *ſhade*:
Its ſpacious *mouth* the ſun's up-riſing greets,
Admits his *luſtre*, but repels his *heats*!

No glaring *gold*, on this rough portal, ſhines,
But creeping *ivy* round its entrance, twines:
Wall-flow'rs, wild-thyme, and juniper, grow there,
And with their odorous influence, feed the air:
Surrounding *groves*, at diſtance, graceful riſe,
Shades, for the little ſongſters of the ſkies:
And, near the cave, a torrent, guſhing o'er,
Daſhes the ſea, beneath, with tributary roar.

STRETCH'D, on a bed of freſh-blown *roſes*, here,
Serene, the region, and the proſpect clear!
Reſts, when grown *weary*, by her ſummer toil,
The wakeful *genius* of our happy iſle!
Hence, her unbounded ſight can trace the ſhore,
And look, high-poſted, the proud *ocean* o'er!
And hence, while *hoſtile* winds grow hoarſe, in vain,
Guide ſafe her *wide-watch'd Britons*, 'croſs the *main*.

'TWAS here, of late, on an *ill-fated* day,
The awful nymph, o'ercharg'd with buſineſs, lay,

Now,

Now, ſwelling winds deficient ſails to fill;
Now, ſoft'ning tempeſts, with reductive ſkill,
Now, with wide *bleſſings*, looks ſhe thro' the iſle,
And calls forth *harveſts*, with a *fruitful ſmile*.
Then, 'twards *Auguſta*'s ſpires, ſhe loves to lean,
And guide ſtray'd comforts, to *Auguſta's* QUEEN!
But, whether tir'd, with her long line of *care*,
Or lull'd to *reſt*, by the *unacted air*,
A riſing *languor* o'er her ſenſes creeps,
And, in a *fatal* hour, the *guardian* ſleeps.

Now was the time! the prompted *Gallic* foe,
Call'd out, to ſtride a chance-invited blow,
With ſhameful *odds*, in ſtrength, advanc'd, to meet
Th' unfearing *convoys* of a *Britiſh fleet!*
With deadly *ſhock*, th' unequal ſquadrons join,
And death-wing'd *fires* fly ſwift, from either line.
In jetty pomp, *black* terrors force their way,
And ſulph'rous ſmoak puts out the eye of day.

JUST in the *thunder* of the growing *fight*,
The waking *genius* ſtarted at the *fight!*
In ſad ſurprize, ſhe rolls her ſparkling eyes,
Springs from her *couch*, and to the *ocean* flies!

Arriv'd, incumbent on the ruffled air,
She ſees *rude globes* the *floating foreſt* tear:
Her ſons, *o'ermatch'd*, like men, untaught to yield
Scud, unreſolv'd, about the wat'ry field:
The ſpacious ſeas, with ſcatter'd veſſels, charg'd
To double length, the breaking line enlarg'd.
Averſe to *fly*, nor deaf to *ſafety*'s call,
They hang, like ſcatt'ring clouds, about to fall.
But while the *foe*, encourag'd at his view,
Preſſing, triumphant on, wou'd dare purſue;
Again, *united*, they the fight reſtore,
Again, dart *vengeance*, fiercer, than before:
Again, the big-mouth'd *cannon* rends the ſky,
And the unconquer'd *ſuff'rers* ruſh to die.

THUS, while the hunted *panther*, ſpent, with *fight*,
Looks round, *diſtreſt*, and meditates a flight;
If then prevented, he, with ſudden roar,
Turns back, and dyes the field, with hoſtile gore;
Diſdaining life, upon the *ſpears*, he flies,
And, heap'd on piles of victims, proudly dies.
All this the trembling *nymph*, with grief, beheld;
At length, her care the victor's force repell'd:

Then

Then, waſtes no time, the *ruin'd* to deplore,
But guides the rich remainder ſafe to ſhore:
Thence, to the *cave*, with threat'ning tranſport, flew,
Revolving, what her hop'd *revenge* ſhou'd do!
There, while depreſs'd with melancholy thought,
Her working fancy diff'rent projects taught;
From heav'n's bright orb, a *youth*, divinely fair,
With wings extended, cleav'd th' enlighten'd air;
Juſt, at the mourning *charmer's* feet, he ſtay'd,
Look'd lovely on her, bow'd him low, and ſaid:

MOURN not this *little loſs*, nor blame thy fate;
Decreed *revenge* ſhall on thy wiſhes wait:
Look up, bright maid! read RAMELIES, writ there,
And pay thyſelf large int'reſt, for this care!
He ſaid: and, ſtrait, his wings their plumes advance,
And bear him, glitt'ring, thro' the wild expanſe.
The raviſh'd *nymph* beholds his ſtarry flight,
And, fill'd with promis'd glory, bleſt the ſight.

To the Flattering Incognita.

I.

KEEN! but obſcure deſtroyer! cou'd you ſee,
How your wit's warmth has fledg'd my flutt'ring ſoul!
You, who have *oar'd*, wou'd alſo *pilot* me,
And not thus tempt the race, yet hide the goal!

II.

You bid me *come*, but, ah! you ſay not *where*,
Such ſoft, ſuch ſoul-inſpiring graces live!
Tell me but *that*, and I'll, at once, be *there*,
With all the ſpeed, that hope-wing'd love can give.

III.

YOU'RE, now, the *ignis fatuus* of deſire!
You tempt my wiſhes, with a wily ſpark;
But the firſt ſtep, which brings me nigher,
While, to reach you, I aſpire,
Strait, you vaniſh — and 'tis dark.

Joſſling,

Joſtling, in Snowy Weather.

FORGIVE me, *Chloris!* nor my rudeneſs blame,
Strange, as it is, this *froſt* has bred a *flame!*
Driv'n from your breaſt, I glow, with new deſire;
And melt, like ſtraggling *ſnow*, that falls on *fire.*
Had you been black, you might have ſhun'd this blow;
For diff'rent colours wou'd each other ſhow,
But, oh! you're *fair*, and *cold*, and *ſoft*, and every way like *ſnow.*

PSALM lv. *Verſe* 6.

O, that I had Wings, like a Dove!
Then would I flee away, and be at reſt!

O THAT my feet were *wing'd*, as my deſire!
I would not, then, thus tediouſly retire:
Thus ſlowly riſe, that, while to mount, I try,
I ſink, beneath the weight, from which I fly!
Could I, like *eagles*, ſail upon the wind,
Might curſes catch me, when I look'd behind!

'Till ſhaking off this cumb'rous load of *breath*,
My ſoul reach'd *heav'n*, nor ſtop'd to *bait at death*.

The Amorous Scrutiny.

I.

IF 'tis not *love*, what is it, that I feel?
If 'tis, he's far more *mighty*, than he's *blind!*
Whoſe tickling wounds no ſuff'rers wiſh to heal;
Who pains each breaſt, he ſtrikes, in diff'rent kind.

II.

IF good the cauſe, why the effect ſo ill?
And why do I, thus torn with grief, remain?
If *bad*, ſuch torments ſhou'd not cure, but kill!
Whence, then, proceeds the ſweetneſs of my pain?

III.

IF I conſent to burn, why do I grieve?
And, if I don't, ah! what avail my tears!
Oh! *life* in *death*, how I my will deceive!
And waſte my blooming hope, with empty fears!

WHO

IV.

WHO can define the odd effects of *love?*
'Midſt ſtormy tempeſts, in a leaky boat,
No rudder left, no compaſs, right to move,
Toſs'd to and fro, unknowingly, I float.

V.

SCARCE can I tell how I wou'd wiſh to be!
While rich in health, I pine, and long to die!
In view of *death*, I ſtruggle, to be free!
I *freeze* in ſummer, and, in winter, *fry*.

LIBERIA, *watch'd at Midnight.*

AS from a window, in the wane of night,
With *ſtarry views*, I feaſted wand'ring ſight,
I ſaw LIBERIA watch the riſing day,
Whoſe luſtre was to light her friend away!
That friend, whoſe kindred paſſion ſerv'd to prove,
The *promis'd ardour* of her *brother's love!*
That brother's love, which, tho' it meets regard,
Remains *uncrown'd*, with the *yet-hop'd reward!*

As,

As, in ſome overcaſt and diſmal day,
We ſtart, to ſee the ſun, at once, *break way*;
So, at that hour, to ſee ſuch charms advance,
When *ghoſts* are ſaid to riſe, and *fairies* dance!
With more than uſual pleaſure, fill'd my ſight,
And mix'd ſome *wonder*, with much more *delight!*
While, arm in arm, they trac'd the garden walk,
The *love-huſh'd* air hung liſt'ning to their talk:
The dancing *breeze*, which had, 'till then, been gay,
At *their* appearance, ſigh'd, and dy'd away.
As they drew near, the *moon* more ſtrongly ſhone,
To view *their* brightneſs, not to boaſt her *own*.
A gen'ral ſtillneſs ſeem'd to ſooth their cares,
And *nature's* face grew *ſad*, to ſuit with *theirs*:
Shrill-barking MOPSY ſmother'd her own joys,
Fearing to drown her *miſtreſs'* charming voice:
LIBERIA ſpoke, but ſeem'd to ſpeak in vain,
As if unable to deſcribe her pain!
When grief is *true*, no *words* its force can paint,
A *ſilent ſorrow* far outſpeaks *complaint!*
A thouſand leaves the deſtin'd *ſiſters* took;
A thouſand unſpoke *meanings* fill'd each *look*:
Oft, they gaz'd, upward, to the dawning ſky,
And curs'd th' expected hour, for drawing nigh:

If

If now, thought I, ſome gentle zephyr blew,
Thus ſhou'd it whiſper, as it round her flew:
Think, ſince your pitying ſoul does abſence hate,
Abſence from *you*, muſt ſharper pangs create!
Think, if, to loſe the *ſiſter*, gives you woes;
What, loſing you, the *brother* undergoes!
Who, every night, from your lov'd preſence, ſent,
Does long repeated *abſences* lament!
And, if this parting does yourſelf diſpleaſe,
Be taught, by *ſympathy*, to give him eaſe.

On Eliza's *deſign'd Voyage to* Spain.

TO *Spain!* forbid it, *heav'n!* oh, think no more,
To bleſs, profuſely, that abounding ſhore!
It can, to ſouls, like *thine*, no pleaſure yield,
To waſte manure, on the too fertile field:
Our beggar'd ſoil, at home, alone, ſhou'd ſhare,
The gen'rous influence of ELIZA's care!
Since *Spain*, high-treaſur'd, graſps the *golden weſt*,
Oh! let thy *Indies*, be, by us, poſſeſt!

On Occaſion of ſome Verſes, *from* Eliza.

I.

CHARMER! no more, by partial friendſhip, led,
To humble themes, mis-tune thy heav'nly lyre!
Wide as the poles, thy ſweeping pinions ſpread,
And ſoar to ſubjects, worthy of thy *fire!*

II.

CHAIN'D ſhort, by *fortune*, I, *unwing'd*, remain,
A fruitleſs meaner, far beneath thy praiſe:
Warm'd, by thy heat, I poorly wiſh, in vain,
For means, to fan thy earth-enlight'ning blaze.

III.

O! were the world not *deaf*, and fortune *blind*,
How wou'd thy *joy-dreſt muſe*, encourag'd, *ſhine!*
How wou'd the gen'ral *chorus* of mankind,
To prove *their* wit, concur, in praiſing *thine.*

IF,

IV.

IF poets *prophets* are, the time ſhall be,
When I, by means ungueſs'd, ſhall reach the pow'r,
To ſtretch the world's eye wide, thy *muſe* to ſee,
With ſtar-bent flight, like ſome new *Juno*, tow'r.

V.

MEAN while, what other *theme* deſerves thy pen,
But death-edg'd *ſatire*, on this ſtupid age?
Where poetry, un-nerv'd, in worthleſs men,
Has giv'n a *woman* all *Apollo*'s rage!

PROLOGUE.

PEACE to the muſe's empire—let the *ſtage*
Shun *civil war*, and only *act* its rage:
While riſing ſtrife divides our neighbouring ſtate,
To prove our taſte abhorrent of debate,
We ſoften *feuds*, with a pacific ſcheme,
And take a good old *treaty*, for our *theme*.

FAR

FAR be the *omen*, that attends the name!
Treaties, in *England*, are of *loſing fame*;
In *Bocalini*'s ſcale, they treaties lay,
The more thrown in, the *lighter*, ſtill, they *weigh*:
Tho', ſays *Comines*, in *war*, theſe *Engliſh beat*,
Morbleu, we *Frenchmen ſouce 'em*, when they *treat*.

SUCH *ſatire* might be juſt, in ages paſt,
But no bad politicks have ſtrength, to laſt.
How can it, now, be truth, when *Britain*'s *king*
Stretch over *Europe*, their protective wings?
See the firſt ſeeds of jarring purpoſe riſe,
And mark the growing *guilt*, with guardian eyes.
'Till *forc'd accord* the promis'd harveſt ſweeps,
And all, at once, is *peace* — and murder *ſleeps*.

AWAY, with *parties*, and their partial fears;
Whence our long *calm*, of twenty peaceful years?
Why ſo remote, do theſe ſtate thunders ſpread,
Nor break, in dang'rous *nearneſs*, o'er our head?
Half thy lov'd bleſſings, *liberty*, would ceaſe,
Cou'd war, and rapine, force the fence of peace:
But, like a ſafe-guard *mountain*, ſtands the *throne*,
Nor hear we of a *ſtorm*, 'till 'tis *o'erblown*.

How

How greater, far, this pow'r to *ſave*, than *kill*,
The wiſh how *god-like!* and how *vaſt* the ſkill!
The hand of *ruin* we, with eaſe, employ,
And every *puny tyrant* can deſtroy:
But, like the *God*, who bids the *waves be ſtill*,
To curb the rage of ſtruggling war, at will!
To ſay to *monarchs* — Let your diſcord *reſt*,
I will not ſee the world, I guard, *diſtreſt*.
—This is, indeed, to rule—Such princes claim,
If not a *ſounding*, yet a *ſhining*, fame.
Faction but helps the *greatneſs*, it defies,
And lives, but by the *mercy*, it denies.

To Lord George Grahme;

On his Action, near Oſtend, *on the* 24th *of* June, 1745.

'TWAS finely tim'd! *third Edward's* brighteſt days
Had, from ſuch captains, claim'd increaſe of praiſe:
But, now, 'tis tenfold greatneſs, thus, to riſe,
Where ſenſe of *vict'ry*, loſt in *purſe-craft*, lies!

Where

Where war but pilfers, and but bags conteſt;
And *public honour* is the *public jeſt*.
At ſuch a time, to dare the ſneerer's joke;
To ruſh on danger, when but foes provoke;
Un-brib'd, by profit's impulſe, fight for bays,
And court no *præmium*, but his country's praiſe.
'Tis *prodigy!* 'tis out of nature's road;
'Tis ſcorn of *prudence*, and offence to *mode*.

SHAKE, *Dunkirk!* and retract thy bold extent,
Doom'd to due duſt, ſtands each proud battlement.
Swell high, propitious ſurge, hide *Tournay's* ſtains,
And waſh off *inſult*, from our *cow'd campaigns*.
Look up, ye ſea-driv'n *ghoſts!* whom pleas'd *Toulon*
Saw ſink, in fruitleſs fight, forgot too ſoon!
O'er the ſalt wave, triumphant thunders hear,
Hail the wiſh'd *vengeance*, that, at laſt, draws near!
While *France* ſtarts wide, and wonders, whence it came,
Pale, to her trembling genius, point a *Grahme!*
Tell her, 'tis his, to feel his country's fire,
Hold her paſt fame in view, to urge it higher:

Tell

Tell her, re-waking *glory* waits his call,
To pour *atonement*, o'er the pride of *Gaul*.
Reclaim aſſerted ocean's queſtion'd ſway,
And teach the doubtful nations to obey.

SAY, pitying *heav'n!* that ſav'ſt a *blund'ring ſtate*,
Whom haſt thou late inſpir'd, to lend us weight?
Blow, ye broad winds, expand his op'ning light,
Tell us, whence roſe he? Do his country right;
Born, on thy bleaks, *Albania!* nurſe of kings!
From gen'rous ſtock, this gen'rous *Scyon* ſprings:
Son of thy ſoul, MONTROSE! *There*, known, too well!
Prop of a *crown*, when three loſt kingdoms fell!
Far be the *omen* from thy filial fire,
In every wreathe, but *death's*, tranſcend thy ſire;
Far, from thy great forefather's ſuff'rings, rais'd,
For more than all his *virtues*, lov'd, and prais'd:
Down, thro' time's tide, tranſmit his length'ning fame;
O, born, above his fate, to lift his name.

OH, MALLET! this was *he*—ſweet heav'n-fac'd boy!
Thy friend congratulates thy conſcious joy:

Pride of thy care, thou led'ſt his earlieſt youth,
To court plain glory, white as robeleſs truth;
To ſcorn dark lifts, which men *diſtinction* call,
And climb, ſelf-ſinew'd—or, not riſe at all,
Courage, by nature, his—thou taught'ſt him taſte,
And innate warmth, with poliſh'd brightneſs, grac'd.
Breath'd o'er his liſt'ning heart *reflection's* breeze,
Gave him deſire to *know*, with pow'r to pleaſe:
Thine, half the triumphs of his riſing fame!
And *Britain's* future FLAG ſhall bleſs *thy* name.

In a blank Leaf of a Book, ſent to Miranda.

GO, happy book, ———
Who, void of life, art from life's cares ſo free,
Thou canſt, before my lovely charmer, lie,
Unſcorch'd, by all the *light'nings* of her eye.
'Midſt her inſpiring *touch*, thou canſt remain,
Taſteleſs of pleaſure, and ſecure from pain:
While abſent beauty breaks thy author's reſt,
And *hope*, and *fear*, by turns, diſtract his breaſt.

My

My angel miſtreſs muſt, henceforth, be thine,
And I devote thy offerings, to her ſhrine:
On varied themes, divert her wand'ring eye,
As o'er thy honour'd leaves, her glances fly;
But, when her thoughts, on ſofter ſubjects, rove,
And lead her, where thy *pages* talk of *love*.
Oh! then, ſo mindful of thy *author* be,
To bid her, in a whiſper, *think on me*.

The Progreſs *of* WIT; *a* Caveat.

TUNEFUL ALEXIS, on the *Thame's* fair ſide,
The ladies play thing, and the muſes pride;
With *merit* popular, with *wit* polite,
Eaſy, tho' vain; and elegant, tho' light:
Deſiring, and deſerving, others praiſe,
Poorly accepts a fame, he ne'er repays;
Unborn to cheriſh, ſneakingly approves,
And wants the ſoul to ſpread the worth, he *loves*.
This, to the *juniors* of his tribe, gave pain,
For mean minds praiſe, but to be prais'd again;
Henceforth, renouncing an ungracious BAAL,
His altars ſmoak not, and their off'rings fail:

The heat, his ſcorn had rais'd, his pride inflam'd,
'Till what they worſhip'd firſt, they next defam'd;
Depos'd, at length, from PINDUS' top, he roll'd,
While inſect witlings, pleas'd, his fall behold,
And each cold-croaking *Heliconian frog*
Leaps ſcornful, and beſtrides th' *unreigning* log.

FAR-FALL'N ALEXIS, who ſo ill aſpir'd,
Sick of ſucceſsleſs war, from wounds retir'd,
Where, while in ſleep, his ſorrows ebb'd away,
And, huſh'd in darkneſs, indignation lay;
Fancy, fair miſtreſs of the poet's mind,
For ever changing, yet for ever kind;
Soft, o'er his dreams, her formful radiance ſhed,
And his rapt ſoul thro' heav'n's thin purlieus, led;
Seated beſide the ſtar-invading dame,
Whoſe ſteeds, wind-footed, paw'd the lambent flame.
High, as a widow'd lover's grief can climb,
Her air-built chariot roſe, and hung ſublime.

UNVEILING, thence, the world's bleak waſtes below,
They ſaw the *ſtream of life*, beneath 'em, flow;

Dim,

Dim, from the ſable ſea of *birth*, it roſe,
In a ſlow, ſilent, ſullen, dread repoſe:
For, round th' emerging ſource, that glimmer'd, pale,
Mountains of midnight darkneſs roll'd a veil:
But, as the evolving ſurge ſwell'd into day,
Quick'ning, it mov'd, and roar'd, and ruſh'd away.

BROAD, on the left, from low *oblivion*'s ſhore,
Quickſands, and rocks, reach'd half the current o'er:
Lucid, like truth, the treach'rous water ſhone,
And, o'er gay gilded ſhoals, ran, tuneful, on;
Pebbles of gem-like hue, with painted pride,
Glow'd, thro' the wave, and burnt, amid the tide.
Wantonly kind, the ſun's enliv'ning beams
Shower'd, in light ſpangles, on the dancing ſtreams;
While inſect nations, *gnats*, and *waſps*, and *flies*,
Ting'd, in the rainbow's ever-changing dyes,
Sheathing their ſtings, and ſmiling, like the *fair*,
Peopled the ſunſhine, and adorn'd the air.

LESS lively, on the right, the ſtream's *deep* flow,
There, no falſe colours mix'd their varied glow;

No gawdy bottom catch'd the downcaſt eye:
Above, no flutt'ring inſect wing'd the ſky;
Serenely ſolemn, all — One equal whole
Flaſh'd not upon the ſenſe, but touch'd the ſoul:
Inſtead of rocks, green iſlands flouriſh'd, here,
Silent, and fruitful, as the full-grown year;
In place of *flies*, grave *ſwans* of ſnow-like hue,
Sweetly majeſtic, in ſlow circles, flew:
But, tho' theſe iſles the diſtant proſpect chear'd,
No bay, no port, no landing-place appear'd;
Kind birds, alone, gave entrance o'er the mound,
Nor, from the ſtream, below, was inlet found.

THEN *fancy*, thus — FAME's future regions, theſe,
Where nothing *ſurfeits*, yet, where all things *pleaſe*;
Here, memory ſtands fix'd, while time runs on,
And worth blooms freſh, when life itſelf is gone;
Danger keeps diſtance, ſoften'd ſpleen grows kind,
Ambition temperate, and love refin'd:
Nor pride, nor jealouſy, can, here, annoy,
Nothing is ecſtacy, tho' all is joy:
Peace without languor, labour, void of pain,
Glory unenvied, and unſlander'd gain.

THO'

THO' diff'ring, thus, the ſtream's unſocial ſides,
Yet, one broad gulph abſorb'd the double tides;
From *birth*, devolving, *death's* blind ſea, below,
Boundleſs, and formleſs, ſnatch'd the mingled flow;
Both rounding oceans, backward, ſeem'd to tend,
And vaſt, *beneath*, their ſable ſurges blend:
But far more frightful this! — whoſe dark profound,
A depth eternal! life wants line to ſound:
Unbottom'd ſhade roll'd, looſe, o'er ſwallowed light —
Fancy grew giddy, nor ſuſtain'd the ſight:
But, ſtarting into fear, tranſpos'd remark,
And ſought the *ſource*, leſs dreadful, tho' as dark.

THICK, on the riſing ſtream's emitted tide,
Millions of ſhapeleſs bodies ſeem'd to glide;
Whoſe breathing bulks, to life, and motion, blown,
Shot into human forms, compleatly grown;
Mix'd rank, and ſex, ſprung thro' the liquid jet,
But, pouring outward, clear *diſtinction* met;

Some wading, naked, trod the ſlipp'ry plain,
Some cut the fluent wave—ſome, tir'd with pain,
Failing to float, or wade, neglected, fell,
And ſunk, unſnatch'd at, in the troubled ſwell:
To others, riſing happier, and ſerene,
Fortune, dark buſtling, pow'r, obſcurely ſeen,
Reach'd, with blind bounty, and, with haſty hand,
Thin boats—and buoy'd 'em o'er the ſhining ſand:
Of diff'rent form, theſe boats—a ſingle oar
Diſtinguiſh'd ſome — Some wing'd their ſides, with *more*;
Others, with *oars* and *ſails*, conjoin'd, made way,
And mow'd the murm'ring ſurge with ſweepy ſway;
While ſome, *ſlow pole-men*, o'er their toil, reclin'd,
Puſh'd their check'd barks, and, lab'ring, lagg'd behind.

WHILE ſome eſſay'd to *croſs*, and veering wide,
Wou'd with ſtrong ſtem, the ſtubborn ſtream divide,
And ſlowly ſlanting, ſought the ſilent ſide;
Swift, to the ſhelvy ſhore, *light gallies* flew,
As the fierce channel's rapid current drew,

'Twixt

'Twixt rocks, and whirlpools, driv'n, obliquely gay,
And, thro' the ſhoaly ſunſhine, danc'd away.

CAUGHT, by the gulphy void, that gloom'd below,
Theſe, from the current's fair deſcending flow,
In-drawn, at once, by darkneſs ſwallow'd o'er,
Sunk, from their ſunny ſcene, and roſe no more:
Still gap'd th' uncloſing deep; o'er millions gone,
Yet, ſtill inſatiate, hourly ſwallow'd on!
Titles, diſtinctions, forms, ruſh mingled down,
Not levity itſelf wants weight to drown:
Gameſters, beaux, caſuiſts, jinglers, jeſters, drinkers,
Fox-hunters, politicians, and free-thinkers,
Prudes, devotees, coquets, grave, light, young, old,
In one mixt night, the covering waves infold:
Swept from the noiſe they ſought, to reſt they ſhun'd,
They plunge, for ever, into *death's profound*:
While *abler pilots*, who, reſolv'd, *ſtood o'er*,
And, edging broad, gain'd flow, the *ſafer ſhore*;
Snatch'd,

Snatch'd, from their ſinking ſeats, were borne to land,
By watchful ſwans, whoſe wings the ſurface fann'd:
There, on green iſlands, reign'd, eſcap'd from cares,
Lords of a blooming world, for ever, theirs.

WIDE, o'er the ſcene, ALEXIS winds his eye
Swift, as the progreſs of the gliders by;
A ſtrange confuſion roſe — of all who paſt,
With earneſt emptineſs, and barren haſte,
Few, *croſs* the flood, repugnant, ſtrove to ſteer,
Fewer had ſtrength of oars to hold them near!
Tir'd, by the current's ill-reſiſted force,
Or, bulg'd by envious prows, which croſs'd their courſe,
The boldeſt keels, purſuing, or purſu'd,
Entangling, and perplex'd, were loſt in feud:
While others, heedleſs of their ſleeping oars,
Drove, in light negligence, nor ſhun'd the ſhores;
But, pendent o'er the helm, each ſhoal explor'd,
And ſnatch'd, in tranſport, ſhells, and ſtones, on board:

Or,

Or, leaping wanton, catch'd the glittering prey,
That buzz'd, and gambol'd, in their ſportive way.

MEAN while, moſt mournful, of the motley ſcene!
Cheriſh'd effect of pride, and food of ſpleen!
Boat over boat, deſtructive paſſage made,
And weeping pity mourn'd defective aid:
Sailing preſumers, preſſing, proudly on,
Bore down each envied *rower*, who neareſt ſhone;
The *oar-wing'd* veſſel ey'd, with dumb diſdain,
The creeping *pole-man's* ſlow-availing pain;
And, *lordly wanton*, with invaſive beak,
Sunk the faint ſtruggler, *criminally weak!*
He, too, in concert with ſuperior hate,
Loth to exert leſs guilt, than match'd his ſtate,
Triumphant, in his turn, ſought equal prey,
And, o'er the naked *wader*, forc'd his way:

ALEXIS, pondering, in ſuſpended thought,
What meaning all theſe mazy mixtures taught,
Sudden, a ſhout, from every diſtant ſide,
Eddied the air, and broke the back'ning tide;
Acclamatory thouſands roſe alarm'd,
All eyes attracted, and each hearing charm'd;

Pointing in tranſport, all their helms forſook,
And, on one object, hung their length'ning look.

DOWN, from the gloomy ſource, in ſide-long float,
Proudly deſcending, mov'd a glitt'ring boat;
Her ſilken ſails a colour'd radiance threw,
And ting'd the ſunny beams, thro' which they flew;
While oars of ſilver, daſh'd the wat'ry ſpray,
That rain'd in gemmy ſhow'rs, and dazzled day:
High, on the painted ſtern, a youth appear'd,
Who rather *happily*, than *ſtrongly* ſteer'd;
Faint, and unſtriking was his anguiſh'd mien,
Sadden'd by ſickneſs, and o'ercaſt with ſpleen;
Yet, from his eyes, there beam'd a living light,
Keen, and intent, as a fir'd eagle's ſight:
And, from his voice, (for, as he ſail'd, he *ſung*)
Such magic ſounds of melting muſic ſprung,
That the huſh'd heav'n all downward ſeem'd to bend,
And, againſt nature, the charm'd earth aſcend.

CARELESS,

CARELESS, he look'd, yet, heedful of his way,
Broke the kind current's un-obſtructing ſway,
That kiſs'd his oars, and haſten'd to obey:
Scarce was his courſe *oblique*, for each glad boat,
That, envious, ſtem'd all other's rival float,
Fix'd, and enchanted, when this youth drew nigh,
Hung on his paſſing notes, and help'd him by:
The *Muſes* row'd him, and the *Graces'* care
Trimm'd his light ſails, and ſpread them to the air;
In his boat's bottom, green-ey'd *Envy* lay,
And ſerv'd, as *ballaſt*, while ſhe clog'd his way:
Down, from her chariot, light-wing'd *Fancy* flew,
And o'er him, looſe, her ſtarry mantle threw;
Pleaſure, *praiſe*, *beauty*, 'twixt his ſhrowds, trod gay,
And danc'd the meaſur'd moments ſoft away:
Sportful as *Zephyrs*, in his ſmiles, they ſtrove,
And the young *loves* forſook their mother's grove.

THUS fortunate, thus favour'd, and thus bright,
Luckily negligent, and aptly light,
He touch'd no ſhoal, ſafe rounded every rock,
Deſpis'd all danger, and ſuſtain'd no ſhock;

'Till

'Till, to that calmer coaſt, approaching nigh,
And gliding, 'twixt green iſlands, ſafely high,
Circles of hov'ring ſwans, with joyful note,
Clapp'd their broad wings, in triumph o'er his boat,
Charm'd, that, ſo ſoon, he reach'd their ſolemn ſide,
E'er yet one third of the ſtream's length was try'd.

STEERING, from iſle to iſle, with joyleſs awe,
Thin, o'er each height, their white-rob'd lords he ſaw,
Pleas'd, without tranſport, bow the palms they bore,
To hail his paſſage near their ſilent ſhore;
Cold, and *uncharm'd*, he ſought his fav'rite croud,
Immenſely diſtant, now, tho', late, ſo loud:
All was ſerene, the air was huſh'd around,
The waters calm!—Loſt ev'n *his* muſick's ſound!
Back to the left, impatient looks he caſt,
And long'd for ev'ry ſhining inſect paſt;
Diſtant he ſaw them, wings o'er wings, diſplay,
And, in light chaſes, thread the colour'd ray:
Eager, for theſe, contending pilots ſtrove,
And catch'd them, careleſs how their veſſels drove;

Then,

Then, with their trophies, dreſs'd each gaudy ſail,
While humming *drones*, in ſwarms, their fortune hail:
Record paſt leaps, foretel their next eſſays,
And buz, melodious, in the *fly-men's* praiſe.

WARM'D, and miſled, by this falſe fire of fame,
His beaming eyes, with emulation, flame;
And have I, recreant, thus renounc'd a field,
Where baffled danger can ſuch glory yield?
Lives there a *catch-fly*, of yon vent'rous preſs,
More brave than I am? or, who fears them leſs?
Shew me the warring waſp, whoſe threat'ning wing
I dare not ſtrike at, and provoke his ſting!
Swans! give me way—your ſhoreleſs iſlands keep,
Too ſafe your clime is, and too calm your deep;
I chuſe a rapid glory, not a ſlow:
Shoals are *ſought harbours*, where theſe *jewels* grow.

HE ſaid, and riſing, puſh'd, with liquid ſweep,
Th' inverted helm, and goar'd the groaning deep:
Flaming erect, re-ſought the ſurgy ſide,
And bounded, threat'ning, o'er the foaming tide:
Sailing

Sailing athwart the ſwarms, and ſkipping high;
He ſnatch'd, triumphant, every tempting fly:
Gave his looſe rudder, to the current's claim,
And drove, diſdainful, thro' his rival's game;
Preſs'd by *invaded waſps'* excited ſtings,
He warr'd, revengeful, on their falling wings:
Thro' duſt of ſlaughter'd gnats, he fought, in ſhade,
And ſqueez'd them, deathful, on the wounds they made;
Fleets of cold oppoſites, from all ſides, join,
And, wedg'd, againſt this general foe, combine:
Vainly, indignant, they reſiſt his ſway,
Yet block his paſſage, and obſtruct his way:
Still, tho' he ſtagnates, he the fight maintains,
While drones, applauſive, with their ductile ſtrains,
Homage the riſing hero's new renown,
And *prince of fly-catchers* the champion crown.

THE *ſwans*, mean-while, which, from the calmer ſide,
Forſaken, ſaw him truſt the fatal tide;
Mournful, with pendent wing, his triumph griev'd,
And wiſh'd his waſted vigour leſs deceiv'd:

Trembling,

Trembling, they mark'd his veſſel, downward bent,
Hang o'er th' engulphing ocean's dark deſcent,
While he, regardleſs, ſtill, new trophies won,
And, bent to *conquer*, ſaw not what to *ſhun*.

FANCY, ſtill buſied, ſtill enamour'd, ſtaid,
And, ſtill concurring, lent his raſhneſs aid;
To *her*, far diſtant, touch'd ALEXIS cry'd.
And with ſtrain'd voice, to reach her notice, try'd:
" O! ſave him, warn him, bid him *turn*, and *think*,
" Let not his bark, in yon black ocean, ſink!
" Teach me to call him, by his pow'rful name,
" Point out his danger, quench his devious flame;
" Raſh ſpleen of heart, that could ſuch war adviſe!
" Blind rage! to loſe *himſelf*, and catch but *flies*!
" Oh teach my tongue his name" — Then *fancy* heard,
And, ſmiling, at her chariot's ſide appear'd:
" Why doſt thou aſk, ſhe cry'd, what *nations* know,
" Even, *all*, whom wit, or worth, inſpire, below?

" *His* is a name, that dwells on ev'ry mind,
" Tunes every tongue, and ſails, with every wind!
" Not ſurer is that river *life's extent*,
" Or by thoſe oceans, *birth*, and *death*, are meant;
" Not ſurer *fortune* is that dark pow'r's name,
" That left, *oblivion*, and that right ſide, *fame*.
" Than, that no ſon of wit dares *juſtly*, hope,
" *Fame* dwells in *folly's paths*, but thou, O POPE!

ALEXIS, ſtarting, heard his own lov'd name,
Felt his pride ſhrink, and bluſh'd, with conſcious ſhame!
Pitch'd from the chariot, loſt to *fancy*'s call;
And, had not waiting *judgment* broke the fall,
Contempt's cold vale had caught him, wak'd, and ſtunn'd,
And deep intomb'd him, in his *own* PROFUND.

To

The ART *of* ACTING.

Dedicated to the Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

WHY ſleep the ſilent pow'rs, that guard the ſtage,
While yawning opiates lull the taſtleſs age?
Shall trite cold themes catch *fire*, from wit's *eſſays*,
Yet, hov'ring chillneſs damp *theatric* blaze?

MOURN it, *ye ſons of ſpleen*, whoſe hands (miſ-taught)
Tore up this ſeed of ſenſe, this plant of *thought*:
Whence *reaſoning* ſhoots might *bloom* life's gar-den o'er,
And *weedy wildneſs* choak her *walks* no more.—
Horror (at alien *woes*) by genius, mov'd,
To ſenſe of home-felt *bliſs*, be, there, improv'd:
Wit's ent'ring hand diſſect *ſedition's* breaſt,
Shew the malignant ſprings, and call forth *reſt*.

THERE, the touch'd heart, in ſecret ſilence chid,
Might learn to *hate* the guilt, it, once, but *hid*:

There, SCORN, from note of pity's praiſe — catch *grace*,
Start, and pauſe, conſcious — in pride's *ſlack'ning* race.
There, heedleſs *beauty*, warn'd of *man's* falſe fire,
Might chain down wav'ring love, and *edge* deſire:
Each maid's mild eye correct her heart's warm *truſt*,
Dull pert's grow *penſive*, and falſe thinkers *juſt*.

THERE, (*now*) ſits MUMMERY, thron'd on paſſion's URN!
There, noiſier fires, than WIT's *(unbright'ning)* burn:
There, *vice*, with laughter, ſhares divided rule,
And only *ſerious purpoſe* marks the *fool!*

VAIN, the loſt pray'r, that courts a MUSE's aid,
By foes un-taſted, and by friends betray'd:
Patrons immers'd, 'twixt *faction's* rapid tides!
Poets, in *flattery's — pow'r*, abſorb'd in *pride's!*
Gone is the *learned leiſure*, once, rever'd,
And the *ſtill voice* of genius ſighs, unheard.

HAPPIER

HAPPIER *Ierne!* mourn our *drains* no more;
Richly *reveng'd*, thou drain'ſt a *nobler* ſtore.
Poor, in our turn, ſee *Wit's* loſt channel *dry*,
Robb'd of her FOUNTAIN — for thy full ſupply.

YET, while home ruin wrings the heart diſtreſt,
'Tis *recompence*, to fall, for others, bleſt:
Leſs thy doom'd *diſtance* (ſoul of abſent joys!)
Pains the ſhook realm, whoſe hope it half deſtroys;
Conſcious, thou goe'ſt, to warm *one ſiſter's* FEARS
TO TRANSPORTS — laſting. as the *other's tears.*

LONG, in ſad ſilence, on the *willows* hung,
Now! ſhe reſumes her HARP, for praiſe, *new ſtrung:*
Tires her tun'd hand, to pour her grateful ſoul,
Wide, as her *chief* can *charm*, from pole to pole.
Genius, from ages, HERS, 'midſt *want*, and *wrongs*,
How will ſhe, *now*, tranſcend paſt poets ſongs!
At once, of every nation's *grace* made free,
By every added *muſe*, beſtow'd *with* THEE!
There, 'midſt the toils of *empire's* manag'd weight,
Law's lights extended, and embelliſh'd *ſtate*;

Find a calm hour, to lend the STAGE thy care,
And times, unborn, ſhall feel a STANHOPE, *there.*

DARK'NING, mean while, *our* muſe's lamps expire,
Blank is their proſpect, and unfann'd their fire:
Friendleſs, neglected, laugh'd at, and unfelt,
No now-crown'd conq'ror cares, *where* HOMER *dwelt.*
Baniſh'd from court, from ſenate, city, ſcene,
Wit's ſons, all *tongue-tied!* MUTE, even HARLEQUIN!

YET, let the *thinker* ſcorn ſuch dumb ſuſpenſe,
Nor (flattering cuſtom) *ſneak* his aid from *ſenſe:*
Wing'd for the *future*, o'er the *preſent* riſe,
Spurn the time's cloud, and ſtrike benigner ſkies.
Not always, ſhall ambition's muddied brain
Work to *perſwade*—yet, hold *example vain!*
Bribe, to each further'd intereſt's venal *cue*,
Yet dream, DIVERSION, all the STAGE's view.
The time ſhall come (indulge it *ſoon* ſlow fate!)
When power ſhall taſte, that wit can think, with *weight:*
The time *ſhall come*---(nor far the deſtin'd day!)
When ſoul-touch'd *actors* ſhall do more, than *play:*

When paſſion, flaming, from th'aſſerted ſtage,
Shall, to taught greatneſs, fire a feeling age:
Tides of ſtrong ſentiment ſublimely roll,
Deep'ning the dry diſgraces of the ſoul:
Pity, *fear*, *ſorrow*, waſh'd from folly's foam,
Knock at man's breaſt, and find his heart at home.
Then, plaintful *grief* ſhall drop her whiney *drawl*,
And heart-felt *anger* nerve th' inſenſate BAWL.
Then, ſhall the moving art *old powers* poſſeſs;
Wake *valour*, call forth *joys*, and ſtamp *diſtreſs*.
Then, ſhall the player *take pains*, in pleaſure's right,
Sweat, for his praiſe, and *labour*, to delight:
Then, ſhall he thank the hand, (in death, long cold)
That fir'd his languor, and his fame foretold.

TASTEFUL, ev'n now, there want not ſome choice few,
Whoſe hope-warm'd hearts can hail the diſtant view:
Hearts, that the ſubject's lov'd importance know,
And feel the fire, they bear, with conſcious glow.

WHY was the *actor ſtain'd*, by law's decree?
Loſt time's *recov'rer!* truth's *awak'ner*, he!
Paſſion's *refiner!* life's *ſhoal coaſt* ſurvey'd ---
The wiſe man's *pleaſer*, and the good man's *aid.*
Precept, and practice, in *one teacher*, join'd,
Bodied reſemblance of the copied mind:
Nature confirms, *art* dignifies his claim,
And only *cant's low crawl* defiles his name.

IF, *but by comprehenſion*, we poſſeſs,
And every *greater* circle holds the *leſs*;
No rank's high claim can make the *player's*
ſmall,
Since, *acting each*, he *comprehends* them, all.

Off, to due diſtance, *half* ye ſtalking train!
Blots of a title, your low taſtes *profane!*
No dull, cold, *mouther* ſhares the *actor's* plea,
Rightly to *ſeem*, is tranſiently, to *be*.

How ſhall this *gole* be reach'd, that, ſeen *moſt*
nigh,
Still glides *more diſtant*, from th' advancing eye?

Like the ſky's ſea-dipt *arch*, heaven's fancied *bound*,
For ever ſail'd to, and, yet, never found.
How ſhall trac'd practice hit th' untrodden way?
Where life is travell'd out, in arts to *ſtray*.

ARDUOUS the taſk, and aſks a climbing brain;
A head for *judgment*, and a heart for *pain*:
E'er ſenſe, impreſs'd, *reflects* adopted forms,
And changeful nature ſhakes, with *borrow'd* ſtorms:
E'er ductile genius turns, as paſſions *wind*,
And bends, to *fancy's* curve, the pliant mind.

MARK, when th' expanding *ſeed*, from earth's moiſt bed,
Starting, at nature's call, prepares to *ſpread*;
Firſt, the prone ROOT breaks downward—thence aſcend
Shot *ſtems*—whoſe *joints* collateral *boughs* extend:
Twigs, from thoſe boughs, lend *leaves*—each *leaf* contains
Side-leſs'ning *ſtalks*, tranſvers'd, by *fibry veins*.
So, from injected thought, ſhoots *paſſion's* growth;
No ſprout ſpontaneous, no *chance child*, of ſloth:

IDEA

IDEA lends it ROOT — firm, on touch'd minds,
Fancy, (ſwift planter!) firſt, th' impreſſion binds;
Shap'd in *conception's* mould, *nature's* prompt ſkill
Bids ſubject *nerves* obey th' inſpiring WILL:
Strung to obſequious bend, the *muſc'ly* frame
Stamps the ſhown image.---*Pleaſure, pity, ſhame,*
Anger, grief, terror, catch th' adaptive *ſpring,*
While the *eye* darts it! and the *accents* ring.

SEE *art's ſhort path!* --- 'tis eaſy to be found,
Winding, delightful, thro' the mazy round!
Tempt the *try'd* ſkill, to no *ſole* proof, confin'd;
Shift the ſhort ſhadowings, o'er your figur'd mind:
MOURNFUL, recal ſome friend's lamented fate,
Sad, on each *feature,* hangs the mind's felt weight.
Seek you ſtrong ſenſe of JOY? LOOKS, firſt, impart —
Then, the *nerv'd ſtricture* bounds it from the heart:
Does *rage* inflame? No *viſage* can conceal,
What the *mark'd muſcle* bids the ſpirit feel:
Still, as the *nerves* conſtrain, the *looks* obey,
And what the look enjoins, the nerves diſplay:

Mutual

Mutual their aid, reciprocal their ſtrain,
Will but *commanding*, face, and nerves *explain.*
Light'ning, and thunder, ſo concurring, ſtrike,
One their joint origin, tho' form'd *unlike:*
So, to the *look*, th' attentive nerves reply,
As, from the flaſh, ſucceeding thunders fly.
'Tis cauſe, and conſequence; nor flows more *grace*
From beauty's ſmile, than the touch'd actor's face.
POIZE the rule's *practice*; turn it o'er and o'er;
Nor think it tedious, tho' conceiv'd before:
'Tis but, to LOOK, and WILL.—Th' imprinted *eye*
Moves the ſtruck *muſcles*, and the limbs comply:
Geſture is meaning's APE---*grave*, *furious*, *gay*,
Changeful, as cloud-form'd ſhapes, when *winds* make way;
Imag'd *conception*, firſt, but *face* inflames;
Then, the *mein* paints it, and the *tone* proclaims.

Is there, who *doubts* an art, thus briefly ſhown?
Call out *proof's* pow'r, and make that art his own:
Bid him, with *mournful brow*, ſwell ſounds of *joy*,
Half the mock'd *ſenſe* th' unbracing nerves *deſtroy:*
Tun'd to the tearful *eye's* retentive *woe*,
Rapture's check'd *phraſe* ſhall quench its fiery glow:

Painfully plaintful, each flat note ſhall *die*,
And his *look's* anguiſh, give his *words* the *lie*.
Next, while ſoft *ſmiles* reſtrain his voic'd eſſay,
Bid angry ſounds give RAGE its thund'ring way;
Vainly, mouth'd menace ſwells th' attempted ſtorm,
Kind, as *conſent*, th' unfright'ning accents *form*:
While his look *frown'd not*, ſenſe cou'd ſound but *ſweet*;
No nerve, concurring, help'd th' unſinew'd heat.
But had his *eyes* th' impatient fire diſplay'd,
Each *note* had ſnatch'd it, and each *ſtep* convey'd:
Thus, *one* plain practice paints *whole nature* right,
And all her changeful pictures move delight.

Is there, who loves not JOY? — *There*, then, begin,
Search the ſoul-pleaſing paſſion's power, *within*,
Find your SMILE'S force, before ſome faithful GLASS,
Heedful, to let no *faint* impreſſion paſs:
There, to touch'd gladneſs, thought-form'd features *train*,
'Till each criſp'd fibre feels th' enrapt'ring *ſtrain*:
Then,

Then, (ſtretch'd) behold your op'ning forehead *riſe*,
Back'ning, in boaſtful ſenſe of *ſparkling eyes*.
Broadly majeſtical your breaſt *expands*,
Brac'd your preſs'd joints --- neck, knee, feet, ſhoulders, hands,
Treading on *air*, each ſtep *new ſoul* diſplays,
Your limbs all *lighten*, and your looks all *blaze*:
THEN, *ſpeak*,--joy *anſwers*; every ſound *its own*:
Muſick, and rapture, mix'd, in tranſport's *tone!*

FALL, from this height (ah! 'tis but fortune's *road!*)
Down, to deep ſenſe of ſorrow's pungent *goad*;
Damp your looſe feature's, into thought's *diſtreſs*,
Fade fancy's gloſs, to dim-ey'd *wretchedneſs*:
The ſad *look* ſick'ning, ſtrait the *ſpirits* break,
Unbending nerves grief's *lax* impreſſion take:
Faint hangs the clouded eye --- ſhort ſteps drag ſlow,
And every heedleſs geſture bends with woe:
Now, to the heart-touch'd ſenſe, the voice *complains*,
And ſighing pityers catch th' infectious pains.

SAY, ſhould ſome ſlack'ner of the paſſion's care,
Form'd for *gay* flights, and ſtruggling from deſpair;
Bow'd, from his native bent, to *doubt's* new part,
Find FEAR's cold *caſt* aſſign'd a *fearleſs* heart?
What could he do? where houſe th' intruſive gueſt?
Let his EYE lodge him—'twill prepare his *breaſt*,
From the ſoul's optic, *ſhoots* th' admitted ſhape,
Nor lets one tim'rous wavering ſtart eſcape.
FEAR is *eluſive ſorrow*, ſhunning pain;
Active—yet, *ſtop'd*—it dims the doubtful brain;
Spirit ſnatch'd inward, *ſtagnating*, by dread,
Slow, thro' the limbs, crawls cold, the living *lead:*
Form'd to the *look*, that moulds th' aſſumer's face,
His joints catch *tremblings*—life's moiſt ſtrings *unbrace*;
This road, and that, th' alarmful paſſion tries,
Halts, in the motion—*flutters*, in the eyes;
Checks the clipt accent's heſitative way,
And, on th' *evaſive muſcles*, hangs *delay*.

ANGER

ANGER is *pride provok'd*, (ſo felt, ſo *known*)
Strange! its ſtage influence is ſo faintly ſhown!
Yet, with what abſent ſenſe of all its flame,
See we rage *meek*—fire *cold*—and fury *tame!*
Bid the *face*, *redning*, warm'd *idea* take,
Strait, the ſoul's wildfires all obſtruction break:
Stung, by *inflicted thought*'s imagin'd pain,
Hard heave the *muſcles*, rolling *eye-balls* ſtrain:
'Twixt the *clos'd teeth*, indignantly, ſuppreſt,
Or, ſtorm-like, *loud*, out pours th' unguarded breaſt:
Slack'ning, exclaiming, ſwift, ſlow, *reſtleſs change*,
Wings the voic'd tempeſt, in its whirlwind range;
Quick turns, and *ſtartings*, face, and air, deform;
And thick, ſhort breathings paint the infelt ſtorm.

NOR *ſea*, nor *life*, eternal TEMPEST ſweeps,
Huſh'd *calms* ſucceed it, and the thunder ſleeps:
Such, the ſoft, ſilent tide, that floods the mind,
To mov'd COMPASSION's pain-touch'd warmth, inclin'd:
Aidful *idea* ſprings to pitied woe,
Thence, every quiv'ring ſinew learns to glow:

Back, from the panting *boſom*, to the *eye*,
Kind, ſigh-wing'd *dews*, in ſoft ſenſation, fly:
So, from *earth's op'ning breaſt*, in flow'r-dreſs'd *May*,
Steams the ſipt fragrance, to the ſun's felt ray;
Lightly ſuſtain'd, to morn's faint claſp it clings,
Yet, oft (let go) falls back—oft, upward, ſprings:
So learn, — to ſteal ſoft PITY's copied grace;
Languor's moiſt cloud marks, firſt, the mournful face;
Then, hope's kind *tenſion* warms the muſc'ly mein,
Dragg'd diff'rent ways, contending contraſts *lean*;
Claſh'd looks, 'gainſt movements, paint internal *fight*,
'Twixt the heart's *anguiſh*, and the help's *delight*:
Then, touch'd *attention*'s hark'ning huſh creeps round,
And *breathleſs mouths* devour th' expected *ſound*.

NATURE loves *change*—Cold night ſucceeds to morn:
And *pity's* dark'ning oppoſite is SCORN:
Far be this brow-ſtretch'd arrogance of air,
From miſery's doomful claim, in ſons of *care*. —
Ah!

Ah! minds, (too apt) turn but the look within,
We find *pride's* image, there, as ſure, as *ſin!*
Yet, with ſuch *byas*, rolls man's will from *right*,
That ſearch, firſt, *miſſes*, what is moſt in ſight:
Elſe, how *unneedful*, to deſcribe a rage,
No player wants power to feel — but on the *ſtage*.

CAUTIOUS, (life's ſpeaking picture) wear that ſtain,
Rightly to *ſhow*, be thine—but not *retain!*
SCORN is calm, careleſs, *anger*, flagg'd of wing,
Bruſh'd ſenſe of harmleſs wrong, too weak to ſting:
Safe in ſuſpended power, eas'd warmth diſclaims
Exertion—and, with *ſlack remiſſneſs*, flames:
Now ſmiles — now frowns — yet, *both*, with eye *ſerene*,
While half-ſtrung nerves play ſprings of *painleſs* ſpleen.

CLOSE-FOLLOWING *ſcorn*, — AMAZEMENT ought to riſe;
Angels feel WONDER, *men* ſhould dare *deſpiſe!*
Born to miſtakes, and *erring out* life's ſpan,
Man—as if heaven were his—*looks down* on MAN.

Say, then, what *wonder* is—trace its taught cauſe:
Mark its true features, and make known its laws:
WONDER is *curious doubt*,—WILL's check'd retreat,
Shrinking *from* danger, it prepares to *meet*:
'Tis *fear's* half brother, of reſembling *face*,
But *fix'd*, *unwavering*, and bound down to *place*:
Earneſt, alarmful *gaze*, intently keen,
Notes the weigh'd object—yet, *diſtruſts* it, ſeen;
As in pale churchyards, gleam'd by ſilent night,
Shou'd ſome croſs'd *ſpectre* ſhade the moon's dim light,
Shudd'ry, the back'ning blood, revolving ſwift,
Cloggs the preſs'd heart—ſtretch'd fibres fail to *lift*:
Loſt, in doubt's hard'ning froſt—*ſtopt motion* lies,
While ſenſe climbs, gradual, to the *ſtraining eyes*.

HATRED is ſullen fury, long retain'd;
'Tis willing miſchief; warily reſtrain'd:
'Tis thought's corroſion, acridly perplex'd,
'Tis *ſelf* in *pain*, leſt *others* live, *unvex'd*.
This to *touch vivid*—(pencil! pleas'd, and free,
Paint the *quoil'd ſerpent*, thou abhorr'ſt to *ſee*)

Veil

Veil the malignant *leer*, that burns with ſpite;
Bid the brow's *lour* o'erhang the ſick'ning *ſight*:
Swell the blown *cheek*—th' unopening *lip* reſtrain,
Stretch'd, the *wide noſtril* marks th' impatient pain.
Ardent, yet, heedleſs—half th' averted eye
Skims the loath'd object, and diſdains it nigh.
Hard, *back-brac'd nerves*, in fett'ry fervor, toil
And the *curv'd* ſyſtem heaves, in check'd recoil.
Haſte from taught pain — ſhun *hatred's* baneful *ſhade*,
And to *love's* ſunſhine, lend the muſe's aid.

LOVE is intenſe DESIRE, by *rev'rence*, check'd;
'Tis *hope's* hot tranſport, ſtreak'd with *fear's* reſpect:
'Tis paſſion's every ſoul-felt power, *disjoin'd*,
'Tis all th' *aſſembled* train's whole force, combin'd.
'Tis like ſoft *air*, through which admitted light
Peoples pleas'd fancy, and lends *ſhape* to ſight:
Yet, like that *air*, *diſturb'd*, man's quiet breaks,
Tempeſts his reaſon, and his triumph ſhakes.

YOU, who *infuſe* this power, muſt, firſt, have felt:
No heart, unmov'd itſelf, bids *others* melt:

Yet, wou'd chalk'd *outline* ſketch th' imagin'd grace ?
Dumb earneſt gaze, *tongues o'er* th' unvocal *face:*
Soft'ning, in apprehenſion's awe-check'd air,
Each limb *beſeeches*; each ſlow ſtep's a *prayer:*
While high-brac'd raptures imag'd pride confeſs,
Meekneſs ſits guardian, o'er the mild addreſs:
Doubt, diſſipating *hope*, to blanche deſire,
Hangs the *mind's curb*, upon the body's fire.

SNATCH'D from the ſcene, claim this the Box's care :
It *paints*, and *warns*, for every beauty, there :
But, *there*, love's ſhafts, (of late) *all pointleſs*, lie,
Blunt, from bold *meine* and dead'ning in the eye :
Naked of heart, and hateful of DELAY,
Erring time-ſhort'ner ! *meeting wiſh half way !*
Woman, outſtradling *art's* old lureful ſkill,
Mann'd o'er with INVITATION, drives back *will:*
Falls her paſt price, owns patient hope buys *dear*,
Hawks for quick market, and hawls chapmen near:
Talks loud, ſtruts, elbows, calls a *grace* a FOOL ;
Dreſs'd, like a *ſcarecrow*, manner'd, like a *mule:*
Pall'd, the preſs'd cheap'ner dreads th' out-bluſtring *air*,
Eyes the braw'd ſwaggerer, and rejects her *ware.*

TURN, coarſe conceiver! all, *unſex'd*, by mode,
Maid, that trot'ſt, uglying, in the *monſter*'s road!
Proud, yet, immodeſt! light, rude, witleſs, pert,
Bold, joſtling, hoid'ning, bluſhleſs, pow'rleſs *flirt!*
Emptier, than *air*, thy coloury gugaws play,
While every hour's *new* forms puſh *old* away:
Trifler! for *cards*, and *contradictions*, born!
Panting for conqueſt—yet compelling ſcorn!
Lab'ring from nature, to grow loath'd by *art*,
And, for *man*'s *manners*, forfeiting his *heart!*

BUT hold—contempt, wrong plac'd, becomes *unjuſt*;
Perhaps, *ſtage whiners* gave love's friends *diſguſt*:
For, (goblin like) *there*, lovers *walk*, *unſhown*,
Talk'd of, in every play—yet, *ſeen*, in none.
Loſt, in unfeeling, cold, affected *drawl*,
They touch no *tenderneſs*, attempting *all?*
Lump'd, lazy, lifeleſs *indolence—one* cauſe—
And *one*, th' admiring *fool*'s misjudg'd *applauſe*.
Why ſhou'd *pain ſweat* for praiſe, proud eaſe can win,
By the *rais'd footſtep*, and *exalted chin?*
By the *heav'd halt*, that ſwings its load along,
Clumſily ſolemn, and ſerenely wrong?

By the big, broad, round, mellow troundling *troll*,
That means no paſſion, and conveys no ſoul:
Half ſwells, then ſinks, like ſails of ſhips becalm'd,
A dry, dead, ſweet --- man's *mummied voice embalm'd.*
Shame on the whineling, ſleep-inducive, tone!
Not, by ſuch glow-worm glimpſe, *love's fires* are ſhown:
Heart, voice, mein, viſage, all, pay love their aid,
CUPID exacts more ſtrict *alliance* made;
'Twixt the *mind*'s *ſtates*, than, once, 'twixt *Europe*'s, HE,
Who *bound all* princes—yet, left *none* UNFREE.
Not ſuch *looſe treaties* pleaſe th' all-buckling God,
Punctual, he *yokes* tun'd ſounds, to meaning's nod;
Pardons no void, vain, voluble harangue,
And hates to hear the *unaiming* bowſtring *twang*.

SAY, *female ſhades of love*, who haunt the ſtage,
What *fiend*, cloſe-treading, *tags deſire* with *rage*?
If in your hoſpitable boſoms bred,
Th' unreſting fury thrives, by beauty *fed*,
Tell the dire *name*—But if you, *ſilent*, feel
Th' impreſſive *tooth*, and no gnaw'd thought *reveal*;

Speak,

Speak, tell-tale muſe. — Thou ſhar'ſt th' envenom'd bite,
For JEALOUSY ne'er ſleeps, when *poets write.*

THE *Janus* JEALOUSY two faces wears,
Each diff'ring, apt, as form'd, by diff'rent cares:
While infant-wing'd, the callow harpy lies,
Too dim for daylight; too unfledg'd, to riſe:
'Tis *doubt-mix'd anger*, ſtruggling to *confide*,
Floating, half ſunk, on pity's pleading tide:
Here, hope-fed *ſoftneſs* ſooths the *affiant* heart,
There, rage, *vindictive*, bids the *ſpirit ſmart:*
'Twixt the two wav'ring ſcales, by turns, depreſt;
The eye's ſhort wand'rings mark the mind diſtreſt:
Languidly ſtrung, ſlow-nerv'd, *half-ſinewy* ſtrain,
Paints an unſettled, *half-determin'd*, pain:
Whence rous'd *reſentment*, catching haſty flame,
Cool'd, by met *pity*, bluſhes into ſhame:
But, does *weigh'd* PROOF *confirm* th' ideal wrong?
Then, the eye lightens — and the brace binds ſtrong:
Not *vengeance* burns more turbulently ſtern,
Tho' *(thro'* it) pain'd affection ſighs *concern.*

THUS, has the muſe, in paſſion's changeful dreſs,
Led ent'ring *art* through *nature's* dark receſs;
Fair, to her eye, one ſource of *action* ſhown,
Whence every branch'd *meander* flows her own:
Brief, let preciſion's ſcale *contract* the view;
Then, graſp it, *mem'ry*, and remit the *clue*.

PREVIOUS to art's firſt act — (till then, *all vain*)
Print the *ideal pathos*, on the *brain*:
Feel the thought's image on the *eyeball* roll;
Behind that *window*, ſits th' attentive SOUL:
Wing'd, at *her* beck, th' obedient MUSCLES fly,
Bent, or *relaxing*, to the varied *eye*:
Preſs'd, moderate, lenient, VOICE's organ'd ſound,
To each felt impulſe, tones the tuneful round:
Form'd to the *nerves*, concurring MEIN partakes,
So, the *mov'd* actor MOVES—and paſſion SHAKES,

The Dedication of the Beech-tree;

Occaſion'd by the late Diſcovery of making Oil, *from the* Fruit *of that Tree.*

HIGH, in thy ſtarry orb,
Great *ruling* planet of our *brighten'd* ſphere,
The *muſe* invokes thee, and demands thy ear!
Her *HARLEY*'s ear! O *yet*, confeſs the name!
Thy *titles* borrow luſtre from thy *fame.*

FEARLESS, to fall, my *rein-loos'd* fancy ſoars,
High, as *thy* deeds, nor *common* aid implores:
Let conſcious *fawners* blow their *ſmoaky* fire,
And vainly bid th' *unliſt'ning* gods inſpire;
My muſe, diſdainful of their ſullied wings,
Views the *vaſt height*, and, *dauntleſs*, upward ſprings,
Inſpir'd, like *angels*, by the worth, ſhe ſings.

YET, oh! *miſtake* not my aſpiring lays;
They wou'd but ſpeak *my duty*, not *your praïſe:*
Praiſes

Praiſes, like *yours*, who *lives*, and does not know?
The *pooreſt* debtors *count* the ſums, they *owe*;
But I, impatient of the growing *ſcore*,
Wou'd *pay* you ſomething, e'er I *owe* you more!

ACCEPT, great guider of the *ſtormy* ſtate,
An off'ring worthy of the *brave* and *great*:
Accept, what heav'n, propitious for *your* ſake,
Smiles on this *peace-bleſs'd* land, and bids her take:
This art *of old*, had been ſome *altar's due*,
Now, fir'd, with *purer* zeal, ſhe kneels to *you*.
That *awful* pow'r, who guards our ANNA's throne,
And to that ANNA, made your virtues known,
To place ſuch *worth*, above all wiſh'd controul,
Bleſs'd the long labours of your *peaceful* ſoul;
But one thing *wanted*,—Fam'd *Minerva's tree*,
The gift of *peace*, from gods to men, like thee,
That *oleous* plant, the pride of *ſunnier* climes,
Chief in the *poets ſongs* of antient times,
Too long *prophan'd*, for thy chaſte brow to *wear*,
Fled the cool influence of the *Northern Bear*.
Heaven's voice was heard--*deficient* nature groan'd,
Felt his *new will*, and the correction own'd.
The humbleſt foreſt of our favour'd land,
Grew proud beneath this bounty of his hand,

Confeſs'd the *ſecret*, he vouchſaf'd to teach,
Diſdain'd the *olive*, and enthron'd the *beech*.

HAIL, happy tree! wou'd after ages know,
To whom their ſons thy *oily* harveſts owe,
Oxford's lov'd name, deep on thy boſom, grave,
Who, from his country, did his country ſave;
Who gave our haraſs'd land its long-wiſh'd reſt;
And forc'd *unwilling nations*, to be bleſt;
Whoſe known eſteem of arts gave birth to thee,
Omen of *greater*, which, e'er long ſhall be.

THY pious *hand*, which made *war's* thunder ceaſe,
Shall cultivate the *nobler* arts of *peace*;
'Till murm'ring faction owns, with *thankleſs* joy,
'Tis far more great, to *build*, than to *deſtroy*.

NOR ſhall thy riſing country's *ſon's* alone,
Thy wiſer care of their loſt int'reſt own.
The boundleſs bleſſings of thy lib'ral hand,
Shall ſhed their influence, on our fruitful *land*:
The long-mourn'd *abſence* of th' inſpiring plant,
Whoſe pow'rful juice ungrinds the edge of *want*,
Whoſe

Whoſe *ſov'reign ſtrength* makes glad the lab'rer's toil,
Shall *now*, no more reproach our injur'd ſoil:
Our teeming glebe, if I a-right divine,
E'er long, ſhall ſwell, with floods of gen'rous *wine*;
France ſhall no more her courted *vineyards* boaſt,
But look, with *envy*, on our northern coaſt,
Which *now* enrich'd, with matchleſs *oil* and *corn*,
Unequal'd *vintages* ſhall ſoon adorn.

NOR this alone! on, on, *prophetic* fire!
Tho' boundleſs is the *flight*, diſdain to *tire*;
Unwearied, all his glorious aims purſue,
'Till ſickning *envy* dies, to ſhun the view.

FIR'D with the *ſure preſage*, methinks I ſee
The ſtruggling eaſt reſign her *morian* tree;
The rougheſt *Dryads* of our oaken iſle,
Charm'd with the gentle ſtranger, learn to ſmile;
The *dancing* boughs their breezy homage pay,
The *oak* nods welcome, and the *beech* gives way.
And now, glad *ſpring*, by riſing warmth, renew'd,
The *various* inſect ſeeks its *leafy* food,
Spins out its little life's induſtrious thread,
In grateful toil, to find its feeders bread,

Dies a rich recompence of female care,
And leaves its silken treasures to the fair;
The fair, long mindful, *whence* th'advantage came,
Shall teach their sons to speak, by lisping *HARLEY*'s *name*.

FROM *views*, like thine, with thy vast *knowledge*, join'd,
What blessings may not *happy Britain* find?
Fierce emulation shall *new pow'rs* impart,
'Till ev'ry *wish* grows *possible* to art;
Rivers shall roll, where *now*, huge mountains grow,
And tides, new channel'd, wonder *how* they flow.
For *thee*, proud *Thames* his *wealthy* arms shall spread,
And take the swift *Sabrina* to his bed.
Enamour'd *Trent* shall love-sick *Avon* meet,
And distant seas, in mix'd *alliance*, meet.

DEAR, to thy care, ev'n th' *unhoping SCOT*
Shall bless the *union*, and hold fast the *knot*;
Britain no longer shall explore, from far,
The costly magazines of *naval* war;
High on the mountains of her northern shore,
The gummy *pine* shall shed her *pitchy* store;
Tall *firs*, which, useless, have long ages grown,
Shall fright the seas, and visit worlds unknown;

'Till the check'd ſons of *Norway*'s timber'd ſtate,
Learn *love*, by force, while we *diſarm* their *hate*.

AND, here, rejoice, ye *Caledonian* ſhores,
Whoſe empty ſtrands my friendly muſe deplores:
Shortly, ſtrong fleets ſhall plow your ſtormy ſeas,
And *wealth*'s warm breath your *icy ports* unfreeze!
The *Belgic* ſpoiler ſhall no more purſue
Thoſe *finny* ſhoals, which court your *guides*, and *you*;
Summon'd to *greatneſs*, worthy of your *fame*,
Nor ill-ſupported, in the gen'rous *aim*,
Approaching time ſhall ſee you, juſtly brave,
Aſſert the right, which *God*, and *nature*, gave.
Then ſhall that fire, which, *now*, your boſoms fills,
With virtues, uſeleſs, on your barren hills,
New-nerve the graſp of *application*'s hand,
And rouſe the *latent* glories of your *land*.

WIDE lies a tract, beneath the ſunny *line*,
Where rays *direct* with burning luſtre ſhine;
Where *ribs* of *ſilver* bind the ſea-waſh'd plains,
And *virgin wealth*, unmix'd with *av'rice*, reigns.
This, the proud *Spaniard* never yet poſſeſs'd,
So much has heav'n the happy *natives* bleſs'd;

Reſerv'd

Reſerv'd for *Britiſh* rule, their *iſthmus*, free,
Divides the *northern*, from the *ſouthern* ſea.

NOR *this*, the hapleſs tract, the direful ſpot,
Dear, to the brave, the *unpermitted SCOT*.
North of that ſad, that ill-remember'd ſhore,
A happier work does happier hands implore.

HERE ſhall the ſons of *our* advent'rous land,
Through *unborn* ages, ſtretch *decreed* command;
Here ſhall they draw *both oceans* to their ſway,
And thro' repugnant mountains *cut* their way:
'Tis done! methinks, I hear their cannons roar,
Hoſtile *repiners* ſhun the *envied* ſhore,
And round vaſt *capes*, a tedious courſe purſue,
While *we*, and *only we*, poſſeſs the *new*.
Hence ſhall the ſhorten'd *diſtance* guard our *health*,
Secure our *traffick*, and increaſe our *wealth*:
The *weſtern bullion*, to our merchants, ſold,
Shall ſend us weight for weight, in *eaſtern gold*.
Nor, then, ſhall *Aſia*'s *aromatic* ſtore
Pile the proud markets of a *neighb'ring* ſhore;
All ſhall be *ours*, and, while we *all* maintain,
No bloody *war* ſhall the chaſte *vict'ry* ſtain.

O BLIND

O BLIND prophaners of *obtruded* bliſs!
Who, wanting *ſoul*, to *fathom* depth, like this,
Inſtead of *owning* debts, you *cannot pay*,
Strike at the friendly hand, which points the way,

FORGIVE, thou great inſpirer of my ſong,
If, ending *here*, thy wider views I wrong;
If arts *more wiſh'd*, or worlds *leſs known* there were,
Thy *ne plus ultra* had not reſted *there*.

The End of the Third Volume.

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